

EXCLUSIVE: Tony Curtis Reveals His Bout With Psychiatry

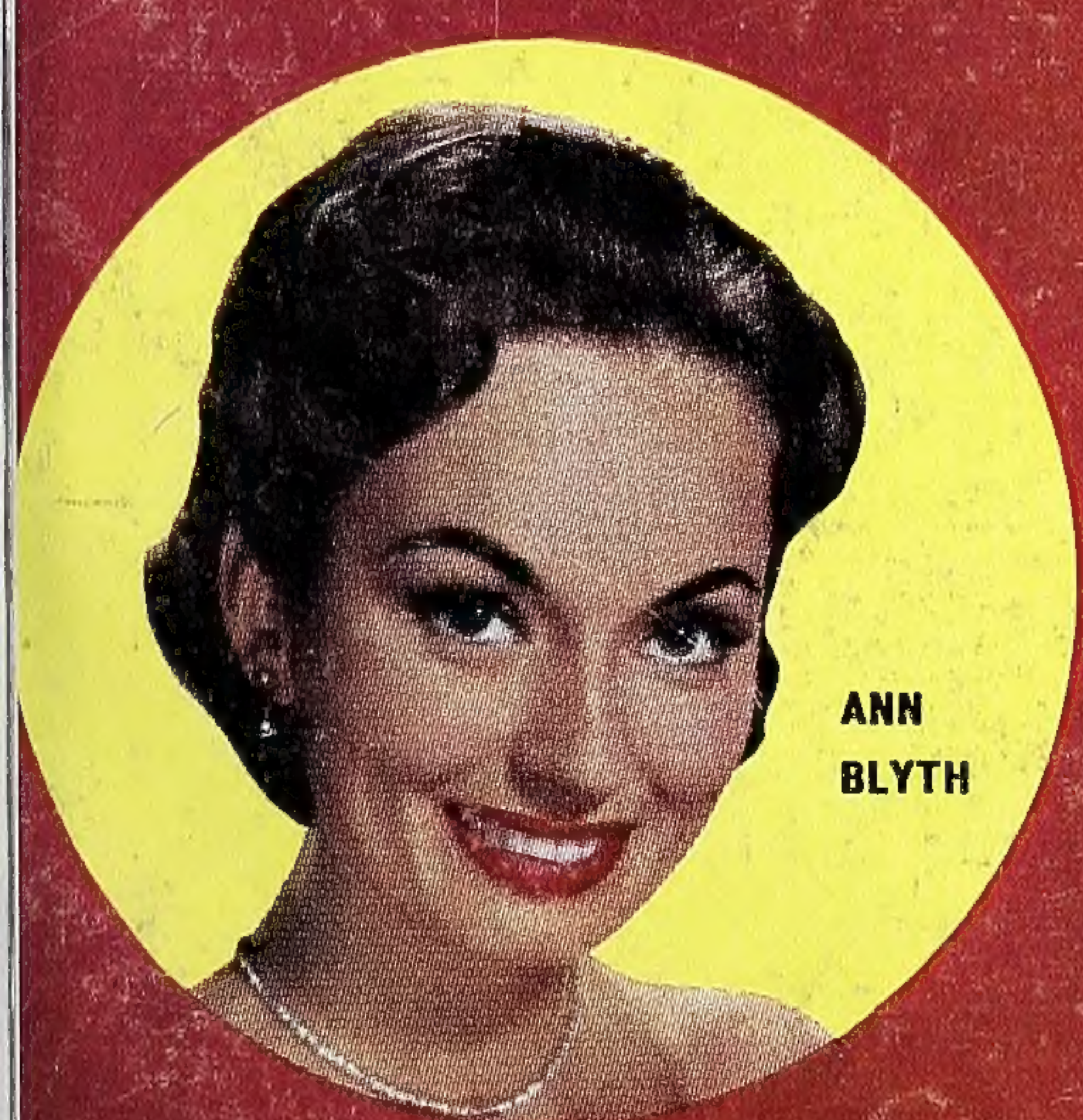
PHOTOPLAY

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Trouble Ahead?**



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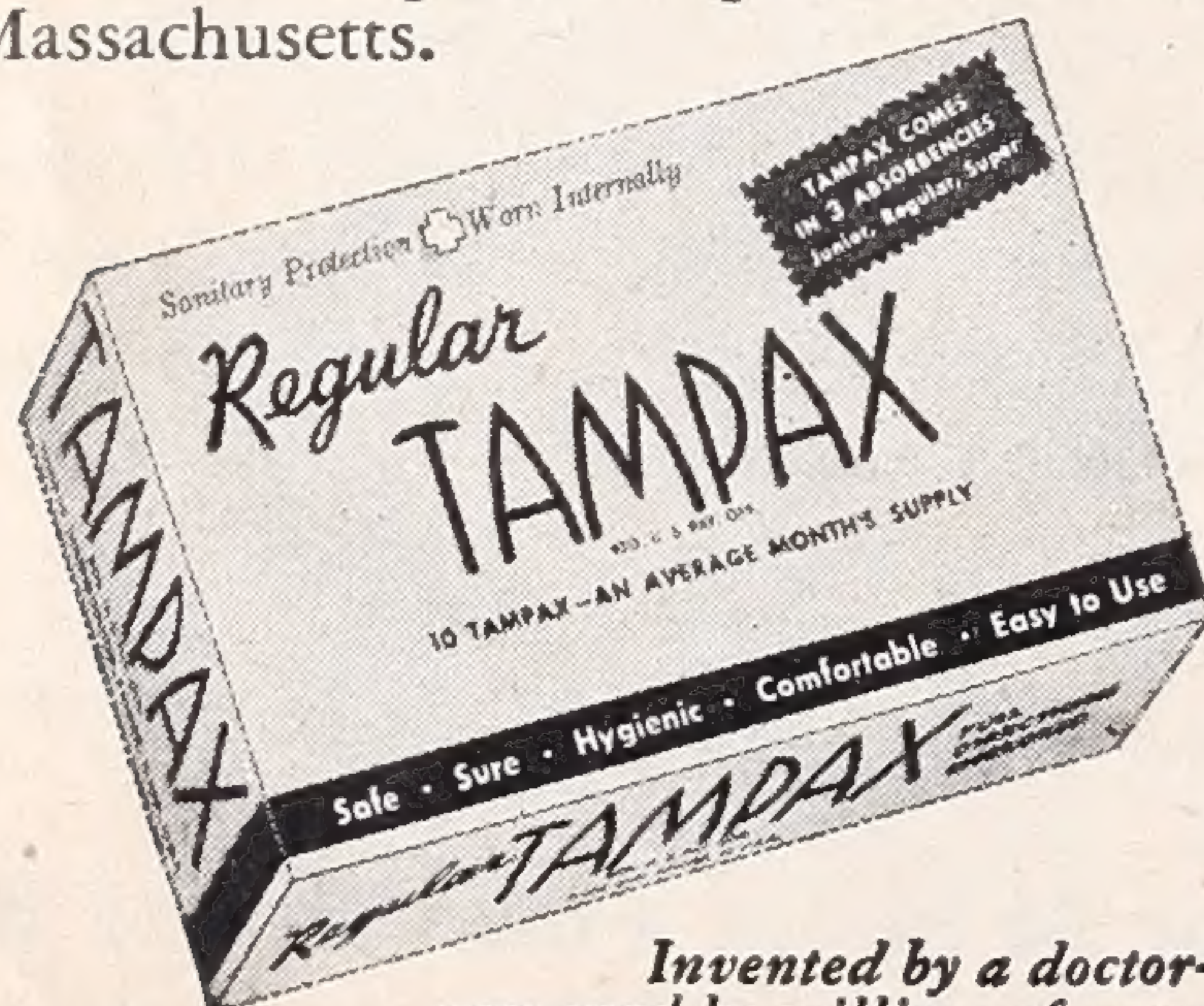
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*Invented by a doctor—
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PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

JULY, 1957

VOL. 52, NO. 1

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COVER: Color portrait of Elvis Presley from 20th Century-Fox. Elvis' next is Paramount's "Loving You"; and M-G-M's "Jailhouse Kid."

Your August issue will be on sale at your newsstand on July 5th



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SOMETHING OF VALUE

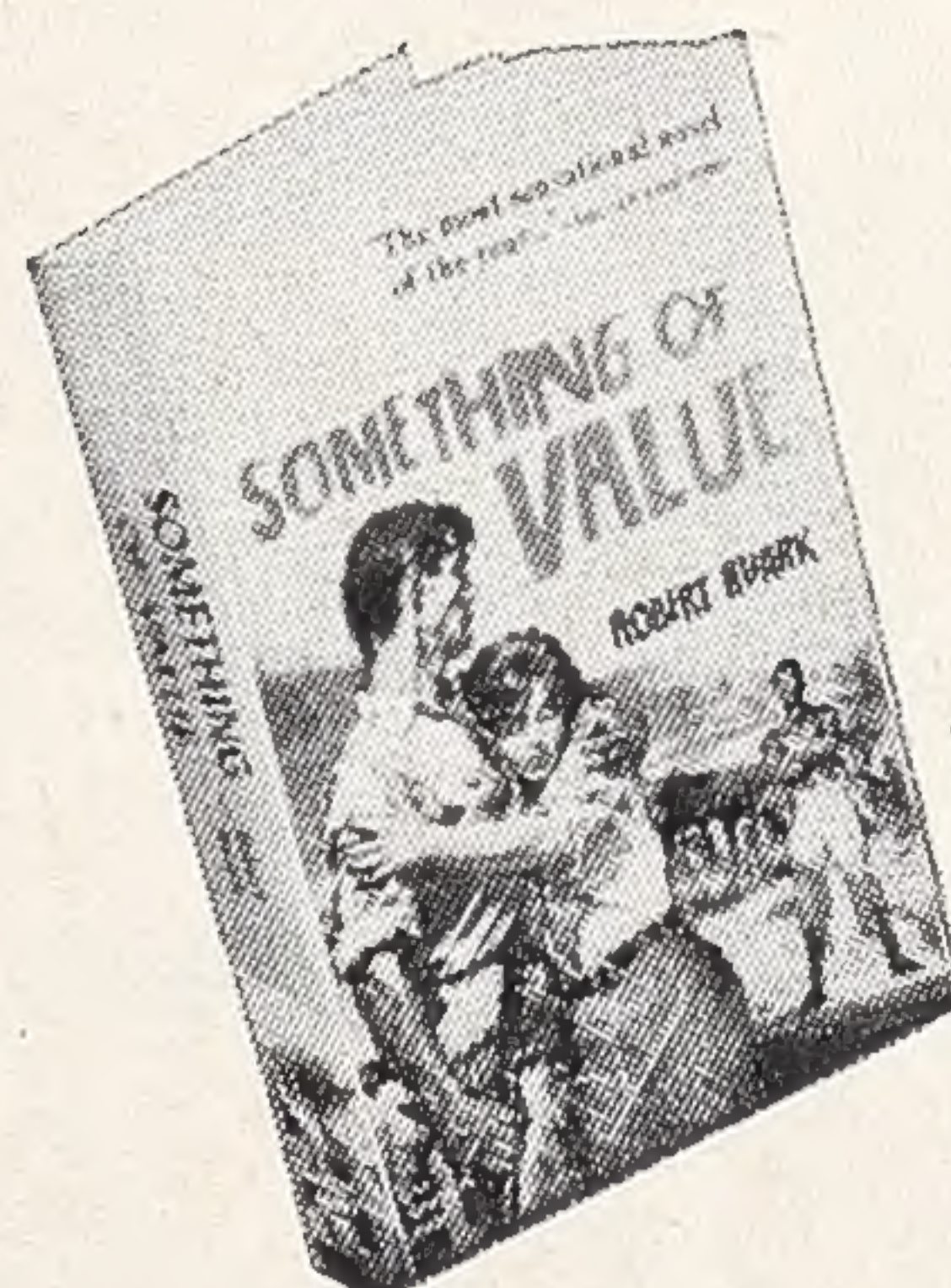


ROCK HUDSON
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new triumph!

**THE MOST
DANGEROUS
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AFRICA
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DANA WYNTER
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Famed
book on
the screen
with
shattering
impact!

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CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

BEAU JAMES—Paramount. Directed by Melville Shavelson: *Jimmy Walker*, Bob Hope; *Betty Comp-ton*, Vera Miles; *Chris Nolan*, Paul Douglas; *Allie Walker*, Alexis Smith; *Charley Hand*, Darren McGavin; *Bernie Williams*, Joe Mantell; *George Jessel*, *Jimmy Durante*, Themselves; *Prosecutor*, Horace McMahon; *Dick Jackson*, Richard Shannon; *Arthur Julian*, Willis Bouchey; *Sid Nash*, Sid Melton; *Al Smith*, Walter Catlett.

BUSTER KEATON STORY, THE—Paramount. Directed by Sidney Sheldon: *Buster Keaton*, Donald O'Connor; *Gloria*, Ann Blyth; *Peggy Courtney*, Rhonda Fleming; *Kurt Bergner*, Peter Lorre; *Larry Winters*, Larry Keating; *Tom McAfee*, Richard Anderson; *Joe Keaton*, Dave Willock; *Myra Keaton*, Claire Carleton; *Buster Keaton (7 years old)*, Larry White; *Elmer Case*, Jackie Coogan.

DESK SET—20th. Directed by Walter Lang: *Richard*, Spencer Tracy; *Bunny*, Katharine Hepburn; *Mike Cutler*, Gig Young; *Peg Costello*, Joan Blondell; *Sylvia*, Dina Merrill; *Ruthie*, Sue Randall; *Miss Warriner*, Neva Patterson; *Smithers*, Harry Ellerbe; *Azac*, Nicholas Joy; *Alice*, Diane Jergens; *Cathy*, Merry Anders; *Old Lady*, Ida Moore; *Receptionist*, Rachel Stephens.

GARMENT JUNGLE, THE—Columbia. Directed by Vincent Sherman: *Walter Mitchell*, Lee J. Cobb; *Alan Mitchell*, Kerwin Mathews; *Theresa*, Gia Scala; *Artie Ravidge*, Richard Boone; *Lee Hackett*, Valerie French; *Tulio Renata*, Robert Loggia; *Kovan*, Joseph Wiseman; *Tony*, Harold J. Stone; *The Ox*, Adam Williams; *Mr. Paul*, Wesley Addy; *Dave Bronson*, Willis Bouchey; *Fred Kenner*, Robert Ellenstein; *Tulio's Mother*, Celia Lovsky.

MAN AFRAID—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller: *Rev. David Collins*, George Nader; *Lisa Collins*, Phyllis Thaxter; *Michael Collins*, Tim Hovey; *Carl Simmons*, Eduard Franz; *Lieut. Marlin*, Harold J. Stone; *Wilbur Fletcher*, Judson Pratt; *Nurse Willis*, Reta Shaw; *Ronnie (Skunky) Fletcher*, Butch Bernard; *Maggie*, Mabel Albertson.

MONTE CARLO STORY, THE—U.A. Directed by Samuel A. Taylor: *Marquise Maria de Crevecoeur*, Marlene Dietrich; *Count Dino della Fiaba*, Vittorio De Sica; *Mr. Hinkley*, Arthur O'Connell; *Jane Hinkley*, Natalie Trundy; *Mrs. Freeman*, Jane Rose; *Sophie*, Clelia Matania; *Albert the portiere*, Alberto Rabagliati; *Hector, the Maitre*, Mischa Auer.

REACH FOR THE SKY—Rank. Directed by Lewis Gilbert: *Douglas Bader*, Kenneth More; *Thelma Bader*, Muriel Pavlow; *Johnny Sanderson*, Lyndon Brook; *Turner*, Lee Patterson; *Mr. Joyce*, Alexander Knox; *Nurse Brace*, Dorothy Alison; *Harry Day*, Michael Warre; *Robert Desoutter*, Sydney Tafler; *"Woody" Woodhall*, Howard Marion Crawford; *Peel*, Jack Watling; *Streatfeild*, Nigel Green; *Sister Thornhill*, Anne Leon; *Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding*, Charles Carson; *Air Vice-Marshal Leigh-Mallory*, Ronald Adam; *Air Vice-Marshal Halahan*, Walter Hudd; *Crowley-Milling*, Basil Appleby; *Police Constable*, Philip Stainton; *Flight Sergeant Mills*, Eddie Byrne; *Sally*, Beverly Brooks; *Warrant Officer West*, Michael Ripper; *Civilian Pilot*, Derek Blomfield; *Douglas Bader's Mother*, Avice Landone; *Adjutant of Prison Camp*, Eric Pohlmann; *Flying Instructor Pearson*, Michael Gough; *Bates*, Harry Locke; *Warrant Officer Blake*, Sam Kydd.

SAINT JOAN—U.A. Directed by Otto Preminger: *Saint Joan*, Jean Seberg; *The Dauphin (later Charles VII)*, Richard Widmark; *Dunois*, Richard Todd; *Cauchon*, Bishop of Beauvais, Anton Walbrook; *The Earl of Warwick*, John Gielgud; *The Inquisitor*, Felix Aylmer; *John de Stogumber*, Harry Andrews; *de Courcelles*, Barry Jones; *The Archbishop of Rheims*, Finlay Currie; *The Master Executioner*, Bernard Miles; *Captain la Hire*, Patrick Barr; *Brother Martin (Ladvenu)*, Kenneth Haigh; *Robert de Beaudricourt*, Archie Duncan; *Duchesse de la Tremouille*, Margot Grahame; *La Tremouille, the Lord Chamberlain*, Francis de Wolff; *an English Soldier*, Victor Maddern; *"Bluebeard"* (*Gilles de Rais*), David Oxley; *The Steward*, Sydney Bromley; *Warwick's Officer*, David Langton.

SOMETHING OF VALUE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: *Peter McKenzie*, Rock Hudson; *Holly Keith*, Dana Wynter; *Elizabeth Newton*, Wendy Hiller; *Kimani*, Sidney Poitier; *Njogu*, Juano Hernandez; *Leader*, William Marshall; *Jeff Newton*, Robert Beatty; *Henry McKensie*, Walter Fitzgerald; *Joe Matson*, Michael Pate; *Lathela*, Ivan Dixon; *Karanja*, Ken Renard; *Witch Doctor*, Samadu Jackson; *Adam Marenga*, Frederick O'Neal; *Waithaka*, John J. Akar.



*He held her
for the first time
... and knew
there'd never
be a last!
The love story
of a guy who
gave up
City Hall for
the arms of a
beautiful girl!*

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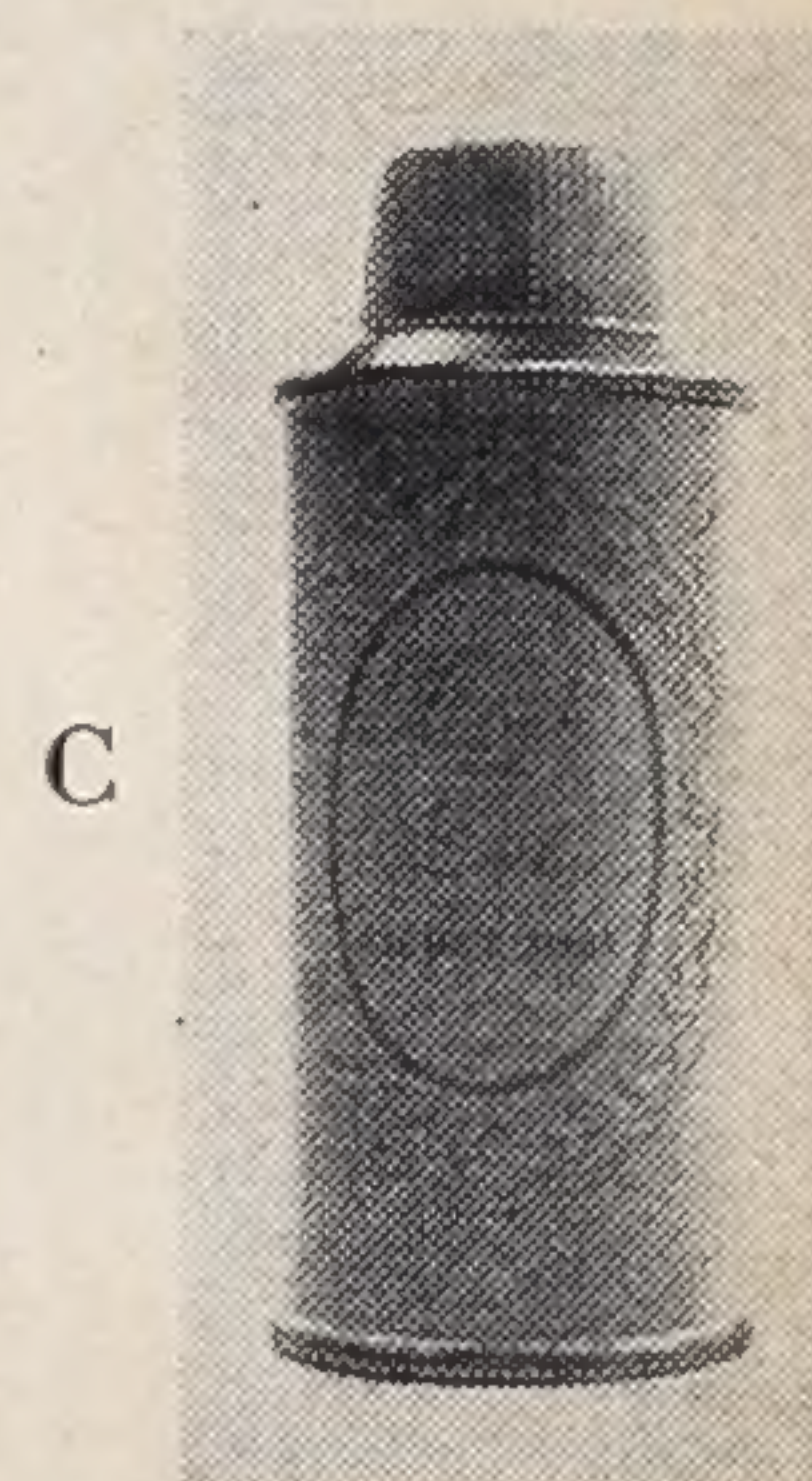
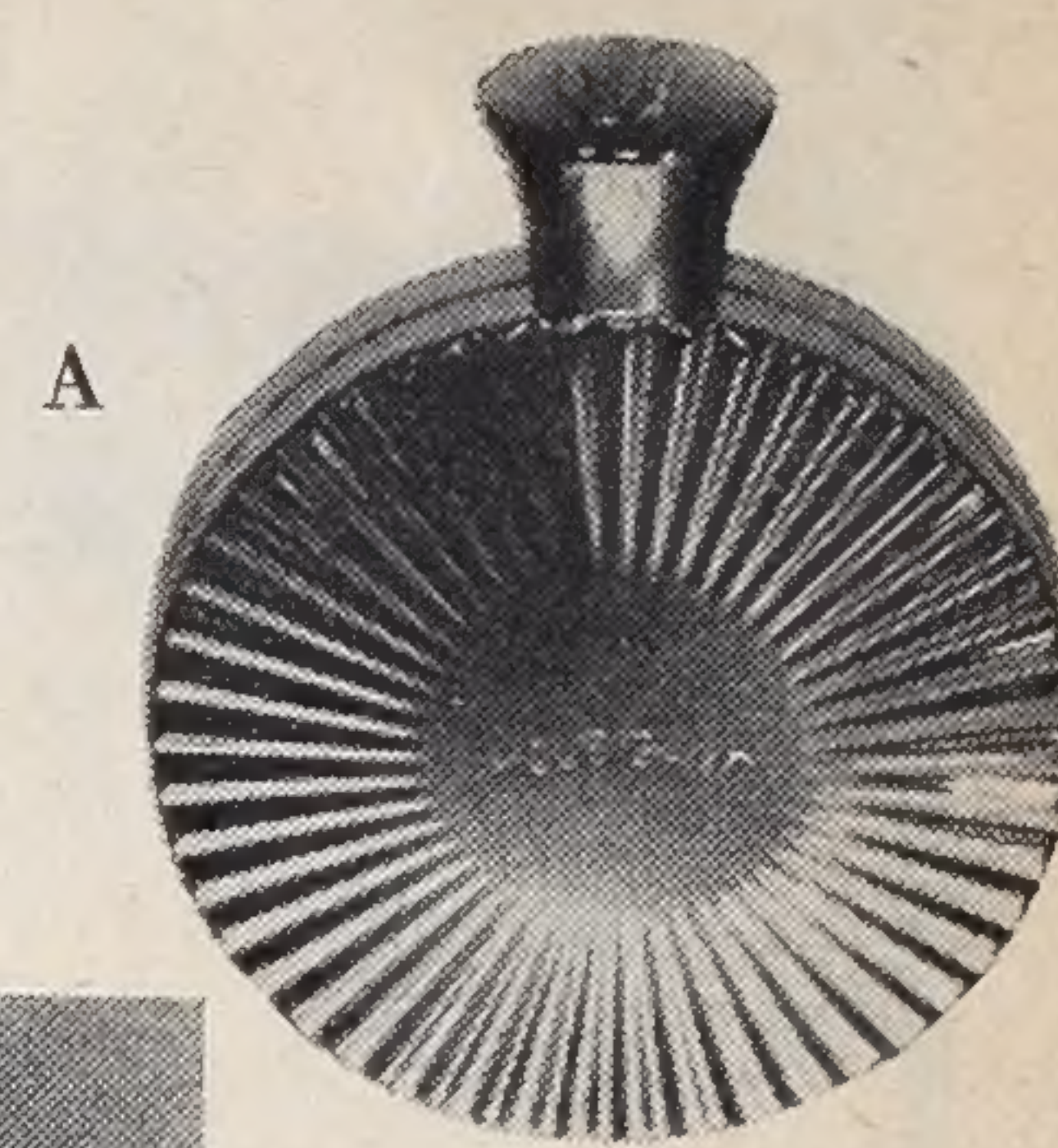
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becoming
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B Liquid Asset, new skin conditioner by Revlon, is formulated to normalize both dry and oily skins and maintain correct acid-alkaline balance. \$2.25.*

C Linen and Lace, delicate new sachet in aerosol form, sprays fine mist that leaves only the fragrance. Also a room freshener. By John H. Breck. \$1.50.

D Coral Ice, Cutex' dazzling new summer shade for both tan and fair-lady complexions, comes in lipstick (shown) and both regular and Pearl nail polish.

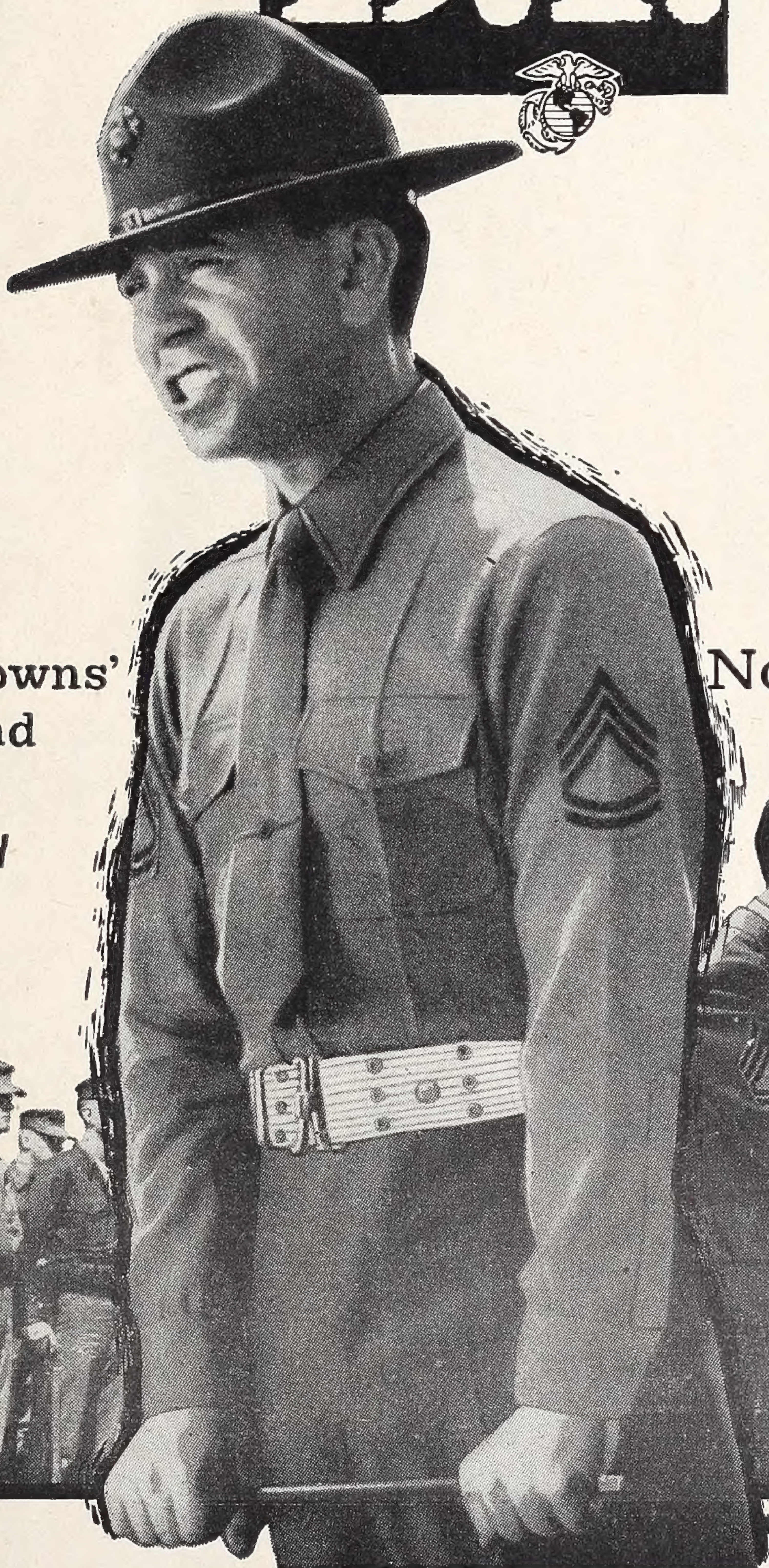
E Dorothy Gray's "Summer Song" fragrance medley, available through August, includes cologne, \$1.00*; dusting powder, \$1.25* and soap bonbons, \$1.00.*

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JACK WEBB

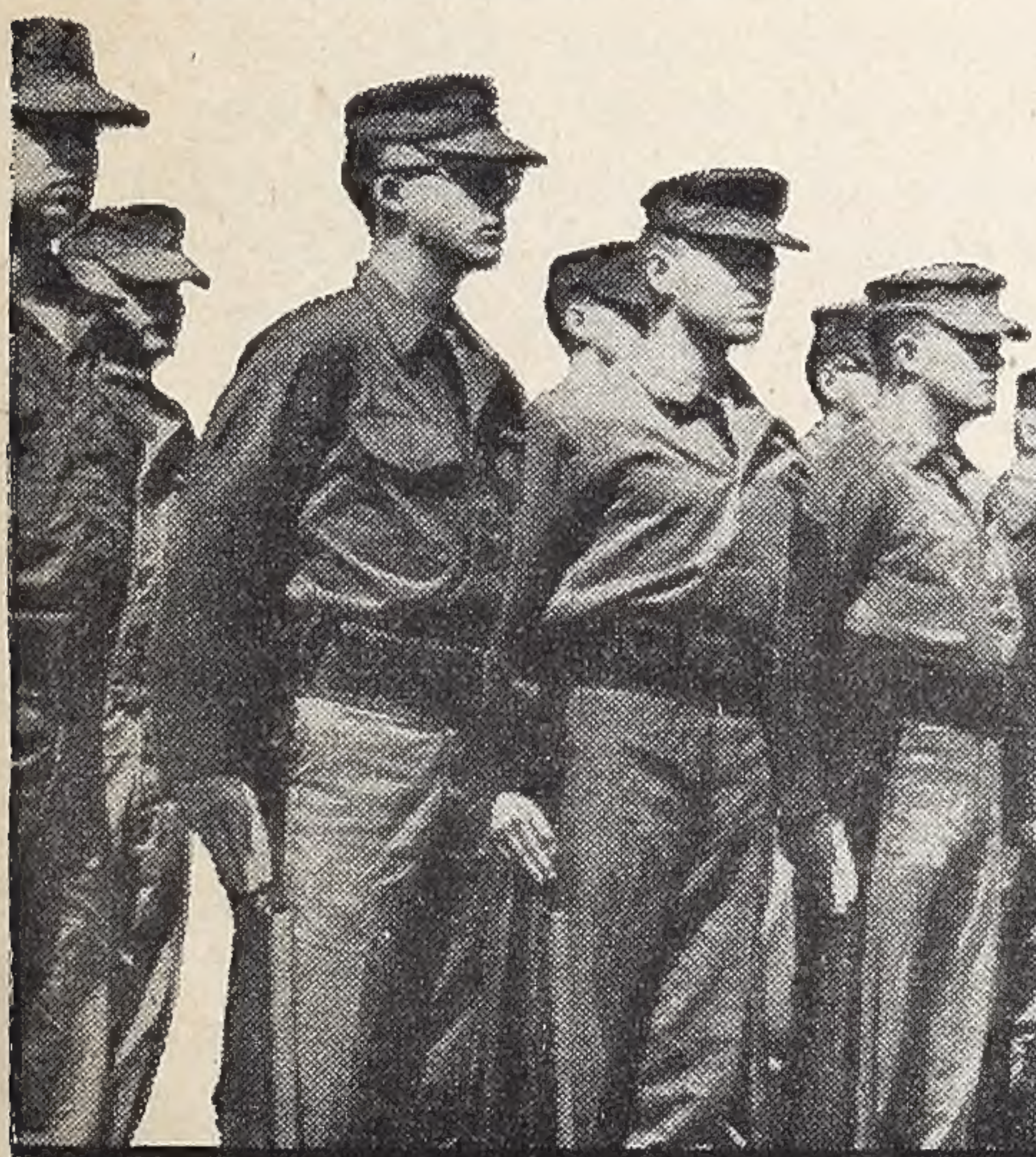
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ROUGH AND TOUGH IN A SURPRISING
NEW ROLE, ONE OF THE MOST POWER-
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THE D.I.



He called them 'clowns'
and 'little girls', and
when they weren't
listening—he called
them wonderful!

Nobody knew he
had a girl—not
even the
girl!



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WARNER BROS.

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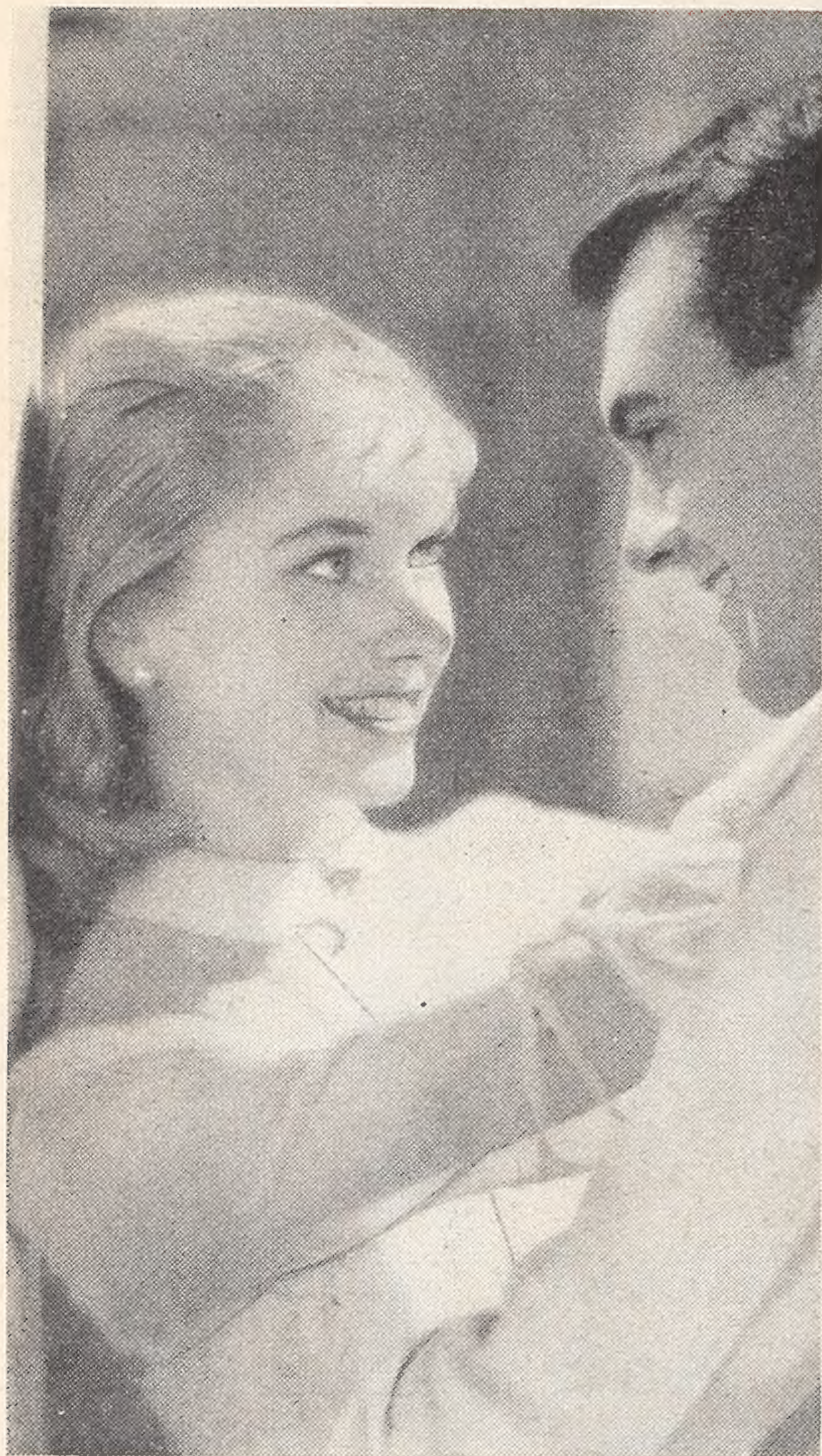
The girl with the Marine-blue eyes!

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Colgate's with GARDOL
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

over the Editor's shoulder...

The life of a movie critic, a request from Monaco, and what's coming up next month

How to Be a Movie Reviewer

What does it take to be a movie reviewer? We asked our own Janet Graves to tackle that question and her answer was, "You've got to like movies."

Janet has been "liking" movies ever since she was able to toddle down the aisles of her neighborhood theater. And she had very definite opinions of what she did and didn't like even then. Like probably many of you did, as a child she filled scrapbooks with pictures of



Janet and Rock trade notes.

popular stars. ("I guess my favorites were Ronald Colman and Humphrey Bogart.") When she grew older she wrote letters to Photoplay and argued with the movie reviewer when she thought her favorites weren't given respectful treatment. Later, Janet, who grew up in Philadelphia, took to writing letters to the *Morning Ledger* blasting or praising the reviews of the motion picture critic, Eric Knight. Mr. Knight was so fascinated by Janet's correspondence that he arranged an appointment to meet her. They became fast friends and his wife helped Janet get a job in David O. Selznick's story department.

Janet, who has been reviewing movies for Photoplay for five years, sees over two hundred and fifty a year. Even though Janet sometimes looks back on the screen heroes of her childhood she

admits "there are more good actors today."

Janet's enthusiasm for movies is still undiminished and at the end of the day she likes nothing better than to curl up in front of her TV screen and to look at—you guessed it—old movies.

Grace Note

Each morning we are greeted with a stack of letters on our desk from readers, and it is one of the pleasures of each day to take a few minutes off and read what you have to say about Photoplay.

The other morning was particularly exciting. Nearly buried in the avalanche of mail was a thin pale blue envelope with a foreign stamp. In one corner was engraved—The Palace, Monaco.

Yes, it *was* from Princess Grace. She requested that we send her the two back issues in which she had been featured on the cover. We promptly air-mailed three copies of each, delighted to know that Her Serene Highness hadn't forgotten the days when she was just plain Grace Kelly, movie star. We speculated what Grace would do with the covers. Hang them over Princess Caroline's bed to let her know how beautiful and famous her mother had been? Or will they turn up on a new stamp for Monaco? We don't think that *L'Office des Emission de Timbres*, which has the say in this, could make a prettier choice.

Hollywood's Indestructibles

You have been pressing us for stories on stars like Cary Grant, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck; all the favorites that never seem to grow old. Starting next month in two installments we will explore the fabulous lives of twenty-two of Hollywood's most durable stars—"Hollywood's Indestructibles." The author is Dick Sheppard who is both an author and actor and young enough to be the son of any one of them. Asked why he had chosen to write about this group instead of actors his own age, Dick's reply was, "They are my favorites because they are the best models for any young actor or actress who not only wants to get to the top, but stay there."

If you wash your hair once a week - or oftener -
you need the gentle shampoo...



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... so gentle it cannot dry your hair -
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New, richer Pamper is the really gentle shampoo. So gentle it cannot dry your hair, leaves it instantly easy to manage *right after shampooing*. So rich it leaves your hair soft, shining, in finest condition. So rich and gentle you could use it every day. Get Pamper today.
... gentle as a lamb.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

READERS INC...

Foul Play For Kirk!

If anyone deserved an Oscar this year, it was Kirk Douglas. His moving, unforgettable portrayal of Vincent Van Gogh in "Lust for Life" was the greatest thing I have ever seen. It was not a simple role to play. Van Gogh was an intense, complex individual with a precariously balanced personality, difficult to capture. But calling upon his extraordinary skill, Douglas did not merely portray Van Gogh—he *was* Van Gogh, to the very last detail. I protest the injustice that was done Kirk! What's the matter with Hollywood?

SANDRA ORLOB
San Francisco, California

Gossip Can Be Honest

May I congratulate you on your excellent magazine? I am a very serious moviegoer and have been buying Photoplay for a number of years.

I particularly like "Exclusively Yours." Radie Harris seems to have a really personal, truthful and most entertaining way of telling the reader all he wants to know about films and their stars. I do hope we can have many more articles of this kind.

JOHN UDRY
New York City

You will—"Exclusively Yours" is a monthly feature.—Ed.

We'll Take Your Dare, Kathleen

I've read your column for years, and now I just dare you to publish this letter. For years, I've read people's letters saying that all actors are snobs and don't care about their public. Believe it or not, there is one who is an exception to this rule—Rock Hudson. I recently saw him in "Written on the Wind," and thought that he was super. I also thought that he was not too busy, but just said he was to keep the public away. So I wrote him, asking for his autograph. Then I saw him in person and realized how wrong I had been and that he really was busy. He was so nice to everyone that I wished with all my heart I had not sent my letter because of its bluntness. But he did receive it, and this busy actor sat down and personally autographed a picture of himself and his wife. Right now, I feel rather humble, and Rock, if you read this, I wish to offer my personal apology. All actors are not snobs. Some, like you, are wonderful.

KATHLEEN McLAURINE
Bronx, New York

Newcomer Neile

I just saw "This Could Be the Night" and I wonder if you can tell me something about the wonderful girl in the night club who wins a stove in a cooking contest. I think her name is Neile Adams.

BARBARA JONES
Chicago, Illinois



This is Neile's first picture. She was born in Manila, Philippines of an English father and a Spanish mother. She spent her first years traveling back and forth to Hong Kong for an education. During the war, at the age of nine, she broke through enemy lines to smuggle messages to the Allies. Later, she and her mother came to the United States where Neile finished her education.

She broke into show business as a dancer. Was featured in "Kismet" and "The Pajama Game," in the same role that gave Carol Haney and Shirley MacLaine their film breaks.

During the run of "Kismet" a man came backstage to congratulate Neile. He said she was too young but that in a couple of years he might be able to do something for her in Hollywood. He said his name was Joe Pasternak. Two years later, as promised, he gave Neile a featured role in "This Could Be the Night."—Ed.

Ode to Tab

Here is a poem which I wrote about Tab Hunter. I am president of one of the Tab Hunter fan clubs and would love you to publish this poem.

I've never felt this way before
Can it be that I am sick?
I've lost my heart to someone
But not any Harry, Tom or Dick.
Elvis doesn't thrill me
Rock doesn't make me swoon,
Not even with cute Tommy Sands
Do I ever want to spoon.
I never flipped for Tony
Yul Brynner leaves me cold
I'm not even coy toward Frankie-boy
(Maybe, he is a bit too old).
But there is one guy I sigh for
He is so really cool
When I hear his disk of "Young Love"
I positively drool!
Although I know I'll never be
"The Girl He Left Behind,"
I do wish I could meet him once
I wish he'd be that kind!
He's the only one I cry for
My eyes I always dab
When watching a dramatic scene
Played by my boy, Tab.
Yes, the moment I first saw him
Cupid sent his dart
Three thousand miles from Hollywood
Straight into my heart.

WENDY WOLCHOK
Great Neck, New York

Please Tell Me. . . .

I saw Robert Stack in "Sabre Jet" and "Written On the Wind," and I think he is a wonderful actor. Can you tell me something about him?

Your magazine is wonderful—keep up the good work!

JUDY OLIN
N. Kingsville, Ohio

Robert Stack, born on January 13, 1919, was educated in the public schools of Los Angeles, traveled in Europe with his family, took a great interest in sports at an early age. At 16, Stack was an All-American skeet shooting champion and at college was a varsity pole vault star. In 1938 he decided to desert college courses in favor of an acting career. He served in the Navy and was released with the rank of full lieutenant. Returning to civilian life, he landed a role in "Date With Judy," and other assignments followed. He recently married Rosemary Bowe. He swims, plays tennis, hunts, fishes, is interested in all forms of music, plays the saxophone and clarinet and sings.—Ed.

Continued

JANE POWELL starring in "THE GIRL MOST LIKELY"

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE IN TECHNICOLOR • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

...pretty day
...pretty girl
...prettiest
complexion
under the
sun...



a Lux Complexion !



"When I'm out in the bright sunlight or under movie spotlights—that's when I really appreciate Lux—and the way it keeps my skin soft and smooth," says Jane Powell.

And even when the sun doesn't shine—you'll have a special glow of your own—with a Lux Complexion. For Lux, with its rich *Cosmetic lather*, its mildness and gentleness, can do as much to keep your skin soft and smooth as it does for any Hollywood star. Then Lux adds this delightful bonus—the Lux fragrance, best-liked soap perfume in the world.

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees your complete satisfaction with Lux—or your money back. *For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux.*



9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX

New! Now Lux comes in 4 lovely pastels, as well as pure white.

READERS INC.

Continued

We Agree on This One

When I first saw Tony Perkins, it was on a television show and I could have bet my bottom dollar that this young man, virtually an unknown, had what it takes to be a great actor. Then, when I saw "Friendly Persuasion," I knew I was right! Now, in "Fear Strikes Out," he does a wonderful job.

Tony has poise and charm, and all he needs now is good publicity. By this, I mean more stories in Photoplay. Maybe a feature such as "A Day in the Life of Tony Perkins," with photographs from the time he gets up in the morning and has breakfast, goes to the studio, then lunch, work again and home to his apartment to study his script or to go out for the evening. I believe most of your readers would like to know how and what goes on in the normal day of a movie personality.

JOYCE POLLACK
Cicero, Illinois

Your thinking is right in line with ours. Keep watching Photoplay for the next year and each month you'll get your wish.—Ed.

Rating the Movies

I am writing in regard to "Over the Editor's Shoulder" in the May issue. You ask the question, "How Do You Rate the Movies?" It drew my interest immediately because I have been an avid movie fan nearly all my twenty-one years. Actually, I have seen so many pictures that I know automatically what I will like by finding out what type of picture it is and who is in it, and then I can decide in about a minute whether I want to see it. By doing this, I can narrow my moviegoing down to two or three times a week, because I can't afford to see them all. There are, of course, certain actors and actresses that I wouldn't miss, no matter what.

I don't really pay much attention to the story, all I ask is that there be plenty of action. I'm really very easy to please when it comes to movies. The only kind that doesn't hold any interest is horror movies and I find, to my own horror, that these are the pictures that are usually shown on weekends when children flock to the theaters.

I am always faithful to my favorite stars. I have seen every one of Doris Day's pictures; Jean Peters and Jennifer Jones run very close seconds. I read reviews mostly for the fun of it because everybody has a different opinion. But the only opinion I trust is my own.

NORMA JENKINS
Clarksdale, Mississippi

Build Up

You deserve much praise. You're not constantly printing stories on divorce. Instead, you try to build up marriages, in a way give the couple the courage to go ahead. Please keep up your marvelous work.

MARY KEPPLINGER
Winona, Minnesota

Continued

**Washed
with another
leading
shampoo!**

**Washed with
"curl-keeping"
NEW
WOODBURY!**

Unretouched photo of Jan Rylander, St. James, L. I. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: Left side of Jan's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results show New Woodbury, with its curl-keeping ingredient, holds waves best. Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-clean, without dulling soap film.

Costs less than other leading brands. And right now, for a limited time, the big \$1 size is only 59¢. If you don't agree Woodbury is the finest shampoo you ever tried, we'll return your money.



WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



KLEINERT'S PRESENTS A WATER-TIGHT CASE FOR BEAUTY!

Fabulous fashion caps with a Magic Inner Rim that keeps hair really dry! Yes, Kleinert's Sava-Wave swim caps are the prettiest caps afloat, and the most efficient ones money can buy. Shown here...just two of the stunning caps you'll find in all the newest swimsuit colors. Top, Pagoda Rose; about \$5.98. Below, Clematis; about \$1.69. Colorful Kleinert beach bags, from \$1.

Kleinert's

SAVA-WAVE SWIM CAPS



Cabana beach bag in pink, aqua, yellow, black, \$3.98

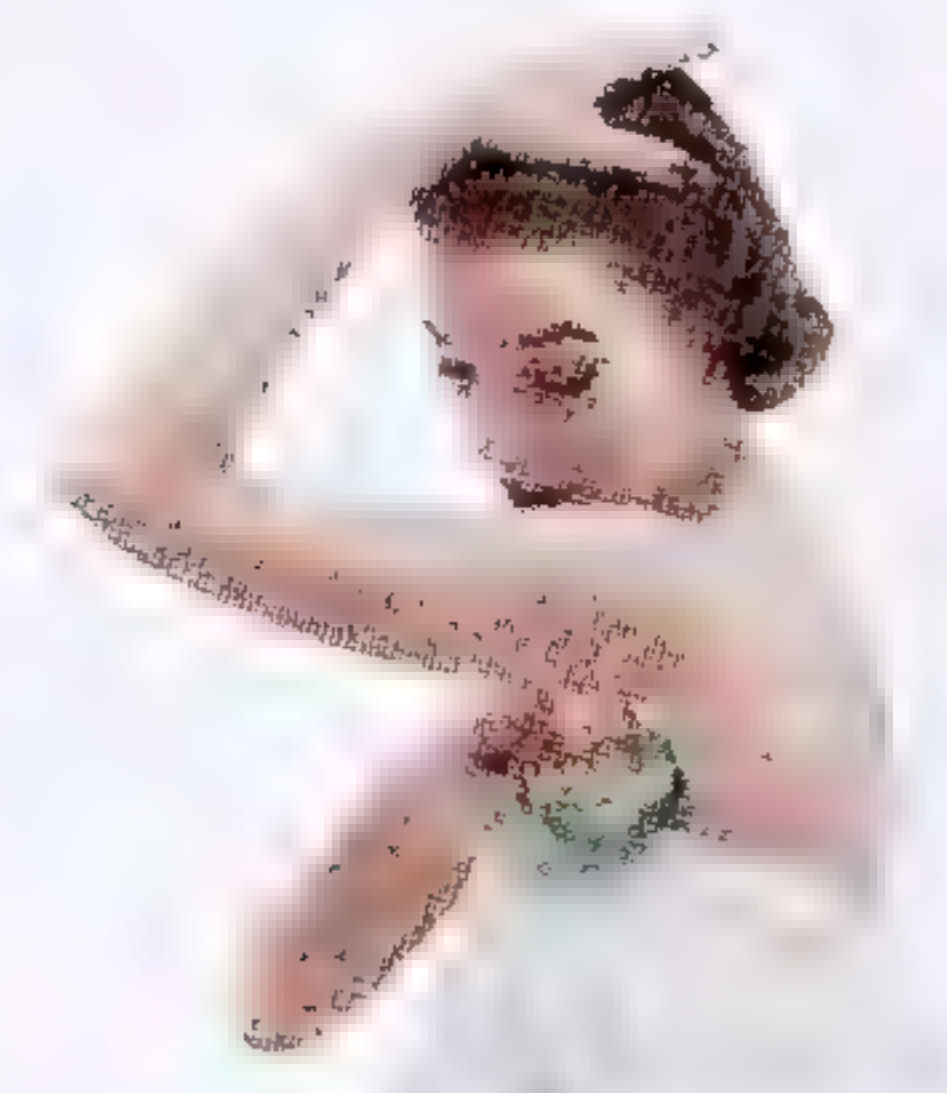
Start enjoying this new safe way
to feminine daintiness

Only the

Lady Sunbeam

has the "Compact" shape
and the exclusive
**MICRO-TWIN
HEAD**

This side for shaving under arms



Enjoy new freedom from nicks and
cuts this safe, gentle, quick way

ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has the "compact" shape
and the shaving head with one edge especially honed
to shave legs, and the other edge especially honed for
underarm use. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts
of soap and blade. The Lady Sunbeam's gentle, sure
performance eliminates irritation caused by blade
shaving and gives you a new easy way to keep neat,
fresh, dainty. Your choice of 6 lovely colors.

Lady Sunbeam ONLY \$14⁹⁵
ELECTRIC



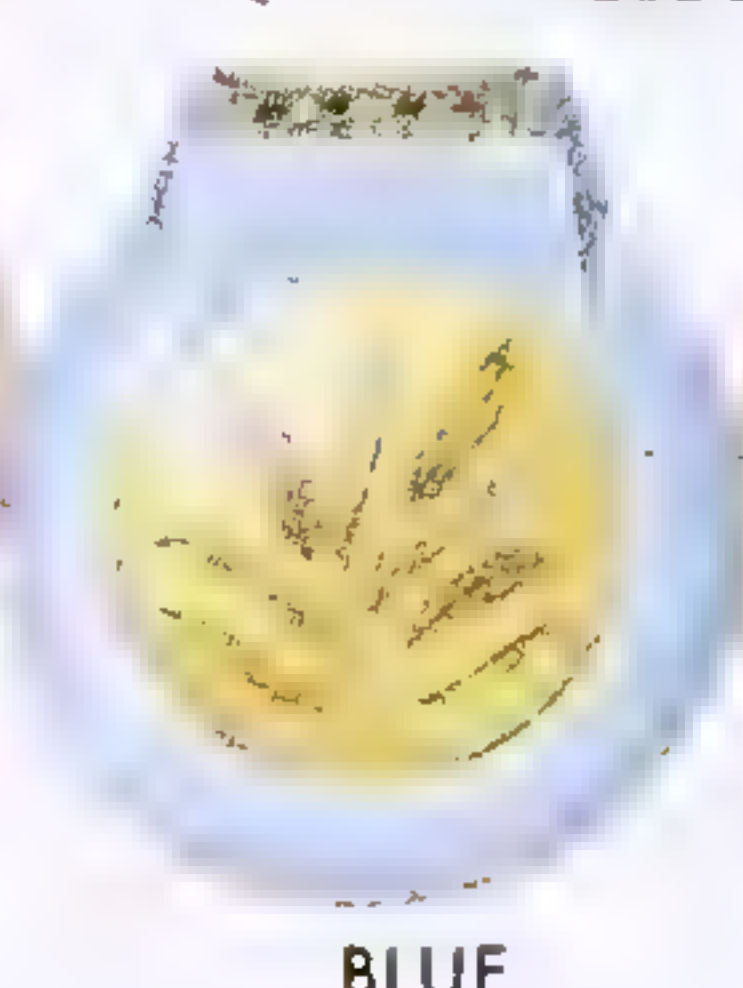
TURQUOISE



IVORY



PINK



BLUE



CORAL



BLACK



Also in Deluxe
white leather zipper
case—slightly higher.

Small as a compact—and fast, sure, convenient.

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THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

Famous for COFFEEMASTER, etc.

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READERS INC.

Here's Hopper

I would appreciate it greatly if you
would print a picture of Dennis Hopper,
with some information about him. I think
he has great talent. Thank you.

JANE MERICAN
Toledo, Ohio

*In 1954 Dennis Hopper arrived in Holly-
wood, without any previous professional
acting experience, to become an actor. Two
months later, he was under long-term con-
tract to Warner Bros.*

*He was born May 17, 1936, in Dodge
City, Kansas and was raised on his grand-
parents' wheat farm.*

*Later the family moved to La Mesa,
near San Diego, California, and he attend-*



*ed high school there. He graduated from
Helix High School in June, 1954, and
worked at odd jobs around San Diego. In
November of that year, John Swope, who
operated the summer playhouse at La Jolla
where Hopper worked during the summer
of 1953, urged Dennis to take a chance at
Hollywood. He obtained several parts in
TV shows, and when three studios offered
him contracts, he decided to sign with
Warner Bros. with the result, he hit it
big in "Giant."—Ed.*

Everybody Loves Doris Day!

Doris Day is my favorite movie star.
Why is it that the public prefers fireballs
like Kim Novak, Anita Ekberg, Diana
Dors and Marilyn Monroe? Doris is a
wonderful person. Her acting, singing and
dancing are terrific. Why can't the public
praise her as much as they do those
others? Doris works hard at her profession
—it takes no work at all to dress half nude
as they do.

M.O.
St. Louis, Missouri

Continued

Pip Piper Speaks Up

I read Beatrice Seekin's letter with great interest with reference to the stars of yesterday, so beloved by our parents. I am too young to have known them all, but I have imagination.

I have just arrived from England—on the Queen Elizabeth. First magazine I bought? Why, Photoplay, of course. I flew out here from New York, yesterday, and read it on the plane.

Because the movie queens of yesteryear intrigue and capture my imagination (my own mother worshipped at their shrines) I am sending you my own tribute to them—some still living, some dead, some forgotten:

Where Are They Now? These days fan magazines are full of the doings of those sexy bombshells, Monroe and Dors. That sultry child of glamour, Brigitte Bardot, whose face has been likened to a pouting peke, slick-chick Debbie Reynolds and a host of others. But what has become of the stars of yesterday? Where are they now, those forgotten ones who built the bridge over which our stars of today wiggle their triumphant way?

Remember Gloria Swanson with her own brand of sophisticated glamour? Back in the '20's hers was a name to conjure with, and she can still draw the crowds.

Next came smouldering Pola Negri, woman of the world, the very personification of seductive sin. Making a debut in "Forbidden Paradise," she followed this by "The Women He Scorned." Why, even the titles sent a delicious thrill down our spines. Alas, her day was short-lived. Pola, once a terrific box-office sensation of the '20's, now lives a quiet life in a secluded part of Hollywood. Still beautiful, it is rumored she may make a comeback.

Don't think that all was sin and seduction in the '20's. What of virtue and innocence, and the famous Gish sisters? "Orphans of the Storm" hypnotized yesterday's movie audiences, and if Lillian touched our hearts in "Broken Blossoms," she tore that long-suffering organ to shreds in "Way Down East."

Sin and virtue! Yes there was a share of both, and if we wanted the thrill of adventure, we got it from Pearl White in "Perils of Pauline." "To be continued next week" was a famous slogan then, and left the children of that era unable to rest until the next week and the next episode. Pearl missed death by a hair many times in these adventurous pictures but she finally died in Paris.

Others came and went. Voluptuous Mae Murray of "Merry Widow" fame, lovely Lili Damita, tearful Mae Marsh, pansy-eyed Janet Gaynor, and red-haired Clara Bow.

Then came still another screen type—the one and only Greta Garbo. Her debut in "The Kiss" with John Gilbert introduced a different type of acting, and appealed tremendously to the sophisticated public. Greta Garbo still appeals to young and old alike.

The above names are still household words, so let's honor them, for because of these early pioneers, a great industry has sprung up. Yes, the movie queens of yesteryear have indeed built the bridge over which our present stars dance so blithely.

PIP PIPER
San Joes, California

Continued

Now you can enjoy the full beauty of lovely radiant hair more often

with Lady Sunbeam

CONTROLLED HEAT HAIR DRYER

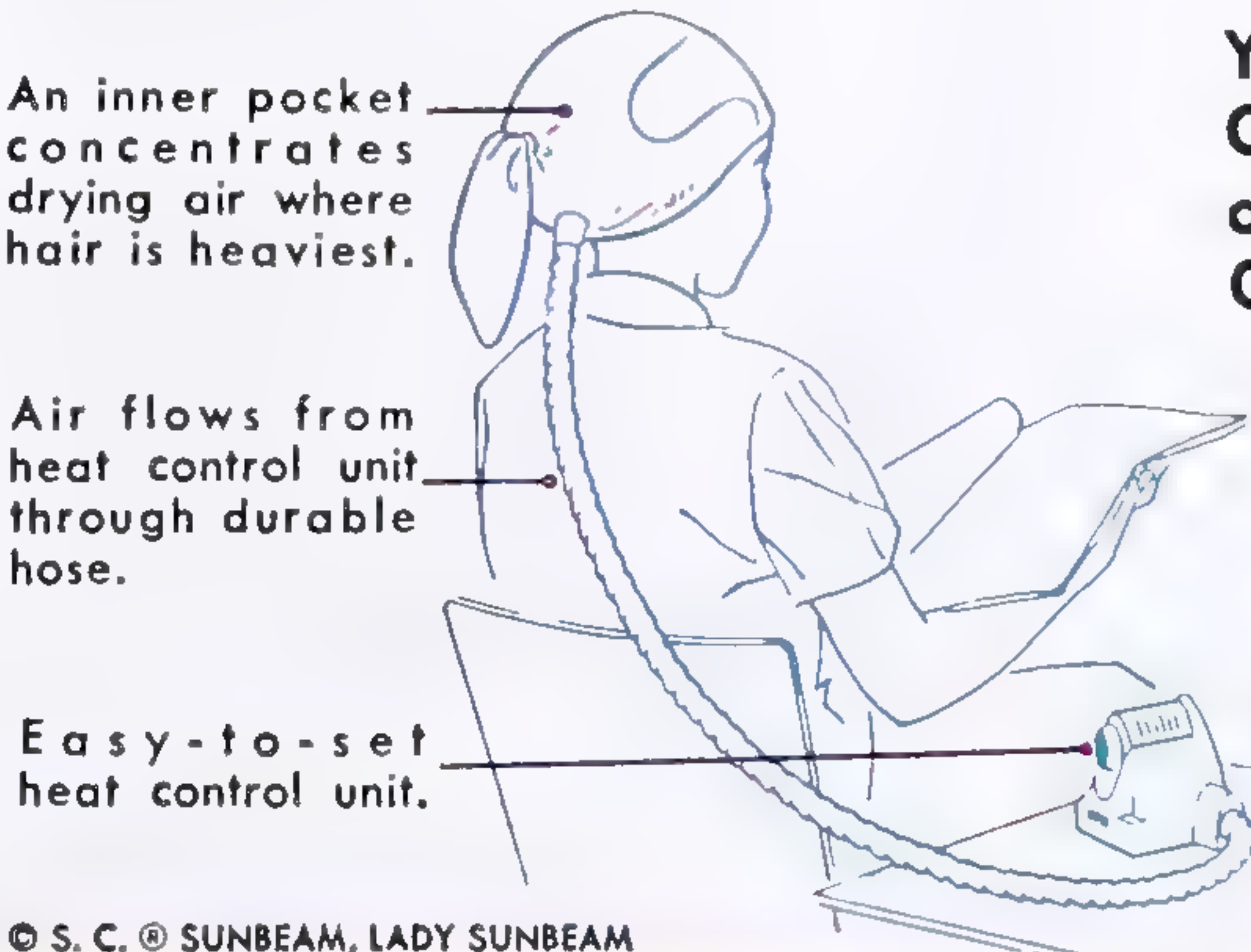


Only *Lady Sunbeam*
gives you all these advantages

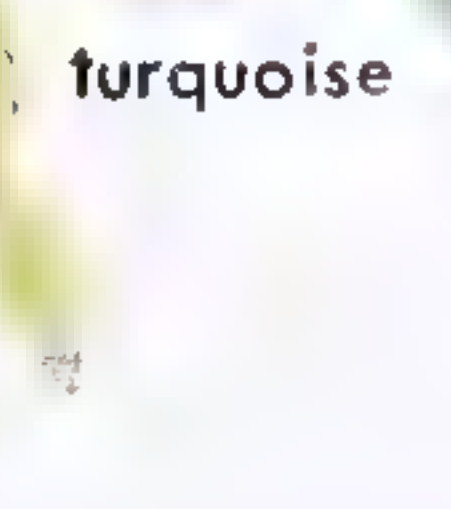
- Greater convenience
- More freedom
- Faster drying action
- More comfortable
- Scientific heat control

Enjoy new hair drying speed, comfort and convenience

New, scientifically designed vinyl cap fits easily over your hair and concentrates drying air where hair is heaviest. Drying air comes from heat-control unit through durable, flexible hose. No more head turning or tiring arm raising as with an ordinary hand-type dryer. No more hot air on neck and shoulders as with a professional-type dryer. And the Lady Sunbeam is so simple to use—just set the dial for any temperature you want—hot, warm, medium or cool. *Cap has no electric wires.*



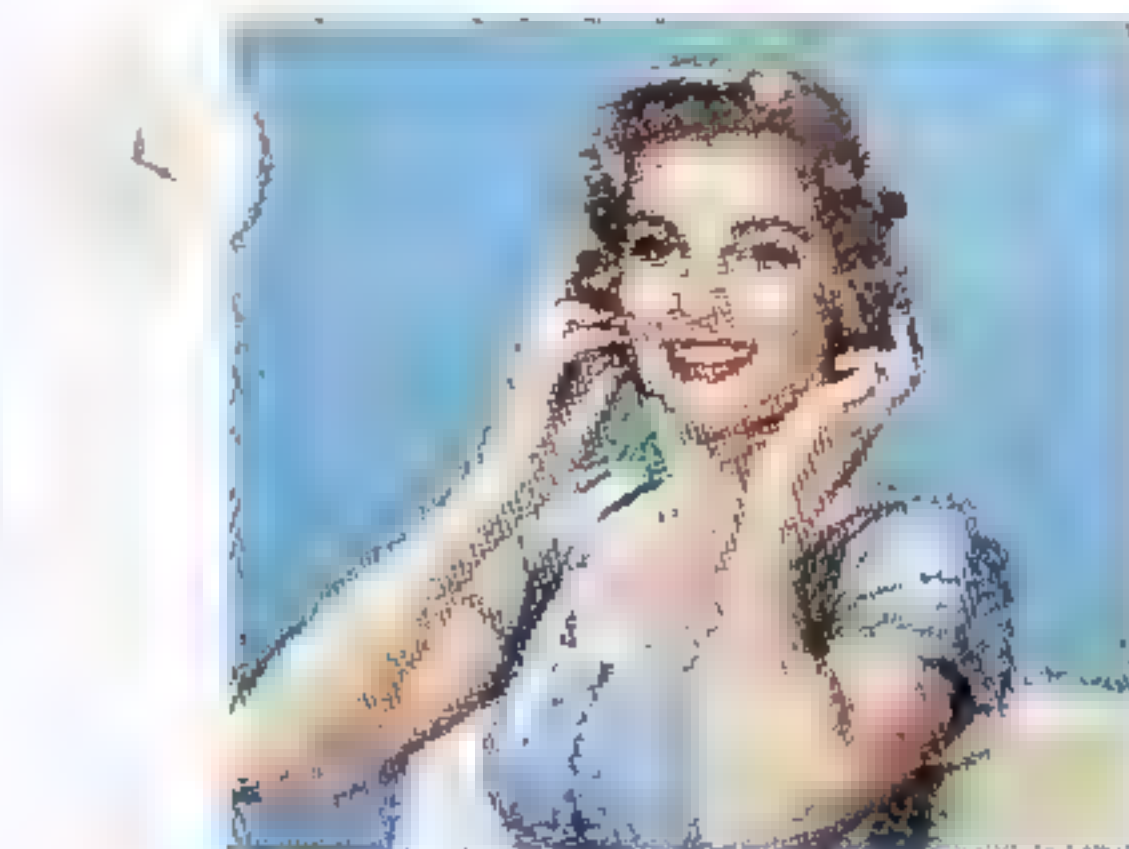
Your Choice of Colors



HANDS ARE FREE
Do nails, write letters, etc.



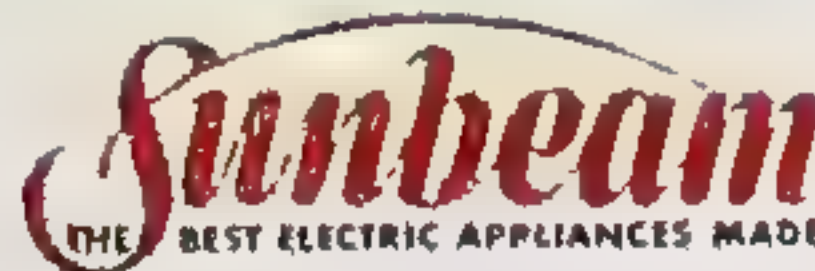
MORE COMFORTABLE
No heat on neck, shoulders.



FASTER
You are finished in minutes.

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Famous for MIXMASTER, etc.

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P

15



**Hair with the
fresh young **HALO** look
is softer, brighter**

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.



READERS INC.

Stanwyck Supporter

This is a congratulatory letter to Photoplay. You may all take a bow!

You have won this accolade because you have finally given an award, long overdue, to Barbara Stanwyck.

You asked if fans support their favorite stars. I can't, of course, speak for anyone but myself but this I can tell you—I see all Miss Stanwyck's pictures.

So three cheers! Your sound judgment, good taste and obvious discrimination are indeed uplifting.

MARGARET C. INGRAM
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



A German Version Of Monroe

I always read your wonderful magazine, Photoplay, and I'm so glad to have a chance to buy it here in Germany. In your letters column, I saw a little picture of a girl who looks like Ava Gardner. Now, I ask you—don't you think I look a little like Marilyn Monroe?

In about two months, I will make a trip to the United States. Do you think I will have a chance on television?

ILSE SATTLER
Hamburg, Germany

Contest Competition

I'm so glad you published the information about the Photoplay contest prize winners in the May issue. My daughter, Jean May, tried so hard in that contest, in the hope she would win one of the smaller prizes. But when she read the unique and attractive way in which the winning contestants had the stars arranged, she realized then she never had a ghost of a chance of winning.

Thank you for telling us about the artistic entries that were sent in. You surely have lots of energetic and painstaking readers.

(Mrs.) IVY HILLS
Salkum, Washington

Fashion Firsts

I have just been looking at the wonderful fashions in Photoplay. Could I order a catalogue from your magazine? I think the clothes are simply beautiful.

DOROTHY OLSON
Allen, Minnesota

Photoplay does not issue a catalogue, but does feature each month exciting new fashions. To assist you in purchasing them, we also feature in Photoplay a list of stores throughout the United States. You can also order the item from the store nearest you by enclosing complete information as to your size, color, selection and a clipping of the item from the magazine—Ed.



"With George Raft holding my hand and Tony Perkins feeding me I am so very wanted"

HOLLYWOOD SAYS:

Benvenuto Sophia!

By Ed Wilkes



"Pretty men, bah! I like clever ones. My boyfriend Carlo Ponti is clever"

Italian actress Sophia Loren, the star of three major Hollywood films: 20th's "Boy on a Dolphin," U.A.'s "Legion of the Lost," "The Pride and the Passion" recently bounced off a plane in California to pay her first visit to the United States—a long-awaited event on the part of us Hollywoodites.

The reception accorded one of Italy's most exuberant and voluptuous exports (38-24-38) was as overwhelming as her dimensions. Sophia was the guest of honor at a succession of parties and easily lived up to her billing as the "most beautiful Italian girl since Venus."

Sophia, who is in Hollywood to make Para.'s "Desire Under the Elms" with Tony Perkins and Burl Ives has traveled a long way in a very short time. Eight years ago she was a dirty, half-starved Neapolitan street urchin. Today, she makes more money than any other movie star in the world.



"I get so tired of this hustly-bustly. But so much fun. I want to get rid of my body and be a great actress"



Everybody has a definition of Hollywood, and Debbie and Eddie give Sidney theirs!



Martha Hyer's career shoots higher and higher—and aims at stardom, Sid says

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I CAN'T imagine Jayne Mansfield shy. . . . Did you ever notice that actresses who play movie stars in pictures aren't? . . . Frank Sinatra was never greater than at his recent engagement at the Mocambo. . . . Frankie was the master; singing all his great songs, and even kidding himself several times during the evening. The show was great.

Martha Hyer is a very different type blonde, who finally appears to be coming into her own and stardom. . . . As for me, I'd rather watch Tony Perkins perform at a party than on the screen. Very interesting. . . . Elvis Presley is a singer who doesn't have to learn new lyrics with every new song, because Elvis isn't selling the words. . . . Asked Eddie Fisher for a definition of Hollywood, and he told me: "Hollywood is a place where a person is doubtful what to do, especially after he has done it."

Jerry Lewis, if he weren't a successful comic, is the type of fellow who might own a magic shop—selling cigars that explode, etc. . . . I don't believe I'll ever see a movie junket without Ann Miller. . . . Everyone has two busi-

nesses, their own and show business. A sponsor can tell Doris Day how to act and rewrite a script, but would you hear a holler if Doris told him how to manufacture lipstick. . . . Asked Tony Curtis for a definition of Hollywood, and he told me: "Hollywood is a place where a fellow never has to struggle about making a living until he makes \$1000 or more a week."

Natalie Wood will outgrow her leather jacket. . . . A movie studio after dark, calm and practically deserted, is one of the most fascinating places I know. . . . And man! What those cleaning women must know!! . . . Tennessee Williams' real name is Thomas Lanier Williams. . . . Even after it's explained to me carefully, I don't understand how Arthur Loew, Jr. can romance Joan Collins one night and Susan Strasberg the next. A fellow can't be that versatile. . . . I wonder what Ingrid Bergman has done with her Oscars. . . . How about a musical version of "The Front Page" with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, Mr. Cohn? . . . Stewart Granger is the cook in the family. Paul Newman is a good cook, and so are Lex

Barker and Jeff Hunter to mention a few. . . . I'm always astonished when an actor is a good cook, although I know that in the leading restaurants and hotels the chef is a male. . . . In fact, I don't know of a female chef in a prominent restaurant. Do you, Duncan Hines? . . . Asked Debbie Reynolds for a definition of Hollywood, and she told me: "Hollywood is a place where the stars twinkle after they wrinkle."

Wonder what Bing Crosby is honestly thinking while watching Perry Como on TV. . . . I like Bob Hope's remark: "Crosby dressed for calypso years before it became popular." . . . Always the best show in town: Celebrities being interviewed at a movie premiere. You get such things as an interviewer truly believing Jeanne Crain is Zsa Zsa Gabor. . . . Asked Kim Novak for a definition of Hollywood, and she told me: "Hollywood is a place where if you can afford what you've got, you're entitled to something better."

I never expect to see John Wayne attending classes at the Actors Studio and becoming an advocate of The Method. Know what? It would ruin him. . . . Whenever I hear a starlet rap Joan Crawford, I know the starlet would love to be another Joan Crawford. . . . The sign in the window of a Beverly Hills shop read: "Sale—Slightly Irregular Sweaters." And Deborah Kerr wondered if the gals buying them were slightly irregular. . . . Asked Jeff Chandler for a definition of Hollywood, and he told me: "Hollywood is a place where nothing is more needed and more valuable than a spare reputation." That's Hollywood For You!



HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

He's yours, and you *know* it. It's love, and you *show* it.
 What fabulous fun, being female, at a time like this!
 Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your
 charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives
 away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember,
 if you're nice-to-be-next-to...next to *nothing* is impossible!)



*VETO is for you
 in more ways than one*



Cream



Spray



Stick



*Aerosol
 Mist*

*One touch of VETO
 dries away perspiration worries!*



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓ GOOD

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓ FAIR

Saint Joan

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ The wonderfully alive young face of newcomer Jean Seberg (at left) is perfect for the role of the farm girl who rallied soldiers of 15th Century France to fight the invading English. And an all-round splendid cast points up each brilliant line in George Bernard Shaw's tribute to Joan of Arc. Richard Widmark climbs triumphantly out of his action-movie rut to play the foolish, pathetically weak Dauphin, who does not dare to claim the throne of France until Joan—with the power of God behind her—earns him the right through her battle victory. As her gallant comrade in arms, Richard Todd warmly portrays the single-minded fighting man, putting more faith in the sword than in the cross.

Others among England's foremost actors come into prominence in the climactic scenes of Joan's trial. With his superb assurance, John Gielgud plays the Englishman who wants her burned for purely political reasons—nothing personal. Finlay Currie, Barry Jones and Felix Aylmer are church dignitaries; Harry Andrews, a very English priest who hates Joan for her nationality. Serious as the theme is, its treatment is full of Shaw's slashing wit, getting in gibes at both the French and the English. While youthful Jean is occasionally out of her depth in a role of such grandeur, her performance has a beautiful sincerity and balance, marking her as an important find.

FAMILY

Continued



NEW!

Only child's home permanent with
SQUEEZE-BOTTLE EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because *comb-tip* squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Bottle Ease" ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!



© 1957, Procter & Gamble Co.

BEST ACTING: KATHARINE HEPBURN, SPENCER TRACY



Office workers Katie and Spence pretend they're off on a cruise



Just for the moment, Dana Wynter makes Rock forget danger



An interested spectator sees Kenneth More court Muriel Pavlow

MOVIES

Continued

Desk Set

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Never mind those mechanical brains (though one of them figures in the plot of this crackling comedy). You never saw such neatly clicking cooperation as you get here from Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. As always, Katie's volatile style contrasts beautifully with Spence's shrewd underplaying. She's the bright, regrettably unmarried head of a radio network's research department. He's the efficiency expert whose report, she is sure, will replace her and her girls with a mere machine. Breezy co-worker Joan Blondell is Katie's ally in the fight against the robot invasion; Gig Young is the old stand-by beau. Here's office life at its liveliest.

FAMILY

Beau James

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ After scoring a genuine acting triumph with "The Seven Little Foys," Bob Hope does another real-life role and again creates a sympathetic, complex character. He's cast as Jimmy Walker, good-time New York mayor whose city returned his affection—but didn't, in the end, look on him with full respect, as his political career ran into scandal. Bob gets sturdy support from Paul Douglas, as the practical Tammanyite. The mayor's domestic problems are treated with unusual frankness, Alexis Smith playing the estranged wife who stands by him on public occasions, Vera Miles playing the show-girl who wins his love. All these are seen as part of the colorful 'twenties.

ADULT

Something of Value

M-G-M

✓✓✓ Shot in Africa with an Anglo-American cast, this vigorous, violent film generates steady excitement. Two Americans take the leads, portraying native-born Africans. Rock Hudson performs solidly as the white man who sympathizes with the country's original inhabitants, until the terrorism of the Mau Mau forces him to take up arms. Sidney Poitier is the Negro raised almost as Rock's foster brother, but shoved into the ranks of the Mau Mau by insults to his pride. Similar to dramas of America's frontier, the picture compares Dana Wynter, as Rock's tender-minded bride, with Wendy Hiller, as his sister, a true pioneer woman. Scenery shows why Africa is a beloved country.

ADULT

Reach for the Sky

RANK

✓✓✓ High among Britain's most able and attractive actors, Kenneth More draws a sure-fire role as the fabulous airman Douglas Bader. No fiction-writer would dare to concoct such a story as Bader's; it just happens to be true. Portraying the flyer of England's early air age, More gets across the picture of a man of action thrown into a terrible situation when a needless crash costs him both his legs. And he shows us a stubborn, indomitable man as he painfully learns to walk again, doggedly determined that he must fly again. Muriel Pavlow is pert and likable as the girl who meets and marries Kenneth after he has been maimed. In general, it's a straightaway saga of courage.

FAMILY

Continued

But how long
will it last?

Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll *stay* sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

The most common cause of bad breath *by far* is germs that ferment the protein always present in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

LISTERINE
the most widely
used antiseptic
in the world



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

PHOTOPLAY PRINTED PATTERNS

Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-77, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



9393



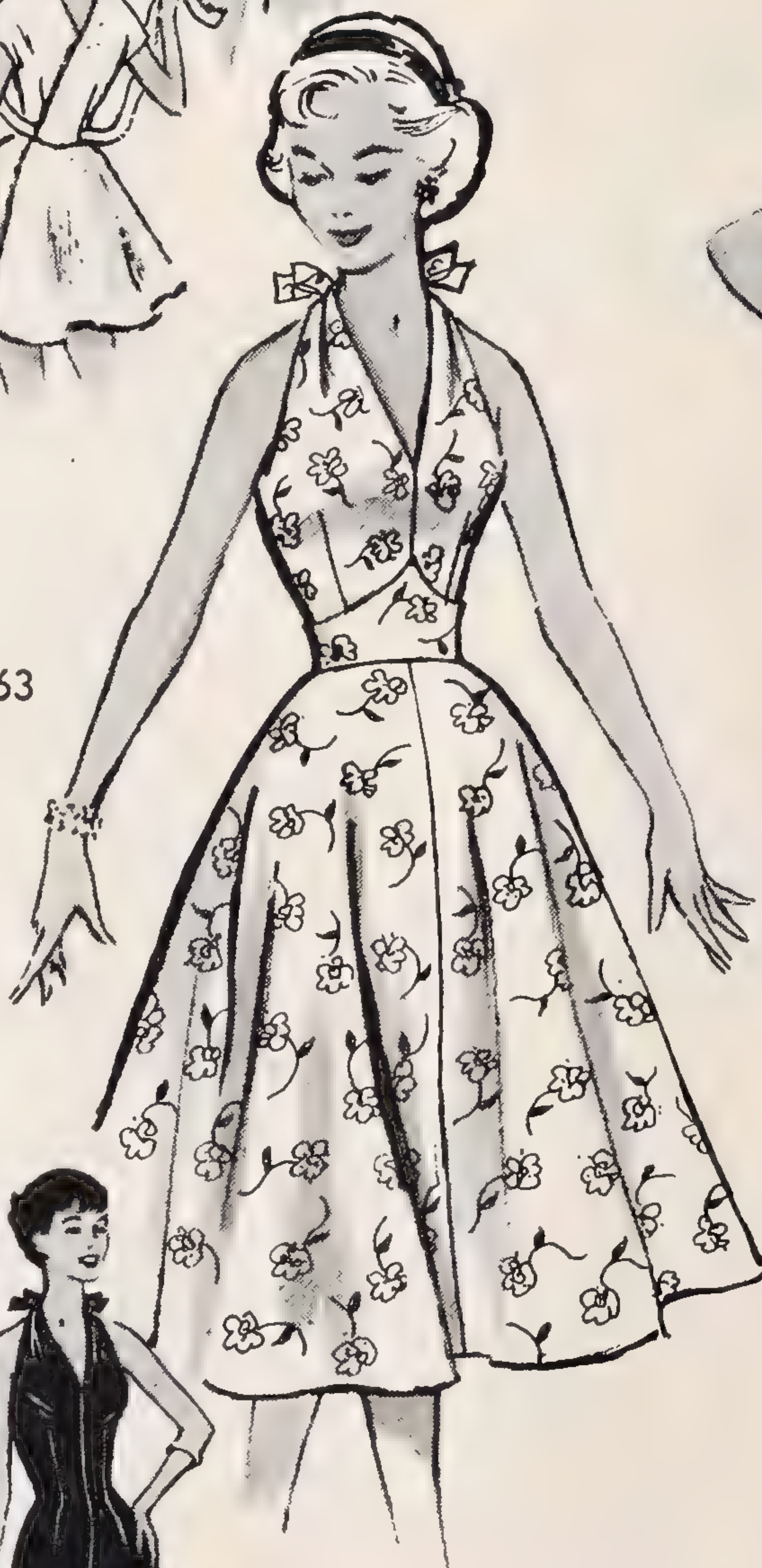
9393—Smart little terry beachcoat to sew in a jiffy—enjoy all summer. It wraps and ties conveniently, has a giant "carry-all" pocket. Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16: $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards, 35-inch fabric

9363—Easy one-piece halter playsuit for sun-lovers; its own flared skirt to whisk on when occasion demands. Jr. Miss sizes 9-17. Size 13 playsuit, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards, 35-inch fabric; skirt, 3 yards

4820—Perfect summer matchmates! Yoked blouse, trim shorts, side-buttoned skirt. Printed Pattern in Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 blouse and shorts: $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric; skirt $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards



9363

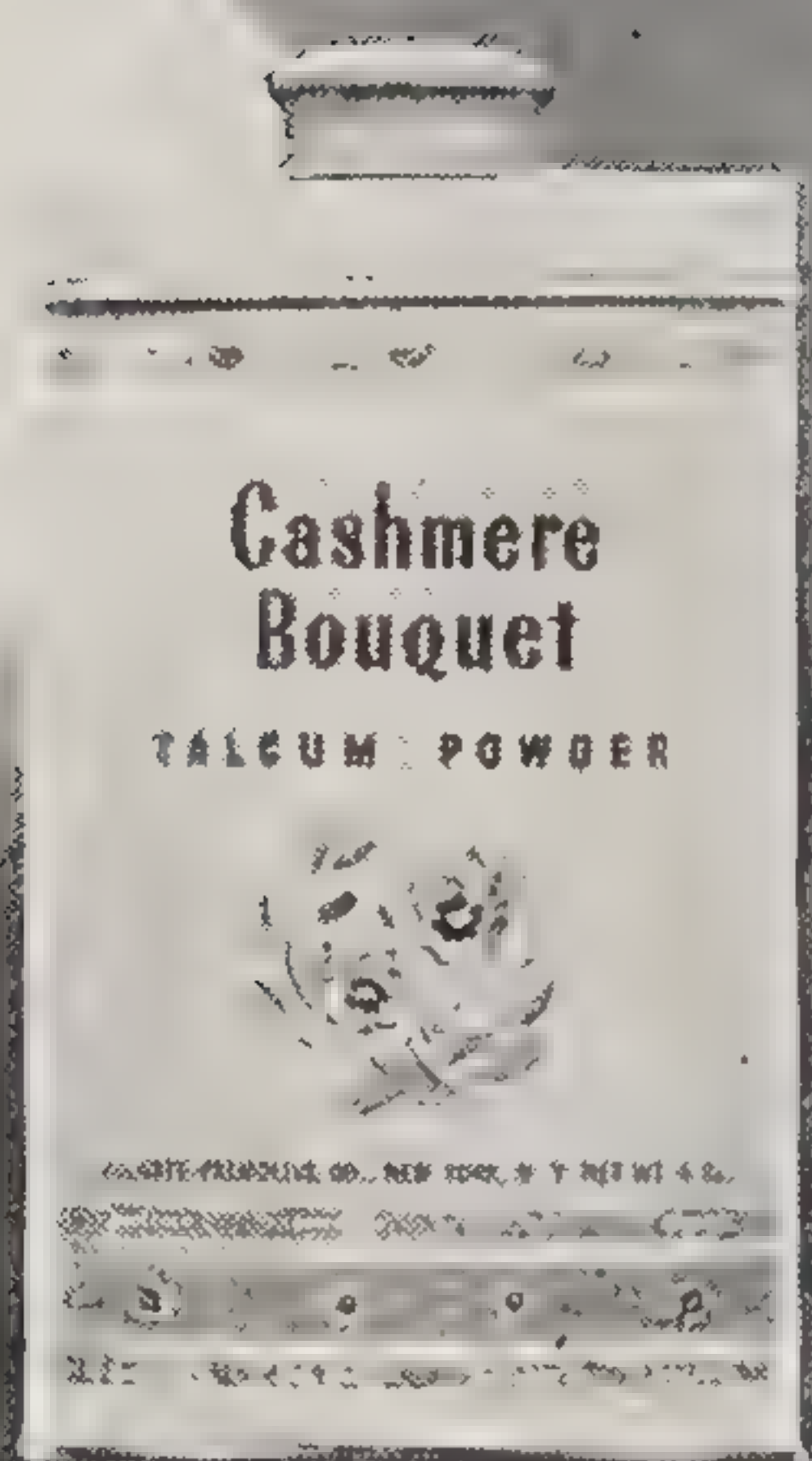


4820



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Like climbing right into a bouquet



CASHMERE BOUQUET

Talcum powder

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder pampers every inch of you . . .

with its lilting bouquet, its satin-soft touch. And that exciting fragrance
men love lingers on your skin hour after hour . . .

as if you had stepped from your bath right into a bouquet!

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS...

For all your beauty needs

New Spray-Set

by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!



See lovely TERRY MOORE,
in "BERNADINE"

A 20th Century-Fox Production
in CinemaScope.
Color by De Luxe.

SUPER-SOFT

LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars
because it's non-drying...
contains no lacquer...
mists hair with Lanolin!



HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. 5½ oz. can—a full ounce more! Only \$1.25 plus tax.

MOVIES *Continued*

The Monte Carlo Story

U.A.;
TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ There's no mention of Monaco's young royal couple in this gay comedy of the little Riviera realm, but Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica are as urbane and handsome a romantic pair as you'll ever see. Dead-broke gamblers both, they make the mistake of setting their fortune-hunting sights on each other. After they have discovered their error, they team up, posing as brother and sister, with designs on wealthy Americans whose yacht has just arrived at Monte Carlo. As a naive widower from Indiana, Arthur O'Connell is easy game for Marlene. But Vittorio can't feel anything but fatherly toward Arthur's pretty and amorous teen-aged daughter, Natalie Trundy. It's all light-hearted fun, against dreamy and luxurious backgrounds.

FAMILY

Man Afraid

U-I, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ With suspense as its chief aim, a modest thriller neatly fills the bill. As a minister and family man, George Nader kills a young burglar who has invaded his home and temporarily blinded his wife (Phyllis Thaxter) with the flick of a rope. Already conscience-stricken, George is further tormented when Eduard Franz, grief-crazed father of the dead boy, begins a campaign of revenge, centered on threats against George's own little son (Tim Hovey). A simple story of action, the picture has welcome touches of human understanding, instead of the usual outright dedication to violence.

FAMILY

The Buster Keaton Story

PARA-MOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓ Moviegoers who feel twinges of nostalgia for the old silent-film days will find some satisfaction in this easygoing yarn of early Hollywood. Expert comic in his own right, Donald O'Connor plays the well-remembered Keaton, presented here as a solemn clown who can reach success but isn't sure how to handle it. And failure, with the advent of the talkies, is a real blow. Ann Blyth is the gentle girl Don finally marries; Rhonda Fleming is the dazzling star he *thinks* he loves. High points in the movie are some fine old Keaton gags, nicely executed by Don and supervised on the set by Buster himself, though he doesn't appear.

FAMILY

The Garment Jungle

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Though New York's clothing-industry center is a fascinating and unusual setting for a movie, it's reduced here to a locale for over-simplified conflict, good guys vs. bad guys. Returned from overseas service, attractive Kerwin Mathews joins pop Lee J. Cobb's firm. Gradually, Kerwin realizes that Cobb is dominated by Richard Boone, racketeer hired to keep the union out of the shop. Gia Scala, union organizer's wife (finally widow) stands by Kerwin in his fight; so does Valerie French, as a sophisticated buyer, Cobb's girl.

ADULT

Love is a game any number can play... especially in the afternoon...



1. "How many men in my life before you, Mr. Millionaire? I will itemize them..."

2. "Item 1: a handsome red-headed algebra teacher—who first called me Miss X..."

3. "Item 2: a very sweet boy who is now a missionary in French Equatorial Africa..."



4. "Item 3: a riding instructor—formerly a Cossack. Item 4: an English duke..."

5. "Items 5 through 9 inclusive cover a bicycle tour I took with a group of exchange students..."

6. "Item 10: a businessman from Brussels... Item 11: the chauffeur of the businessman..."



In any other city...at any other time... the American millionaire would have known she was only pretending to be as experienced as he was...but this was Paris...in April...in the afternoon!

ALLIED ARTISTS Presents

**GARY
COOPER
AUDREY
HEPBURN
MAURICE
CHEVALIER**



Produced and Directed by BILLY WILDER

with JOHN MCGIVER • Screenplay by BILLY WILDER and I. A. L. DIAMOND • Based on Novel by CLAUDE ANET • Musical Adaptation by FRANZ WAXMAN

*have a breath of
Paris about you . . .
every day!*



Enjoy Paris glamour in your deodorant! Evening in Paris stick glides on smooth and dry, keeps underarms *dry* and delicately *fragrant*. Rely on it for 24-hour protection. New convenient push-up tube.

EVENING IN PARIS
DEODORANT STICK

BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.



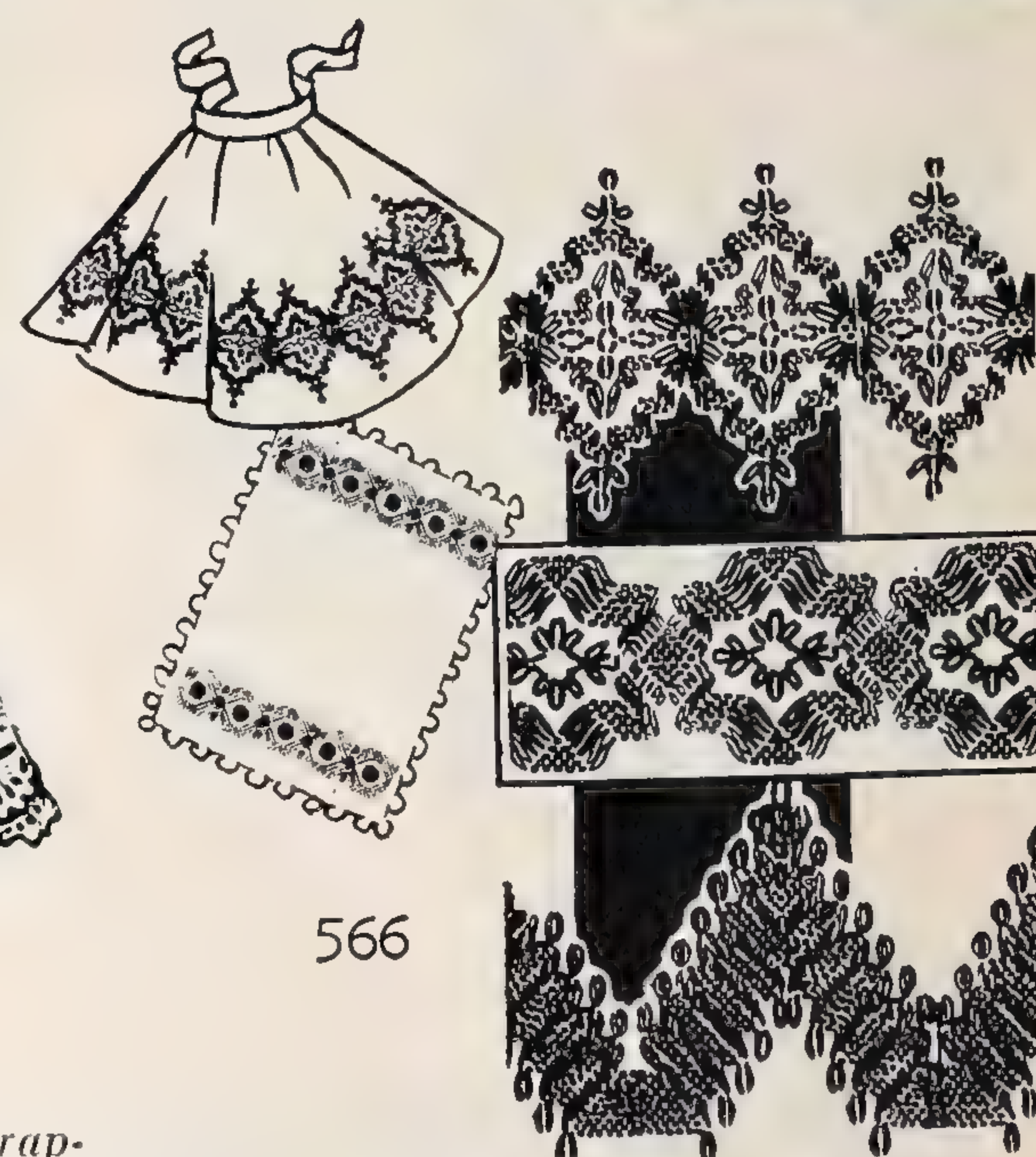
7081



712



7074



566

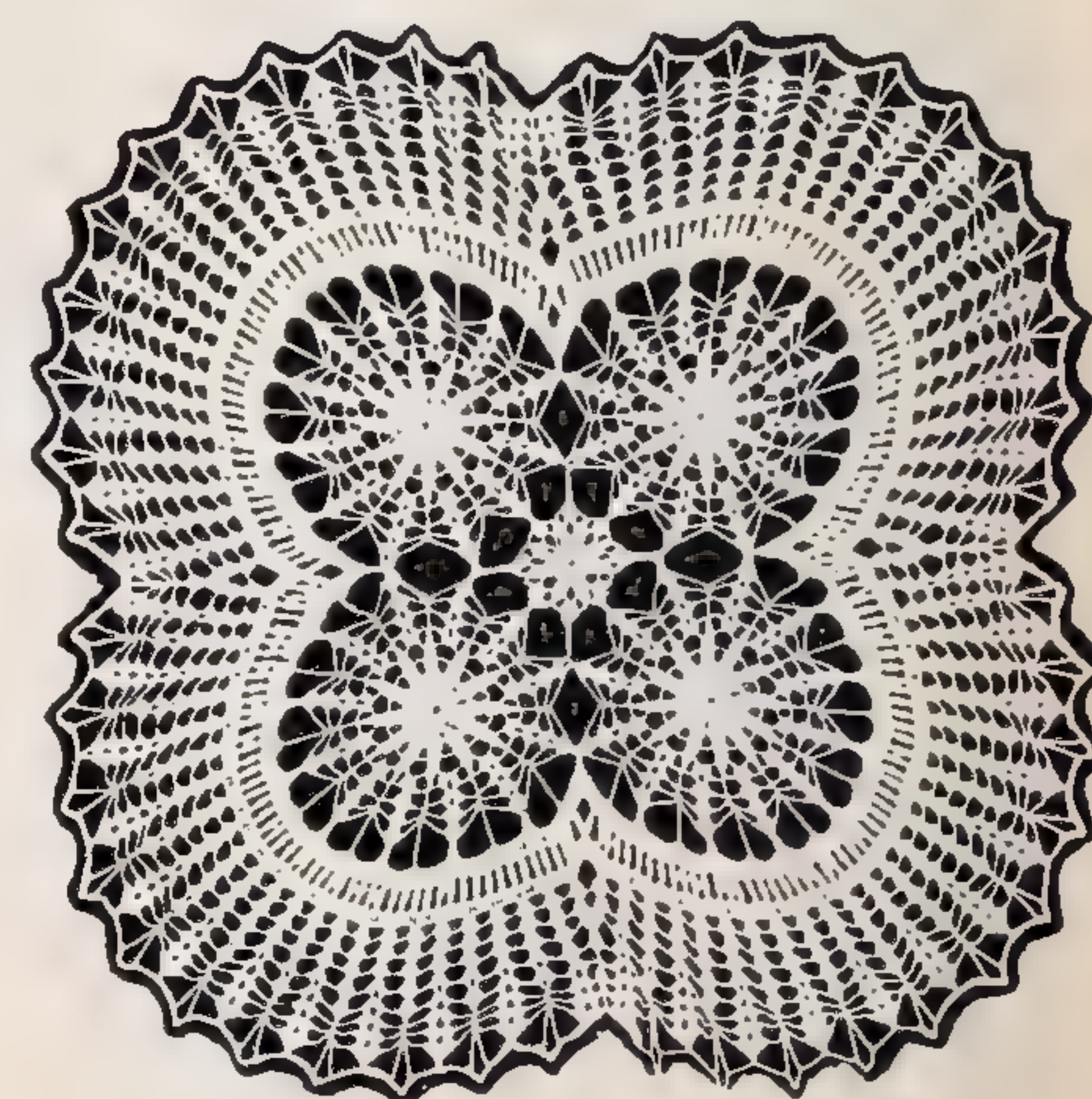
7081—Keep cool and pretty in a wrap-around halter top. Make in embroidered solid color, or gay stripes. Misses' 12-18 included. Pattern, guide and transfer

712—Sunburst of radiant colors in this four-patch, easy-to-make quilt! Charts, directions, pattern of four patches, yardages for both single, double beds

7074—Gay little shell pocket in easy crochet holds a washcloth. Use heavy cotton for terry towels, lighter for linen. Directions for holder and edging

566—Weave these gay Swedish designs on towels, aprons, mats—anything made of huck. Attractive throughout your home. Charts, directions for four designs

7020—Crochet a stunning TV cover with graceful center medallions. Directions for 22-inch cover in No. 30 cotton. Make smaller in No. 50, larger in string



7020

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She's brushed out her new Bobbi wave—and right away (without resetting) her "Souvenir" hairdo looks pretty as you please.

Just brush it! That's it!

No resetting—no "breaking in"
with Bobbi—the special permanent
for casual hairstyles like these

You get a soft, natural Bobbi wave *and* your casual hairstyle in just one step. Simple pin-curls and Bobbi lotion—that's all. No separate neutralizing. No resetting. Bobbi's as easy as setting your hair and your wave is in to stay—carefree and casual—week after week.

©THE GILLETTE COMPANY



Softly feminine—that's "Daffodil." Only Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent lets you brush out a soft, natural wave the very first day. Just brush it. That's it!



Bobbi is the only permanent specially designed for carefree haircombs like "Calypso." With Bobbi you just can't get tight, fussy curls.



Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent complete with "Casual Pin-Curlers" for faster, firmer pin-curls. Can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. **\$2.00**



New! Bobbi Refill—Everything you need (except pins) to make your casual hairdo permanent. **\$1.50**



Debra Paget, here with Joan Evans, has troubles—but they aren't men!

Kim Novak goes to concerts with her sister. At home, she likes flamencos



Mike Wilding dates Marie MacDonald, but does he have plans for the future?

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Our Correspondents Report:

Ceylon: Bill Holden, who is here making "Bridge On The River Kwai" and recently was voted Number One Man at the boxoffice, received a wire from John Wayne, former boxoffice king, stating simply, "You sneak!"

Bill who's on location in a camp in the jungle of Kitulgala, helped the cast and crew get over their "jungle fever" by thinking up all sorts of projects to get their minds off the heat: He set off some firecrackers one evening after work, had some "fire balloons" made, got a pet monkey and two parrots which were named as mascots, and learned to play some tom-toms made

by the Singhalese. Bill's partner in crime was Jack Hawkins, his co-star in the picture, and his lovely wife Ardis sat by and watched. The Holden-Hawkins Act was a self-appointed morale team, designed to keep up the spirits of the all-British crew, away from their homes and their wives for much too long.

Paris: Marisa Pavan Aumont sends her original designs and sketches for dresses to her mother, who expects to have them made up in Hollywood and will sell them in a dress shop she's opening in Beverly Hills. Mrs. Pierangeli will name the dress shop after her two famous daughters. P. S.: Marisa designed all her own maternity clothes. It's true: Elvis Presley's record are all the rage in Russia. Described as the latest "nonsocialist-realist" craze, Presley records, transferred from bootleg U. S. discs to discarded hospital X-ray plates, are selling for about \$12.50 each in Russian rubles. "Hound Dog" cleaning up, but no royalties for El.

Hollywood: Likes and dislikes—Hollywood is reading Bosley Crowther's "The Lion's Share," the well-researched and well-written history of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Martindale's and Marion Hunter, where the stars shop for their reading material, report they can't keep it in stock. Crowther, motion picture critic of the "New York Times," is tops in his field. But they don't like "Too Much, Too Soon," the Diana Barrymore "confessional" written in collaboration with Gerold Frank. Gene Fowler wants to retitile it "Too Much, Too Late—Too Bad," and Hedda Hopper suggests "Long Day's Journey Into Oblivion." Perhaps it's all because it's too much, too close to home At Raf's Record Bar in Beverly Hills, where the stars buy their discs, three favorites are reported: Sinatra, Belafonte and Nat "King" Cole in that order. Biggest sellers are: Sinatra's "An Evening With You", Belafonte's calypsos (in preference to "An Evening With Belafonte") and anything

Continued



20th CENTURY-FOX
presents

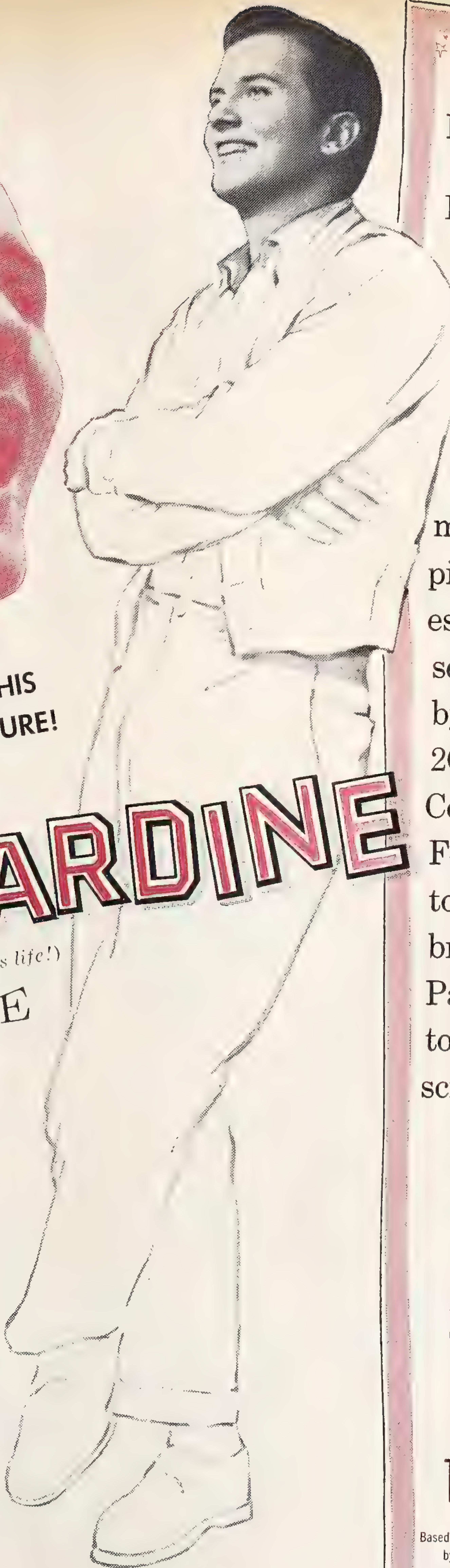
AMERICA'S NEW
SINGING STAR IN HIS
FIRST MOTION PICTURE!

BERNARDINE

(The dream girl in every fellow's life!)

in CINEMASCOPE
and COLOR by DE LUXE

starring PAT
BOONE
TERRY
MOORE
JANET
GAYNOR
DEAN
JAGGER



Hear
Pat
Boone
sing...!



"BERNARDINE"
"TECHNIQUE"
"LOVE LETTERS
IN THE SAND"
in the
motion
picture
especially
selected
by
20th
Century-
Fox
to
bring
Pat Boone
to the
screen!



PRODUCED BY
SAMUEL G. ENGEL
DIRECTED BY
HENRY LEVIN
SCREENPLAY BY
THEODORE REEVES

Based on a play written by MARY CHASE and produced
by IRVING L. JACOBS and GUNTHERIE McCLINTIC

INSIDE STUFF *Continued*

of Cole's. Also big is the Eydie Gorme album, the one in which she jets into the vocal stratosphere with "I'll Take Romance." Teenagers "dig" Elvis Presley's "All Shook Up," while their moms are buying the same disc for the other side, "That's Where Your Heartache Begins." . . . Kim Novak does her record buying in flamenco and show tune albums.

Big Scenes and Body-Building: The big man in Jayne Mansfield's life, Mickey Hargitay, has a small role in her next movie, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" They never appear in a scene together—just carry on a trans-continental feud via television. In the movie (which turns out to be a good-natured spoof of television in the screen version) he loses her to someone else. In real life, however, they've been inseparable, with Mickey giving her an extensive course in body-building in their after-hours workouts together. Jayne says it's done wonders for toning up her

muscles—and besides, their "routine" comes in handy at parties and premieres. According to reports, they expect to be married soon. . . . Incidentally Jayne, who was blasted by the press for the unladylike way she acted at Sophia Loren's cocktail party given by 20th (when she stood behind Sophia in a gown cut down to there and postured and posed till the photographers got their flash bulbs ready) seems chastened by the experience. She hasn't been at a party given for Sophia since.

Things We Wonder About: We wonder what plans Mike Wilding is making for the future, now that his marriage to Liz is over. Will he return to England, to resume the career he gave up for Liz? . . . It must be quite a job for Debra Paget to manage "protection" for her crystal-studded Cadillac. How does she do it? She made the mistake, just once, of leaving it parked in the CBS parking lot for an afternoon, and returned to find that memento-seekers had pried off

the crystals on one side of the car. It will take \$500 to replace them. . . . What is Farley Granger doing these days? Remember him? . . . Do Debbie and Eddie ever play their "How I Love You Pretty Baby" for the benefit of Carrie Frances?

Music at Midnight: Latest of the stars to turn vocalist for the benefit of the juke boxes is Bob Wagner, whose "So Young" and "Almost Eighteen" were put on wax at an all-night music session recently. Bob was on a personal appearance tour and had no other time available, and Liberty wanted the recording cut immediately, so Bob arranged to get to the studio at midnight and worked straight through till 8:00 a.m. Natalie Wood, who'd been with him earlier in the evening for the opening of a drive-in theatre in San Diego, was there to keep him company and to ply him with coffee when things got dull—so the whole thing turned out to be as much fun as work can ever be!

Continued



The hard way to sign an autograph: Jayne Mansfield is lifted high above the crowd by Mickey Hargitay at a recent premiere

"love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair"



Your hair remembers its loveliest lines...when it's

trained

with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



trains as it sets pincurls...trains as it holds your wave

If your hair inspires no poetry, is the fault perhaps your own? Are you using a mere pincurl spray? Or are you *training* your hair with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET and its exclusive "control" ingredient? Use SPRAY NET to set silky but long-lasting pincurls. Use it as always to hold your hair in place. Gradually, excitingly your curls get the habit of curling. These lovely waves remember their place from shampoo to shampoo. Use SPRAY NET faithfully and soon your hair will be trained to softest perfection—*poetic* perfection!

BOTH FORMULAS NOW
IN GLAMOROUS NEW
GOLDEN CONTAINERS:

SUPER SOFT
*trains most hair and
hair styles beautifully.*

REGULAR for hair
harder to manage.

69¢, Large \$1.25,
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1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Arrid keeps you safe morning, noon and night! Rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night.

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps

you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid stops perspiration stains. Used daily, it keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never a hint the situation's getting warm. Saves clothes from ugly stains even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



**Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.**

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

INSIDE STUFF

Continued

Paris Landing: Anita Ekberg blew into Paris the same day as the Queen of England, which rather took the wind out of Anita's sails but was a great relief to husband Anthony Steel. After posing for the tens of photographers who crowded around her, Anita demurely covered her low-w-w cut dress with a chiffon scarf. Anita is unhappy with the habit newspapermen have of putting her measurements next to her photograph. "It's like putting a person's bank account next to his name," she says. And Anthony Steel asked reporters to deny the story that she was pregnant, adding, "My wife is an actress, you know. She doesn't need that kind of publicity."

The Volcano Gone Quiet? We thought Shelley Winters had changed—that for a former volcano she had certainly become both cooperative and quiet in offering to accompany her fiancé Anthony Franciosa on his tour to plug "Hatful of Rain," even though she had been by-passed for the movie version. And then Shelley reverted to type! Shelley and Tony were on their way to bid at an auction when a photographer tried to take their picture. Shelley whispered that she wasn't wearing any lipstick. Tony objected to the camera and a free-for-all ensued. After the damage had been done, Tony issued an apology, offered to pay for the camera and Shelley (we hope!) went home to put on some make-up. Incidentally, Tony's a free man, now that his divorce from his former wife is final. All of which should mean that he and Shelley will be getting married soon—but so far, they haven't set the date.

Clamor About Glamour: The most sought after role in town is that of "Jean Harlow," whose life story Producer Jerry Wald is readying for the screen. Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Kim Novak and Carroll Baker are among those bidding for it. Some bidding! . . . Mamie Van Doren will wear a "movable" gown in Paramount's "Teacher's Pet." Edith Head created it. The dress contains thousands of crystal drops on small strings, which move all the time, whether Mamie does or not—and Mamie does, too. . . . Don Loper, one of the colony's better-known "gowndoliers" says: "The uncovered look has had it. The gals are going for more tasteful creations." Chiffon dresses are very much in vogue and Don's favored colors this season are his "Pink Mink" and "African Orange." He's doing a big business, too, in leather sports coats to match your sports car. Who has that kind of dough? . . . Best figure in Hol-

lywood? Edith Head, who's dressed most of them and received better than a half-dozen Oscars for doing it, says Liliane Montevecchi has one of the best she's ever seen. Liliane will have an all-black wardrobe to show it off in "Sad Sack."

Favorites of the Film Set: Hollywood has its television heroes over which the gals swoon as avidly as film fans swoon over them. You should see them when Jim ("Gunsmoke") Arness, Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian and Jock ("Range Rider") Mahoney walk into the room at a party. They're their stars.

Heroes of the Younger Set: James MacArthur, Helen Hayes' talented boy, a solid click in his first RKO film, "The Young Stranger," may not make another film until the summer of 1958. A student at Harvard, he is only available for movie work during the summer months. He turned down a role in "Peyton Place" this summer and RKO passed up its option on his services because they had no property for him. So, instead of appearing before the cameras this summer, he'll probably hop a freighter to Europe.

Want to start a Tommy Sands Fan Club? Tommy already has 1,000 clubs going for him, bringing in over 15,000 pieces of mail a week. He's a fan too—of Elvis Presley. They worked together on the Colonel Tom Parker circuit throughout the South. Nice kid. Should do big things picture-wise under Executive Producer Buddy Adler's guidance at 20th-Fox.

Continued



Everybody says acting of new find Tony Franciosa is great. Long time booster Shelley Winters can crow, "I told you so!"

all heads turn to Noreen

Walking on air . . . that's you after your first Noreen rinse . . . the temporary rinse that puts natural young color back into your hair.

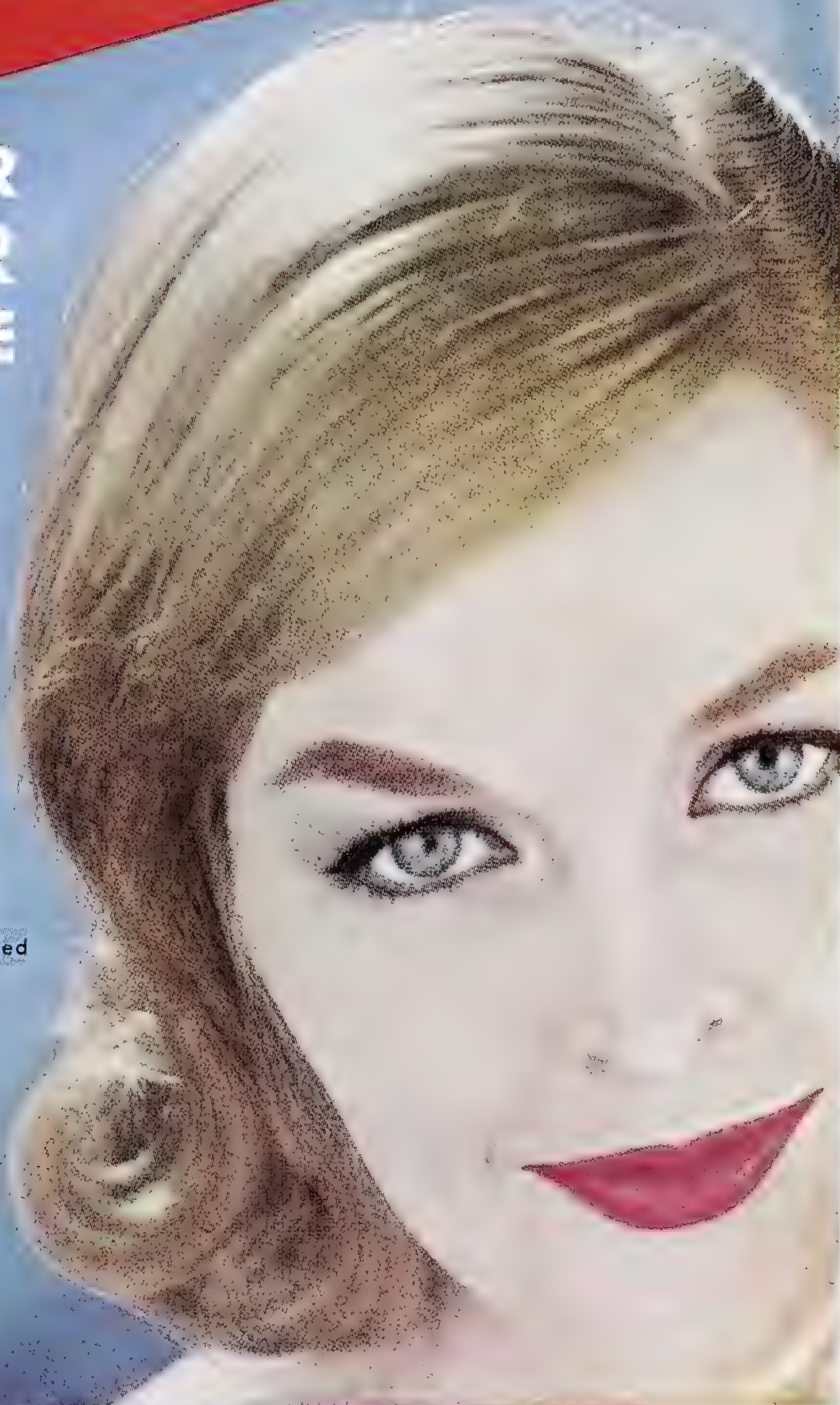
You'll always be definite, never nondescript, when you use Noreen . . . always a really blonde blonde, a true or titian redhead, a jet-black brunette or a grayhead with an elegance and charm all your own. Noreen's colors make the difference that's all the difference between hair and really beautiful hair. Ask about the Noreen Color Applicator for easy application in only three minutes.

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at cosmetic counters
everywhere, also
professionally applied
in beauty salons



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INSIDE STUFF

Continued

Personal Triumph: Why make pictures? Judy Garland will earn more from her personal appearances at the Flamingo (Las Vegas), the Dallas State Fair, and the Greek Theater (Los Angeles) this summer than she ever did in a full year of movie-making.

Hubby Sid Luft is negotiating for a date in London, and our French correspondent reports that "All Paris is waiting with fervent anticipation for Judy Garland's appearance at the Olympia in September. As soon as it was announced, the orders started pouring in."

Coming Soon: Look for Ernest Borgnine in the "Life of Pancho Villa." He's



Ann Blyth, here with husband Dr. Jim McNulty won out over 18 others for the right to sing the blues as Helen Morgan.

planning to make it in Mexico this fall with his partner, Sam Weiler. With the aid of a mustache, the resemblance is remarkable. . . . Why was Ann Blyth cast as "Helen Morgan"? Because, she made the best test of the eighteen lensed for the part. Director Mike Curtiz said her tests "were just plain wonderful." And Jack Warner, who made the picture, believes she's going to add the biggest laurel of all to her career. Ann's that good. . . . John Mitchum is starting to give his big (and better known) brother, Robert, a run for films. His latest for Columbia will be "The Mad Ball," with Jack Lemmon. . . . If you ask Dick Powell, and we did, Tami Conner, recently signed by 20th Century-Fox, will be a big star. All she needs is the right role. Well, Dick, how about finding it for her?

International Love Affair: Etchika Choureau, the girl with the name that sounds like a sneeze and a figure that looks like a whistle (and a personality that captured Tab Hunter's heart) is

back in town again making "Darby's Rangers" for Warners'. The lovely twenty-three-year-old French actress who starred in 15 French, Italian and German pictures before coming to the States, met Tab Hunter while they were making "Lafayette Escadrille" together. He asked her to Gary Cooper's cocktail party one day after work, she accepted, and that started that. As Etchika put it, their romance took place in a movie by day, and at the movies at night. Tab, who's usually adept at parrying questions about love, came right out in print recently and admitted he was real "gone" on the girl. It was the first time he'd made such an admission, and his fans think it's great. What does Etchika think? "Ees very nice. But he nevair tell me!" Etchika does admit, however, that Tab sent her a pressing of "Young Love" the minute it was released and that they corresponded while she was in Paris. Asked about marriage, Etchika replies that she hasn't considered staying here permanently—and besides, nobody's asked her to yet. For the record, Etchika's tiny, demure and gentle. She has a petite figure (34, 22½, 34) green eyes and long blond wavy hair. Though she understands English better than she speaks it, she's managed to pick up some good American slang. She likes "les hamburgers," thinks Tab is "a verree nice guy" and anyone who does her a favor is "a leeving doll."

Invitation to a Memory: A party to remember will be the one the American Export Lines tosses this month (July) aboard the Constitution to launch 20th Century-Fox's "An Affair to Remember." Very swank, with food being flown in from all over the globe. And, it'll be a picture to remember, too, as Deborah Kerr and Cary Grant are at their best. Believe me, it's great.

Champagne Props: "The Mad Ball," starring Jack Lemmon and Kathy Grant, which is now being filmed at Columbia, promises to be one of the funniest comedies of the year. The plot centers around the efforts of some G.I.'s in France to throw a strictly-against-the-rules party for the officer nurses. Director Dick Quine had the unique idea that the mad ball scene, which climaxes the movie, should be filmed at night to get the actors in the party spirit. And speaking of spirits, Roger Smith, who has a featured role, let me in on a secret. Not all of the drinks being slipped to him by the prop man were the usual colored water. About every third take, the bubbles in the champagne were the real thing. No wonder Jack Lemmon, Mickey Rooney and Arthur O'Connel were co-operative in the retakes. Undoubtedly, this is the kind of realism in film-making they would like more of. The End

Beach Hint

Look smart in the sea —
and "smooth" on shore!



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clockwise:

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U. S. Aqua Mode styled by Adolfo of Emme, 5.95

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All about a little Mississippi riverboat gal
 who taught a sophisticated
 bachelor about Love,
 a stuffy town about Fun
 ...and an ultra-modern
 family about Happiness!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

Debbie

REYNOLDS

Tammy

and the

Bachelor

CINEMASCOPE • TECHNICOLOR



co-starring

LESLIE NIELSEN • WALTER BRENNAN

MALA POWERS • SIDNEY BLACKMER • MILDRED NATWICK with Fay Wray



Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by ROSS HUNTER



For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the month indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓ ABANDON SHIP!—Columbia: Arresting idea, not too adroitly handled. After a shipwreck, Ty Power commands an overloaded lifeboat, must decide which people may stay aboard. Mai Zetterling's a nurse, in love with Ty. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—U.A.; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓ BACHELOR PARTY—U.A.: Drably realistic, brilliantly acted story of New York. As fellow employees do the town with a groom-to-be, book-keeper Don Murray worries about his own future with wife Patricia Smith. (A) June

✓✓✓ BOY ON A DOLPHIN—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Vistas of Greece add enchantment to a Ladd adventure yarn. Archeologist Alan, diver Sophia Loren, collector Clifton Webb vie for an ancient statue. (F) June

✓✓ COUNTERFEIT PLAN, THE—Warners: British-made crime thriller. Killer Zach Scott forces engraver Mervyn Johns to turn counterfeiter. Peggie Castle's also held captive. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ DESIGNING WOMAN—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lively marital farce teams Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall as a sports writer and a fashion designer, battling problems that include a gangster, Another Woman. (F) May

✓✓✓ DRAGOON WELLS MASSACRE—A.A.: Satisfying Western. A chance-met group besieged by Indians includes officer Dennis O'Keefe, adventurer Barry Sullivan, spoiled Mona Freeman, gallant Katy Jurado. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ FEAR STRIKES OUT—Paramount: Tony Perkins does a first-rate job as baseball player Jim Piersall, driven toward breakdown by his over-ambitious father, Karl Malden. Norma Moore is sympathetic as Tony's wife. (F) May

✓✓✓ FUNNY FACE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Light, imaginative tune-film about high-fashion high-jinks presents Fred Astaire as a photographer, Audrey Hepburn as a new model off on a fling in Paris. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Handsome frontier drama. Marshal Burt Lancaster tries to draft gambler Kirk Douglas to help smash an outlaw gang. Rhonda Fleming, Jo Van Fleet are their sweethearts. (F) June

✓✓ GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Brisk Audie Murphy Western. As a Union vet, he organizes a fort full of women to repel Indian raids. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ HAPPY ROAD, THE—M-G-M: Honey of a movie, combining heart and hilarity. American widower Gene Kelly and French divorcée Barbara Laage trail their runaway children across France. Both small kids are charmers. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ IF ALL THE GUYS IN THE WORLD ... —Buena Vista: Enthralling, heartening international film (titles in English). "Ham" radio operators and fliers of several nations save fishermen stricken at sea. (F) January

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓✓ INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, THE—U-I: Ingenious, haunting science-fiction film pictures Grant Williams as an average man who shrinks to minute size. (F) May

✓✓✓ KELLY AND ME—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: In a pleasant, sentimental comedy, ham vaudevillian Van Johnson is put in the shade by his partner—a trick dog. Piper Laurie helps the team to film fame. (F) May

✓✓✓ LITTLE HUT, THE—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Mild farce strands pompous Stewart Granger, wife Ava Gardner and her admirer, David Niven, on a tropic island. (A) June

✓✓ PUBLIC PIGEON NO. 1—U-I, Technicolor: Red Skelton's showmanship lifts a creaky caper about a timid soul taken in by con-men. Janet Blair's his loyal sweetie. (F) January

✓✓✓ SHOOT-OUT AT MEDICINE BEND—Warners: Agreeable Randolph Scott item. To get crooked James Craig, Randy and two fellow Civil War vets pose as peaceable Quakers. (F) June

✓✓✓ SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, Warnercolor: True story of great adventure. As young Lindbergh, Jimmy Stewart dares transatlantic flight in 1927. (F) May

✓✓ STRANGE ONE, THE—Columbia: Youthful Ben Gazzara does a striking debut as a bully in an overdrawn drama of a southern military school. George Peppard's a likable cadet. (A) May

✓✓✓ TALL T, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Good horse opera, unusually strong on character. Rancher Randy Scott, Maureen O'Sullivan and others are held as hostages by outlaw Richard Boone and his young gunmen. (F) June

✓✓ TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI—M-G-M, Technicolor: African locales add interest as jungle-wise Gordon Scott aids plane-wreck survivors, Betta St. John among them. (F) June

✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

✓✓✓ THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Fresh, sly romantic comedy casts Jean Simmons as a prim teacher hired as a secretary by night-club owner Paul Douglas. Anthony Franciosa scores; so do dancer Neile Adams, singer Julie Wilson. (A) June

✓✓✓ 12 ANGRY MEN—U.A.: Tense, intelligent jury-room drama. Henry Fonda maneuvers prejudiced fellow jurors into serious judgment on a boy's trial for murder. (F) June

✓✓ UNTAMED YOUTH—Warners: Odd melodrama set on a sort of prison farm, brutally ran. Lori Nelson and rock 'n' rolling Mamie Van Doren are befriended by Don Burnett. (A) June

✓✓✓ VINTAGE, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Earthy yet romantic story of Southern France's vineyards. Mel Ferrer and Pier Angeli fall in love. As Mel's young brother, John Kerr guards a tragic secret. (F) June

✓✓✓ YOUNG STRANGER, THE—U-I: Teenager James MacArthur scores in a thoughtful study of family relationships. Kim Hunter's his mother; James Daly, his movie-producer dad, who fails the boy in a crisis. (F) March

A CinemaScope Picture released by 20th Century-Fox, produced by Jerry Wald Prods., Inc. Color by Deluxe.

You'll love **DEBORAH KERR** in Leo McCarey's
AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER



DEBORAH KERR LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

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thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
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more manageable!



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4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

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THE current movie heroes are boys trying to do a man's work. Most of them are adolescent, and this applies regardless of age. These heroes include boys who'd like to be men. Some play tough guys, like Paul Newman and Marlon Brando. Some are rebels like the late James Dean and the current Sal Mineo and Elvis Presley. Others, like Tony Perkins, shown on this page, play it shy and boyish. What's wrong with this new look in Hollywood men? Why are the old, reliable favorites—Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Gary Cooper, John Wayne and company—still carrying the big box office burden and running away with the heroine at an age when they might well be settling down to pipe and slippers? Does the fault lie in the way these stars are being handled, or in the stars themselves? To each his own, and every generation has its own heroes. Let's face it: The actor is never isolated from what is happening around him. The garish, giddy Twenties had sleek, smoldering (*Continued*)

the new look in
**HOLLYWOOD
MEN**

by **SIDNEY SKOLSKY**



HOLLYWOOD MEN

Continued

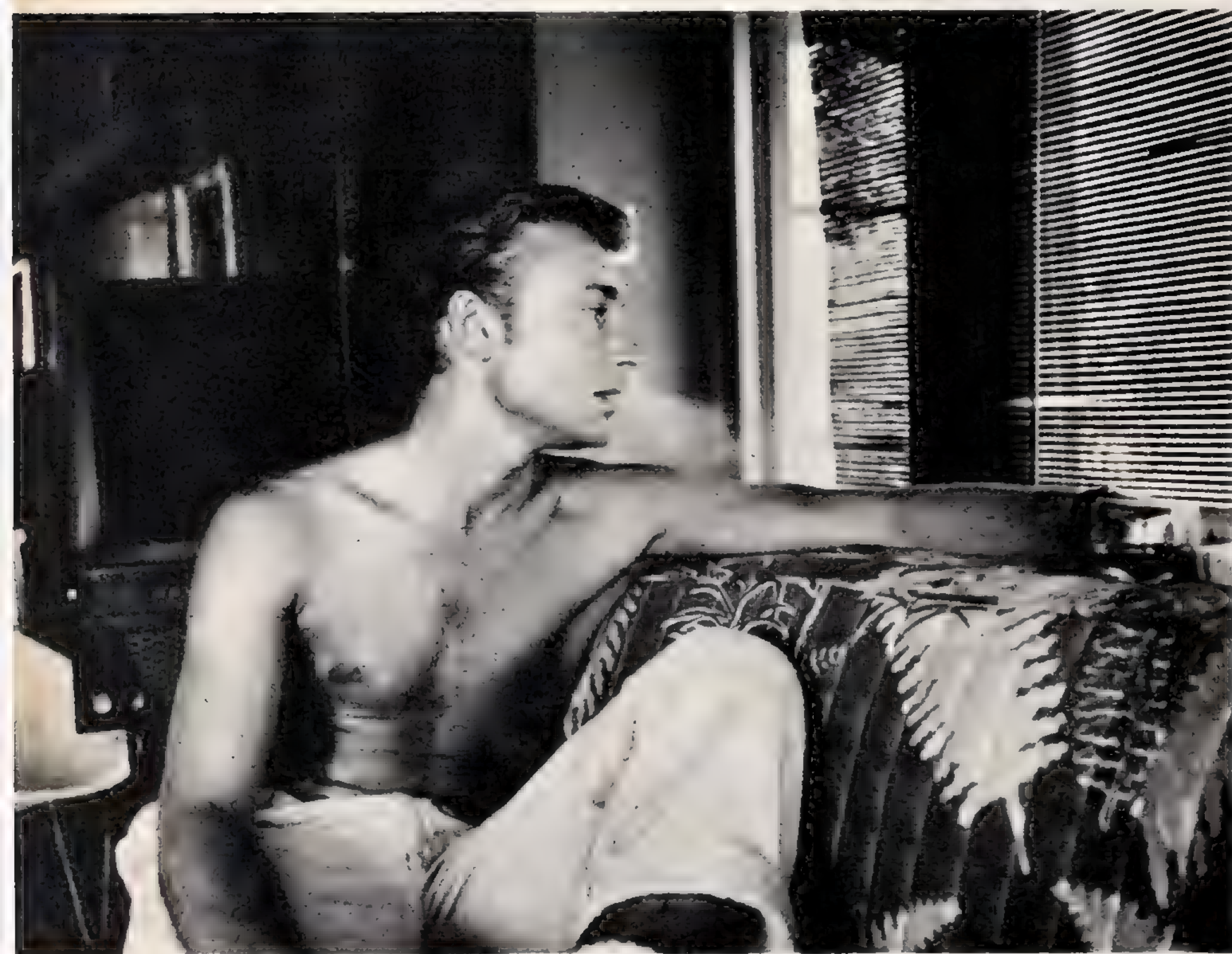
Valentino. The grim depression Thirties had a two-fisted Cagney and Gable, realists in a rough world, while the smooth Melvyn Douglas and David Niven offered an escape to dreamed-of elegance and sophistication. World War II found the ideal hero of sterling strength and character in the rugged persons of John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart and Gregory Peck.

Then abruptly, during the early years of postwar confusion, a strange new movie idol appeared. Clad in T-shirt and blue jeans, serious, moody, an individualist to the core, Montgomery Clift was a far cry from any of the previous screen-hero styles. And in

his wake, off the Broadway stage, mumbling, brooding, scratching, sexy and confused, came the first of the modern movie heroes—Marlon Brando.

Gable—The King—had been dethroned. But Brando, and the actors who followed in his footsteps, had no desire to be King. They knew in the 1950's Kings have no power and are out of style.

These years belong to the rebels and the teen-agers. On waves of teen-agers' adulation, Jimmy Dean became a cult and singing idols—Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Tab Hunter, Tommy Sands—were carried to stardom. The surge of rebellion runs the gamut from young Sal Mineo to the *(Continued on page 111)*



Can a boy do a man's work? If he can't, it won't be because Nick Adams, others like Sal Mineo, John Saxon aren't trying



The new Actors Studio grads aren't slobs—witness neat and well-scrubbed Ben Gazzara



Who'd have thought the only man to make it as romantic idol would be Yul Brynner?



Tony Curtis

Don Murray

John Saxon

Sal Mineo

John Kerr



Marilyn at

FEW people, strolling along Fifth Avenue on a balmy spring day, noticed the couple—the spare, spectacled man taking long, brisk strides, the girl trotting fast to keep up with him, her face turned toward him, smiling and adoring. A few did a double take when they glanced at the girl—because she was wearing a mink coat that flopped around her ankles—and galoshes! Her blonde hair hung about her face in lank strands, and not even a trace of lipstick livened her pale features.

Marilyn Monroe didn't give a hang that the crowds who would have mobbed her a short time ago didn't gather. *That* Marilyn—the one who carefully displayed her charms in tight-fitting dresses in public and kept even a lone interviewer waiting for hours while she applied and reapplied her make-up before she could get up courage to see him—*that* Marilyn was gone forever.

She didn't need her anymore. "Everything I ever needed or wanted in my whole life, I have," she thought, gazing fondly at her husband, "Except the baby, of course. Then it will be perfect!" Her blue eyes filled with the tears that always come when she's especially happy.

Arthur Miller pressed her hand. But he wasn't smiling. What concerned him at the moment gave him no reason to smile. On May 13th, he had to go to court, to answer two charges for contempt of Congress, a result of his refusal to name names when he appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities last June even though he did not invoke the Fifth Amendment and denied that he had ever been a Communist.

To the newsmen who asked him whether Marilyn was upset by this when the charges were first announced, Arthur had replied crisply, "Nobody is exactly overjoyed." But if Marilyn was upset then, she wasn't now. She was prepared to follow her husband along Fifth Avenue, to the ends of the earth—or to jail, if need be.

Or was she? Can Marilyn Monroe really turn her back on stardom, with all its ego-swelling wealth and adulation and security? It is a decision she will have to make now. She is at another crossroads in her life—and time to decide on a turning is running short.

She has arrived at this point during the past year, by another of the puzzling personal revolts that have marked her behavior in the past.

At the beginning of 1956, Marilyn never had it (*Continued on page 90*)

by ALEX JOYCE



the crossroads

For love of Arthur Miller, she's forsaken old friends,

turned her back on Hollywood. Where does she go from here?





by RORY CALHOUN

Cindy, Oh Cindy

"Lita and I didn't plan to give an interview on our new daughter, Cindy, until Photoplay's photographer, Bob Beerman, took these first pictures"



I want to thank you—all of you—who sent Lita and me your good wishes for Cindy Frances. Your telegrams, letters and cards gave us a wonderful feeling.

Frankly, Lita and I hadn't planned to have any pictures taken of Cindy until she was a few months older, but when Bob Beerman (Photoplay's photographer, and an old friend) stopped by one Sunday afternoon we let him take a peek at her. Cindy was sleeping, and Lita, Bob and I tiptoed into the nursery. "Ah, she's so cute," Bob cajoled, "couldn't we take a couple of shots?" We weakened and agreed—but it wasn't easy. Cindy wasn't at all cooperative. (Continued on page 107)

Never thought a guy like me would be able to cope with this bottle business. I must admit I was all thumbs at first—but look at me now! Lita says I just have a way with women, because I can get Cindy to burp much quicker than she can."

"All those baby books we read say even a tiny baby must feel loved. Cindy will never fall short on that score—Lita's afraid I'll spoil her completely! On her crib we hung a little cross. Every day we thank God for sending her to us."



PHOTOPLAY
EXCLUSIVE



This story began with a telephone call from Dick Powell. Tensely, he said, "So much has been written about our marital troubles recently that we'd like to give Photoplay the true facts on..."

THE THREE WEEKS WE'D LIKE TO FORGET

THEY were three weeks that seemed like something out of a nightmare, the kind of nightmare that leaves you spent and exhausted when you wake up in the morning, feeling vague about what it was all about and knowing you couldn't remember the details if you tried. Your heart races, your fingers are clammy and your mind is a blank. It takes you a moment or two to realize you're safe in the friendly familiarity of your own room, with yellow sheets on the bed and shafts of sunshine sifting through the light organdy curtains. Seeing that you're up, little Pamela comes in to you to ask, "Could I go to Anne's house after school today? Please?" And suddenly you know you're back in the world of reality! You blot the nightmare out of your mind, and sometimes, when you're busy, you think you've succeeded. Only every once in a while,

little snatches of the dream come back to haunt you.

For Dick and June Powell, three weeks of nightmare started on February 22nd, when the newspaper headlines screamed out to a startled public, "*June and Dick Call It a Day*" and "*Dick Powells Separate After 11-Year Marriage*." June, the "perfect wife" of so many screen marriages, admitted painfully that she had not been able to make a go of her own. "We have not been getting along in the past few years, even though we have both tried very hard," she said. "I have decided that Richard and I have the best chance for happiness if we are apart." Dick verified the report. Speaking soberly and from the heart, Dick said, "It's true that we have not been getting along, but I thought it was worth giving it another chance. Unfortunately, June did not agree. I think that (Continued on page 96)

by JEAN HARRISON



SIAM

by streetcar and sampan

"I promised you—and here they

are—my pictures, just developed," says

Tony Perkins. "Now you see why I love Siam!"

"Who'd ever thought I'd get to visit this wonderful Technicolored country? Here I am posing for my Siamese friend Udom Yenrudi atop the Pagoda of Dawn with the watery city of Bangkok in the background. Temple or wat crawling is a favorite pastime for tourists. How do you like the shirt? I had several made. Some fun, eh wat?"



"Time off from 'This Bitter Earth' I spent rubbernecking from the stern of a sampan or the front end of an open-air streetcar. Those floating taxis were great for getting around the city, called the 'Venice of the East.' Everybody's your friend in Siam—including the pigeons."



"Life for the Buddhist monk is not all meditation. This monk wanted me to join him in a badminton game. To enter the Temple of the Reclining Buddha in the background, you must take off your shoes. Seemed like a great idea!"





Who is

Her real name is Dorothy E. Maloney. She was born January 30, 1925, in Chicago, but she's a true Texan in spirit, her family having moved to Dallas when she was three months old. She attended Ursuline Convent and Highland Park High School, where she won five scholarship offers. She modeled at Neiman-Marcus from kiddie right through campus clothes. When in a play aptly named "Starbound," at Southern Methodist University, she was spotted by a movie talent scout, but it took her four months to make up her mind to accept. When she did, her parents laid down a list of rules: no cheese-cake pictures, no lone dates with men, no visits to plush night spots. She kept the rules until they agreed that she was old enough to be released from them. She made her movie debut in "The Big Sleep" in 1946, and has made over thirty films. Most of them were the "girl next door" or "understanding wife" variety, until she bleached her natural brunette tresses to chestnut blonde to play the married woman who had an affair with soldier Tab Hunter in "Battle Cry." It opened producers' eyes to the fact that she is one of the sexiest actresses on the screen. She doesn't think that she is sexy. But she has many male admirers who do. The list of men she has dated reads like a male Hollywood Who's Who. Among them: Richard

Dorothy Malone?

Courted by famous stars, winner of an Academy Award,

her name is news. Yet nobody really knows her. Why?

Egan, Frank Sinatra, Liberace, Tab Hunter, Scott Brady. She has also dated lawyer Bentley Ryan, producer Roger Corman, oil man Rulon Nielson. She admits that she was engaged for some time to a Texas doctor. She has recently acquired her second home, and is furnishing it herself. In it are two phones, for which nobody in Hollywood has the numbers. They are for exclusive use of her family and friends in Dallas. She manages to spend as much time in Dallas as in Hollywood. Although she keeps turning down proposals, she says she wants to get married. She has a shrewd mind for money, has interests in a mink ranch in Montana and a millinery shop in Texas, has put her own funds into pictures that made profits. She dresses simply, seldom wears a hat and doesn't care for fur coats. She has been described variously as witty, shy, explosive, calm. The fact that she wears dark glasses even at lunch in the commissary has led some people to call her affected. The lowest point of her life was the death of her brother Will, struck down by lightning on a golf course at the age of sixteen. The highest point of her life was the winning of the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress this year for "Written on the Wind." Months have passed since fifty million people saw her on TV that night—and they are still asking:

"Who is Dorothy Malone?" For all her fame, she remains puzzling and contradictory. To solve this enigma, Photoplay questioned Dorothy. Here are her answers:

When did you begin to click in Hollywood?

When I changed hair color and did "Battle Cry." Up to then I was only the sweet, girl next door type. I thought I'd get some strange fan mail reaction. But strangely enough I received only perfectly lovely letters.

But I certainly disappointed a date I had one night after I'd made that picture. I turned up in a little suit and looked just like a regular human being. He apparently thought I'd turn up in a black velvet slinky dress. He couldn't figure it out. Apparently I wasn't the type he hoped I'd be.

Did your family help you in your career?

I've always had the feeling that they'd rather I'd stayed at home. They were noncommittal, which they have been on almost all important decisions in my life. Of course, it's been the effect of them on my life which influences my decisions, whether they give an opinion or not. Many of my decisions are based on what I think they would think, maybe wrong or right,

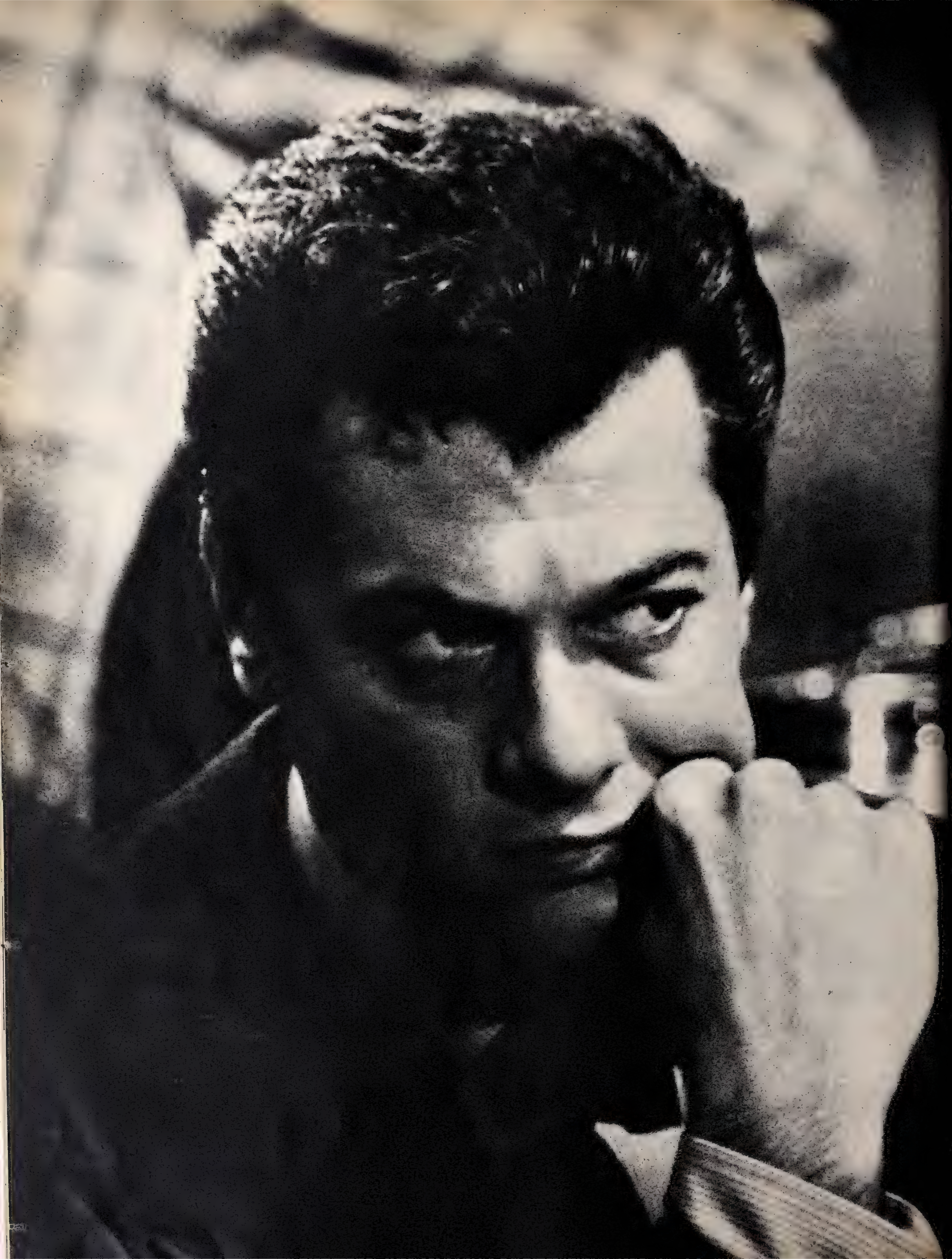
and on the things I learned when I was little. My brother, Will, who was killed by lightning a few years ago when he was only sixteen was the only member of the family who really was enthusiastic about my being in the movies. He's the only one who really gave a positive reaction to what I was doing. Mother might say "I don't know why you want to be in the movies." He would say "Dorothy is okay." That's all he'd ever say, but I'm sure he was the only one who thought it was okay for me to be in the movies and away from home. My family wasn't too happy about my playing the role I did in "Written on the Wind." But after they saw it, they felt all right about the job I did.

Were you ever discouraged?

During the years since I first came to Hollywood, many times I was discouraged. Many times I didn't get the part I wanted and sometimes it was hard to get any work at all.

When I was home, after my brother's death, I started doing public relations work for the Girardian Life Insurance Company. They gave me the two Afghan dogs I have now—I call them my Girardian Angels.

I was home for a couple of years. Then a producer who remembered a part I had been in, called me back to Hollywood. (Continued on page 104)



RUNNING SCARED

"Ever since I was a slum kid chased by the cops, I ran. There was only one destination—a psychiatrist's office. This is what happened there—the story I couldn't tell until now."

It was a beautiful day, clear and sunny, the kind that makes a person feel glad to be alive. I slammed the door of my car and stood for a moment, looking up and down the street. There were some kids playing ball in a vacant lot, a policeman passing the time of day with a grocer on the corner. The sound of laughter and juke box music came from the open door of a bar. A nice day. For everybody, it seemed—except for me.

Glad to be alive? I was anything but! Walking down the street was an effort. I looked at the buildings for the number, hoping I wouldn't find it. But there it was. I stood for a while, just looking at it, until I knew I couldn't put off going inside any longer. My hand on the door-knob was clammy. I pushed it open, and my heart started to pound so hard I could feel it. I, Tony Curtis, was going to see a psychiatrist.

This is the story of what happened inside that office, from that day, four years ago. Six months ago, I couldn't have told it. It struck too deep, was too painful. But now, I feel that I can talk about it, fully and freely.

Why? Because I feel it may be of help to people. Some friends of mine warned me, "You know what will happen. Some people will think you're putting on a Pagliacci act, crying on (Continued on page 93)

by *Tony Curtis*

Exclusively Yours

In which fabulous people are glimpsed at work, at play, in the privacy of their homes

BY RADIE HARRIS



Lucille Ball and Radie Harris discuss the days before Lucy banked her first million

With Kay as "Queen," the "King" seems to have regained all the happiness he once shared with his beloved Carole



Travelogue: Since I am the original "have evening dress, will travel" gal, and the sight of a plane, a train or boat has the same effect on me as diamonds have to Liz Taylor or Paulette Goddard, I went to the opening of the new Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia and then flew on to Hollywood for a three-week holiday whirl. Happily, I have a faculty for being in the right place at the right time, and again my good luck brought me to the Coast at the height of the social season. Some of the high spots—the gala premiere of "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," at Grauman's Chinese, followed by Anita and Buddy Adler's supper dance at Romanoff's; Greer Garson's dinner dance at the Club Seville, honoring Jayne Meadows and Steve Allen; a weekend at Palm Springs as the house guest of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. These were just a few of the events and places I covered on my non-stop social marathon. What a mad race.

Down Memory Lane: Reflecting back on these happy memories now, it is diffi-

cult to single out any one event as the most exciting. Hollywood was still discussing the Academy Awards. I don't know whether *you* were satisfied with the results of this year's elections, but at the parties I attended, the opinion seemed to be that Ingrid Bergman won the "best actress" award on a tidal wave of sentiment for her American comeback more than for her actual performance as Anastasia; that Yul Brynner didn't rate an "Oscar" for his "King and I" portrayal, excellent as it was, because he was merely recreating a role he had played on the stage for two years and that Kirk Douglas should have won, because he brought such histrionic skill to his characterization of Vincent Van Gogh in "Lust for Life" that his own identity was completely submerged; that Jimmy Dean shouldn't have been a nominee in the regular lineup but should have been given a special posthumous award; that the sweeping victory of "Around the World in 80 Days" won the unanimous approval of everyone—especially lovely Liz Taylor.

Queen Liz: Mrs. Todd couldn't care less about her career now, but Mike, who saw a rough cut of "Raintree County," has been predicting to everyone that Liz, who was overlooked in this year's nominations, would definitely be in the running for an Oscar next year. Actually, this Metro film may well be Liz' last screen appearance. She is expecting her heir or heiress in October. (With two Wilding sons, she's hoping this "Act of Todd" will be a daughter.) In the meantime, while awaiting this blessed event, she, Mike and her Wilding offspring will spend the summer in the most beautiful and expensive villa at Cap Ferrat, on the French Riviera. This is the kind of indolent, luxurious life that Liz adores, and it won't be easy for Metro, to whom she is still under contract for another two years, to lure her back to work. In her choice of a second "Mike," she has obviously found the perfect husband—a man who can complement her laziness with his vitality, her youthful acquisitiveness with his adult experience, her extravagant desires with his generous



Clifton Webb well-wishes Sophia Loren's young sister on her singing career



Greg Peck and his wife Veronique refuse to match rebuffs with an unknowing and officious receptionist

pocketbook. Now, with a baby coming along to crown their delirious happiness, I only hope Liz comes through this childbirth without too much suffering. She still suffers pain from her operation for a misplaced disc and has to sit in upright hard chairs.

When Ladies Didn't Meet: I talked to Anna Magnani who, pounds thinner than on her last visit, looked as glamorous as any Hollywood star, in a pearl-gray satin evening gown and chinchilla stole, and as she answered questions in her own halting English or through an interpreter, I couldn't help but wonder what went on in her mind when she watched Ingrid Bergman accepting her award in a filmed interview from Paris. Here was the actress who had replaced Magnani in Roberto Rossellini's affec-

tions and not only had she lost the man she loved to Ingrid, but also the man she considered—and still does—her finest director. What dramatic irony that eight years later they were both destined to participate in the same TV show, but how fortunate that Magnani, as last year's award winner, was chosen to present this year's Oscar to the "best actor"! Had it been to the "best actress" I strongly suspect that Signora Anna would have arrived in Hollywood the night *after* the presentation event!

Hats Off To Bacall: Lauren Bacall, to whom pain has been too familiar a sight this past year, isn't wearing her sorrow on her sleeve, but is facing a future without Bogie as he would have wanted her to—with no self-pitying tears but

Arguments continue to blaze in Hollywood over the choice of Yul Brynner as top male winner in the Oscar derby



Can the invasion of newcomers like Tommy Sands cut out the old Hollywood favorites? Date Molly Bee nods yes

with laughter among friends they once shared together. I lunched with Betty at Bogie's favorite restaurant, Romanoff's, and she spoke freely and candidly about her late husband and the children's reaction to the loss of their father—but *not for publication*. "Anything I say, Radie, must remain a confidence between us as friends," she warned me. "I have been offered fabulous sums from publications all over the world to write about my life with Bogie, especially during the last year of his fight with cancer, but I have turned them all down. I refuse to commercialize my memories and my personal life. These

Exclusively Yours *Continued*



Ingrid, here with family, celebrates what cynics thought couldn't happen

are sacred to me, Bogie and our children." To which I add "*bravo!*" There are too many stories being written now that sacrifice good taste in exposing the most intimate secrets of one's private life for the sensationalism they arouse, and the film sale that inevitably follows.

A Ball With Lucy: "I Love Lucy." No show could be more appropriately named for its star, for to know Lucille Ball is to love her. Lucille has never forgotten that I was on her bandwagon long before she and Desi Arnaz began to count their first million. Lucille can never do enough to express her appreciation. No sooner had I checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel, when her beautiful flowers of welcome arrived and she herself was on the phone. "Hey there, girl, when are you coming down to visit us in Palm Springs?" she greeted me. "We drive down every Thursday night after the show and stay until Monday, so you just name the date and the guest suite is yours." Well, who am I to turn down an invitation like that? On my weekend visit, we had cocktails with Kay and Clark Gable in their private bungalow on the Grounds of the Tennis Club. It was wonderful catching up with the "King" and his beautiful "Queen" for an informal visit like this. Clark, with

his graying temples and bronzed body from his holiday in the sun, looked handsomer than ever, and it was obvious that in his marriage to Kay he has, at long last, regained the happiness he once shared with Carole Lombard and never thought he'd find again.

Modest Greg: It was in Palm Springs, too, that I caught up again with Vero-

Anna Magnani, who lost Rossellini to Bergman, seemed unperturbed at Awards. She never looked so stunning



nique and Greg Peck. I had gone to the screening of "Designing Woman" with them at M-G-M and had visited their Beverly Hills hilltop home for my first glimpse of six-months-old Anthony, their cherubic, blue-eyed baby son and now they were spending the weekend at La Quinta and had invited me to dine with them at The Beachcombers.

After gorging ourselves, we stopped by the Racquet Club for a nightcap. Greg, with his usual modesty, announced to the man at the door, "I'm not a member, but we'd just like to come in for a nightcap." "Only members and their guests are admitted!" snapped back the officious receptionist. And only an actor like Greg, in return for this rebuff, wouldn't toss his weight around. He just laughed, and turning to Veronique and myself cracked, "I guess I better start doing TV, so guys like this can recognize me in the future!"

More Happy Memories of the Hollywood Scene: Set-visiting at 20th-Fox,



Greer Garson, looking lovelier than ever, gave Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows a party. Philip Reed added decorum

Metro, Warners' and U-I, where I caught up with old chums like Deborah Kerr, Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield, David Wayne, Joan Collins, Gene Kelly, David Niven, June Allyson, Fred MacMurray, John Ericson, Mervyn LeRoy, Andy Griffith, and met some new faces (to me) like Taina Elg, Rick Jason, Nick Adams and John Saxon . . . Meeting the singing idol, Tommy Sands . . . Admiring Clifton Webb's beautiful new "Boy on a Dolphin" room in his Beverly Hills home, inspired by his recent visit to Greece . . . Luncheon at Romanoff's with Bob Wagner, who assured me he is *not* marrying Natalie Wood or any of the girls with whom his name is linked.

young ideas from Hollywood

From thousands of letters Photoplay received in the last six months, here are the questions *you* asked most often. On the following pages of this special section are the answers from the stars!



Will Kathy Grant talk about Bing now? 60



With the things he does, can Elvis be God-loving? 62



Can a marriage survive Hollywood? 64



Is Tab really serious about singing? 66



What's the latest Hollywood fashion fad? 72

Can you tell me how to copy the stars' hair styles? 68



How can I have a wedding like a star's? 76



Can you help me find the job I want? 81

*For a while, her romance with Bing Crosby
was rapturous. Then—it was hopeless. Yet from it,
Kathy Grant has learned that . . .*



LOVE IS NEVER A





"Bing is a symbol . . . one doesn't disturb a public symbol without paying a high price . . ."

MISTAKE



A LITTLE girl lay by the side of a dusty, lonely road. She was scarcely conscious; badly hurt. The sun beat down upon her crumpled body and she whimpered with pain. 'I am going to die,' she thought. And then a fine handsome cowboy galloped up on his horse and rescued the little girl. She looked at him and saw that it was Hopalong Cassidy. 'Where are you taking me?' she asked.

"'To Hollywood, to be a movie star,' said Hopalong."

Kathy Grant tells this story—a dream from childhood—to show how she became a movie star. "Not that simple, really," she laughs, "but I've had the dream a long time. I had lots of dreams to keep me company when I was growing up. I must have been lonely," she admits candidly, "but I know it was my fault. I had a lot of imaginary playmates, though. But the only one I remember by name is Lulu—the bad one. She really was a little devil. Every time something bad happened, Lulu was to blame."

"And who is to blame for unhappy things today?" I asked. Kathy knew what I meant, for she had promised not to evade the question of her romance with Bing Crosby. In the two years they'd gone together, their romance had hit the gossip columns, the front pages and the cover lines of magazines throughout the world. Some stories had been kind, but many had been cruel, filled with innuendos and misplaced motives. Reading some of them I'd thought, "How can a youngster like that take it." I asked Kathy and listening to her talk about herself and about her (Continued on page 105)

by SYLVIA ASHTON

by LOUIS F. LARKIN

God is my refuge

"I know how it sounds when some people start talkin' about God. But there comes a time in a man's life when he has to say somethin'. I think now's the time to tell the truth about me—Elvis Presley—and what I think. I want to tell about the time when I was as low as I could get, and I got down on my knees and prayed. Now, maybe a lot of people will say that what happened next was a coincidence. They got a right to think that if they want to. . . . But I don't. I think it was a plan of God. . . ."

Elvis Presley walked over to the large mirror in his hotel room and looked at himself. He ran his hand through his long chestnut brown hair, then slowly tugged one end of the silk string tie he was wearing, sighed and dropped his head. His usually squared shoulders slumped.

The room reflected Elvis' dejection. A sagging bed in one corner was piled high with suitcases, clothing and his guitars. On a desk branded with cigarette burns a battered fan labored helplessly against the hot humid air that settled over the room like a damp sheet.

Gene Smith, Elvis' cousin and traveling companion, sat in the corner mopping his face with a damp handkerchief.

"Tired, El?" asked Gene.

Presley nodded his head. "But it ain't the work. Never did mind it." He glanced around the room. His eyes fell on two slightly crumpled newspapers lying beside the faded armchair in which he had been sitting. He turned his head slightly so he could read them. He sighed heavily.

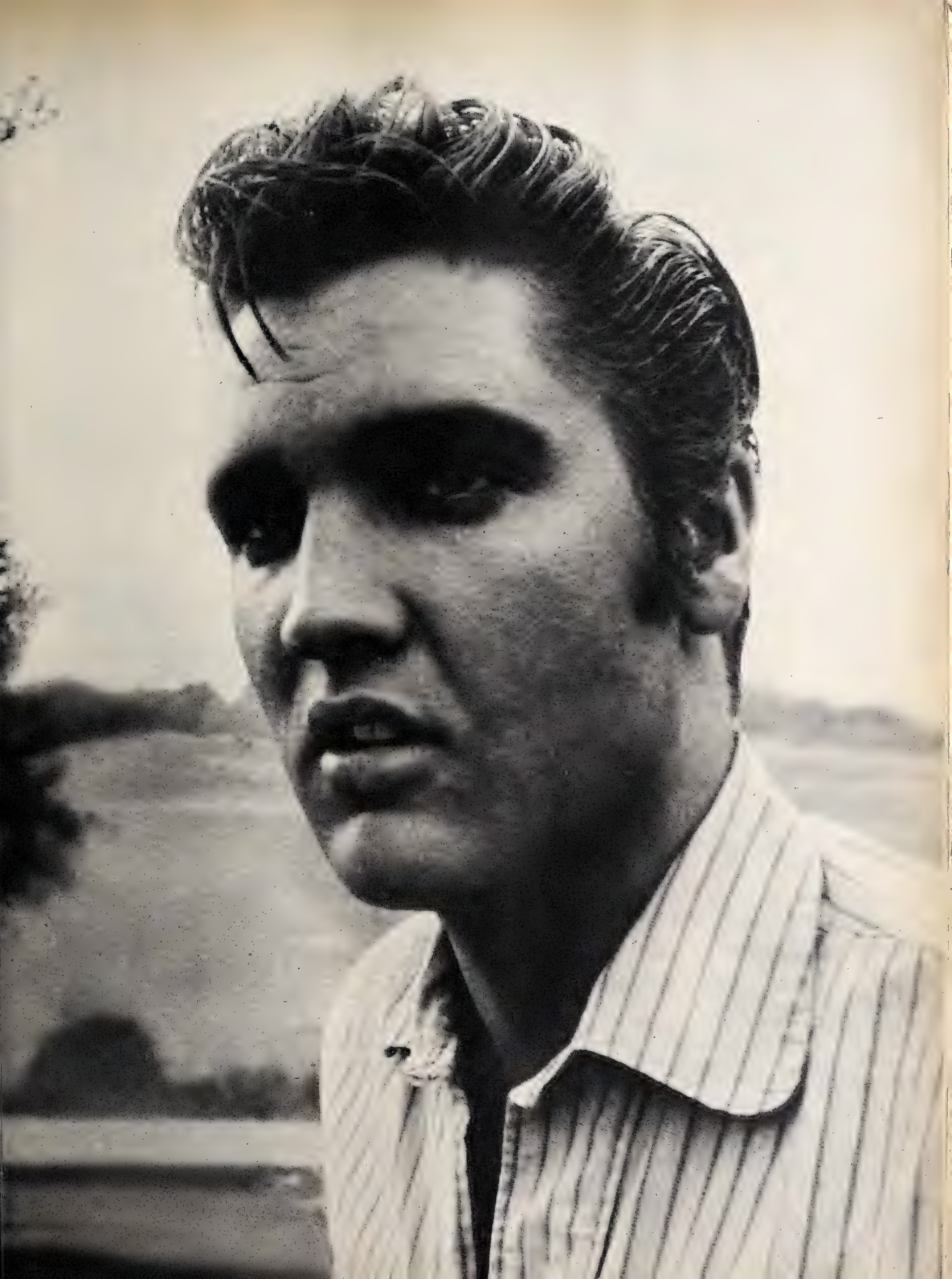
"Stuff like that gets me weary," Presley said pointing to the headlines.

On page one in large bold type was a story headlined "Pastor Flays Elvis. Elvis Presley is morally insane." The story, quoting the clergyman, said in part, "The belief of unholy pleasure has sent the morals of the nation down to rock bottom and the crowning addition to this day's corruption is Elvis Presley-ism."

Next to that story, still on the same page was another: A prominent Los Angeles judge, commenting on a serious case of juvenile delinquency, said, "It is strange that in all these cases involving boys under age, everyone has been wearing an Elvis Presley haircut. I wish," concluded the judge, "that Elvis Presley had never been born."

Gene eyed Elvis critically. He had traveled a lot with his cousin and knew him as few people did. At the moment, he knew that Elvis was depressed.

Depressed and disgusted like he'd been when he read that he'd pointed a gun at a Marine. How many people had read the (*Continued on page 100*)





westward – ha!

“Hollywood is grand, but we wouldn’t sorrow,” says Shirley MacLaine, “if we left it tomorrow!”

SEEING’S that you asked me,” said Shirley MacLaine, as she curled her feet under her in the barrel chair and almost disappeared into her knees. “Yup. I like it here.” She flashed a lightning smile that lit up her face.

“Lots of people say that Hollywood is a good place to work, but no place to live. You know the idea—long on fame and fortune, but short on personal happiness. I don’t think so.” Shirley rolled her tongue around in a gesture that acknowledged thought and locked her arms around her knees. “I think happiness (Continued on page 102)



by JOHN MAYNARD



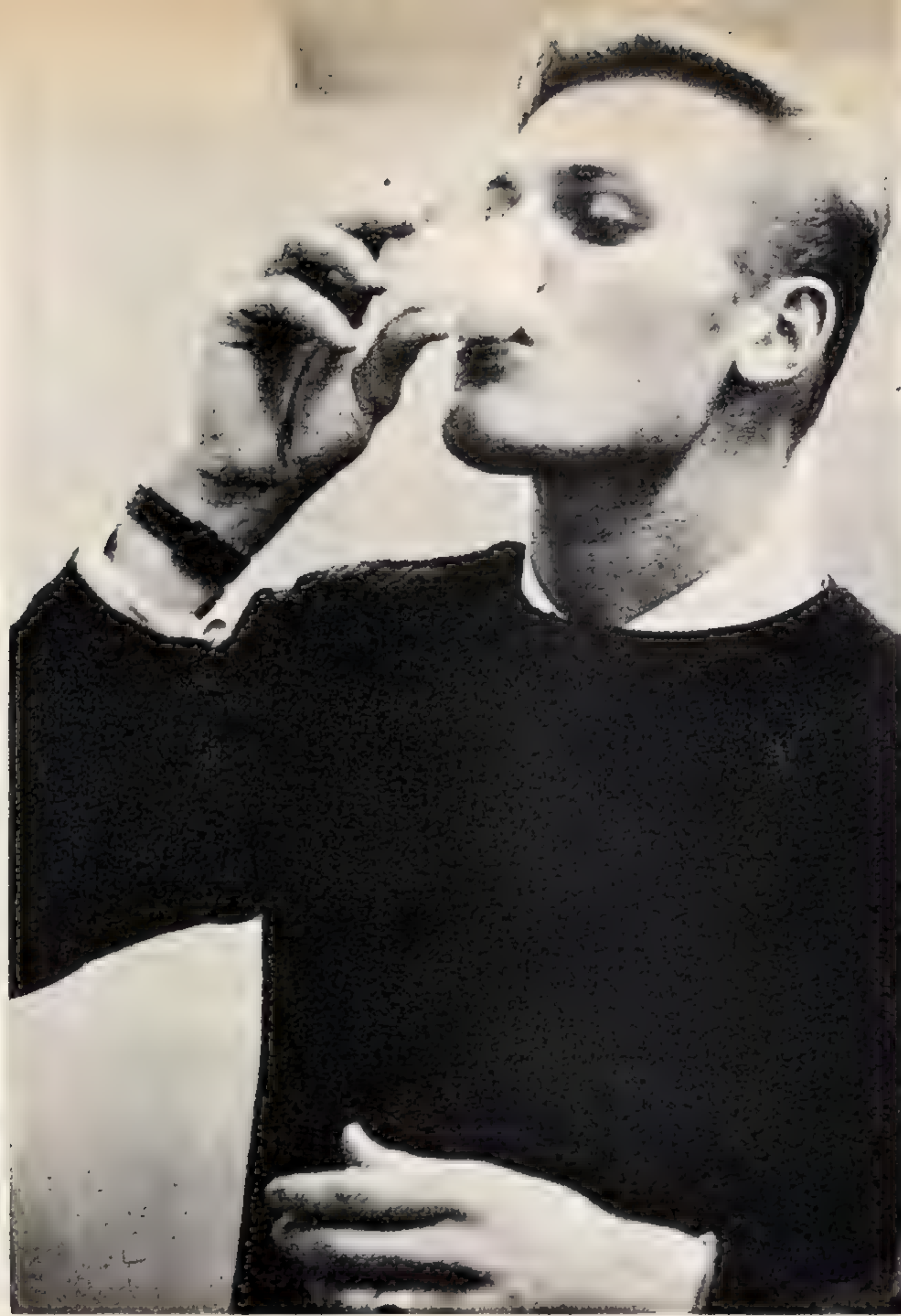
on the upbeat

A minute ago there was casual banter, laughter, the sound of an orchestra tuning up. Now, there is only silence. The conductor raises his arms, waiting for a cue from the engineer in the glass booth. At a microphone dangling from the ceiling stands a young man, bronzed, tow-headed. He is expectant, tense. He moistens his lips. Suddenly the small room is flooded with music as the orchestra plays the opening bars of the first in a new album—Tab sings. . . . Is he serious about it? Or is this new career just a lark? "I don't even hum well," he once said. The trouble was, he had no faith in himself. But fans who liked his singing have given him that faith. As these intimate photos, taken when Photoplay spent an afternoon with Tab at Dot Records Studio, reveal, he *is* taking his singing seriously—because this is his way of saying, "Thanks to you."



Tab Hunter stars in Warners' "Lafayette Escadrille."





"This record has to be right. I can't stand on 'Young Love.' I owe too much to it. And to all the fans who've stood behind me. I just can't let them down. . . . Only a few seconds to go. Just time for a sip of water. . . .

Feel scared inside, maybe I'm too tense, pushing too hard. I mumble the words in my sleep. The melody races through my head every waking minute of the day. Hours and hours of rehearsal. And I thought making a picture was hard. . . .



Here goes. Everything fine right down to the last bar and then the orchestra and I hit a sour note. Perhaps because we're all so beat, we start laughing. But it breaks the tension. I undo my collar, take off my sweater.

Everybody's feeling all right now. It's like we're doing it for the first time. . . . But on the playback, I wonder. Is this my best? Will my fans really like it? I sure hope so. . . . 'Cause, I'm singing this one just for them."

by HARRIET SEGMAN

Hollywood Headlines

*Nicest thing about movie stars' hairdos—their carefree,
born-beautiful look. Second nicest thing—it's easy to copy at home*



A slave, she admits it, to a daily-shampoo, June Allyson can set her pert page boy in a speedy two minutes. June's hair is very fine and naturally curly. While still damp, she parts it diagonally, from temple to crown on left side. Two large, standing pin curls form fluffy bangs. Sides are set with one large, flat curl over each ear. June brushes rest of hair over her hand, turning ends under. Long clips behind ears help shape page boy. A fast squirt of hair spray sets it to stay. Special charm of June's hairdo is its bounce. On page 90 Ethel Neefus, her hairdresser for 14 years, tells how June's soft, fine hair gets its body and spring.



DRAWINGS BY
FLORENCE KEVESON



The girl with round face and baby-fine hair can take her cue from Debbie Reynolds, who cheerfully owns up to both. For Debbie's personal views, her studio stylist's professional opinion, see page 90. To copy Debbie's hairdo exactly, follow sketch, above. Top is set in nine stand-up pin curls, wound toward face. Row of small, flat pin curls at sides is followed by two rows of larger curls, gradually increasing in size toward back. Three rows of large curls in back are wound toward face. To comb out, top is brought forward in soft, full bangs. Sides and back are swept up in high, wavy pony tail with ends flipped neatly under.

Continued

Hollywood Headlines

Continued



"I like to wear my hair short because it's easy to keep—long, too, because it's so feminine," confides Natalie Wood, who doesn't really have to make up her mind. Like most girls with an oval face, she can wear either length—and does. "When Natalie's hair is long, it looks best brushed back," says Jean Burt Reilly, chief hair stylist at Warners'. "Short, it can be brought forward without smothering her small face." A short-cut in every way, Natalie's gamin hairdo (shown here) requires no setting, needs only to be combed into place. Feather cut, with bangs and sides tapered to fall into points, back is shaped to fit nape of neck. To learn how Natalie skips the awkward stage between long hair and short, see page 90



Doris Day's tumbled topknot has a carefree, combed-with-an-egg-beater charm achieved by clever cutting, setting and combing. About setting, first: Hair is parted just off center. Two rows of very large, standing pin curls on top are rolled over two fingers and wound toward face. Flat curls on crown are wound in reverse direction. Hair in back is swirled to point at nape of neck, sides sleeked flat and held in place with clips while drying. Cutting and combing directions on page 90.



Demure as dynamite, Ann Blyth's medium-length hairdo follows no fashion trend, just looks beautiful. Gentle and feminine as well as flattering, it is also easy to set. Soft waves on top are formed by two rows of standing pin curls, a third row of flat curls. In each row, one curl is on left side of part, two curls on right. Sides and back are set as shown. On page 90, read how Ann keeps her thick, dark hair always lustrous and manageable.





fun,

"A Calypso hat: straw, feathers and fun — protects your hair when you're out in the sun," suggests Lee Remick. By Gobbi. \$8.

feathers and fancies

"Ever notice how it's usually one girl in a crowd who starts the new fashion trends?" asks Lee Remick, attractive young newcomer in Warners' "A Face In The Crowd." "She's the one who'll turn up in the maddest sun bonnet, the gayest swimcap, the giddiest sandals. She's cause for masculine comment wherever she goes, and wherever she goes, girls imitate her." Pointing to our collection of fine and fancy beach accessories (most of them pure fun!) Lee smiles and says, "This summer, that girl is going to be me!" It can be you too, in Hollywood fashions designed to start a trend at your favorite seashore or mountain resort: **A.** Birdcage beachbag in turquoise cotton, Kleinert's, \$5. **B.** Head-turning swimcap in water-repellent velvet. Aqua Modes by U. S. Rubber, \$8. **C.** Eye-stopping "pear" beach hat in braided straw, by William J., \$25. **D.** Petal swim cap, a rose in rubber, by Kleinert's, \$6. **E.** White beaded ropes, spaced with "gold" by Coro, each, \$4.* **F.** Navy sun spots on a large white silk square, by Glentex, \$2. **G.** Black kid thong sandals caught with natural wood buttons, by Bernardo, \$8. **H.** White plastic bracelets, in varying widths, each, \$1.* **I.** Gilt bangles, each, \$2.* Both, by Coro. **J.** Long-stemmed carnations, to bloom on playclothes, by Flower Modes, each \$2.25. **K.** Skimmer flat in "orange sherbet" kid, by Capezio, \$10. **L.** Fleet-footed mule in black and white stripes, accented with cherries, by Oomphies, \$8.

*Plus tax

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCKFIELD AND BRUCE KNIGHT
FOR STORE INFORMATION
ON ACCESSORIES, SEE PAGE 112





THE FUN: Norma Moore, of "Fear Strikes Out," in a skirt patterned with cool summer refreshment: slices of watermelon in green and aqua, or pink and orange, \$9

THE FANCY: A coordinated piqué blouse—feminine and frilly—in green or black. \$6. Hat by William J.



THE FUN: Virginia Gibson, of "Funny Face," wears sleek patio pants (watermelons again!) \$9; the black piqué poncho, \$8. All separates, sizes 5-15, by Jo Collins

THE FANCY: A saucy "lemon" sunhat by William J. Sandals with a blossom to bob on your toe, by Capezio

To buy fashions, see information and stores listed on page 112

based on his make-up research
an entirely new



NEW!

color won't come off till you take it off!

for Color TV, Max Factor creates
kind of lipstick



NEW!

no blotting, no waiting to set!



NEW!

brilliant high fidelity colors!



NEW!

never, never dries your lips!

everything you've ever wanted...
all in one lipstick

Max Factor's new

When Hi-Fi touches your lips, you'll see glowing color never possible before! You'll *feel* Hi-Fi's glide-on moistness that never dries your lips. No need to blot Hi-Fi or wait for it to set... ever. It stays on until you take it off! Discover this dream lipstick — created by Max Factor from his make-up research for color TV. Buy Hi-Fi Lipstick. \$1.25 plus tax, at any fine cosmetic counter.



hi-fi Lipstick

.....
MAIL THIS FOR A GENEROUS "TRY-SIZE" HI-FI LIPSTICK

Max Factor, Dept. L, P. O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me a "Try-Size" Hi-Fi Lipstick, enough for at least 60 days, plus Max Factor's new booklet "You At Your Loveliest." I enclose 25¢ to help cover postage and handling.

I prefer (check one) Clear Red ☐ Pink ☐ Coral ☐

11-7

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.....



Expecting to be a Member
of a Wedding soon?

Then let Linda Darnell
show you the way to make
it a lovely event

a most unforgettable day

WHEN Linda Darnell married Captain Robbie Robertson recently, we thought it was one of the loveliest informal weddings we'd seen, and for the benefit of you who expect to be in a wedding party soon, we asked her how she'd managed to do it all in just three weeks. First off, she ordered her wedding invitations "rush," choosing ecru stationery, script engraving and matching reception cards. With help, and a little luck, they went out the required two weeks before The Day, and answers were prompt. (That's something to keep in mind the next time you receive a wedding invitation in the mail!) When wedding gifts started coming in, Linda listed them for "thank you" notes to be sent later, and set them out on display. Her wedding dress was ready early: it was pale pink peau de soie, not as traditional as white, but highly fashionable. (*Continued on page 79*)



A bride's make-up should be natural-looking: Linda uses little eye make-up, and (because her veil is pink) still less rouge





When she believes in you, you kinda start believing in yourself

It isn't just that Ma understands, even when you don't say right out what's troubling you. She *helps* too. Not by telling you what to do. More by seeing the good in you when you can hardly see it yourself. Like Esther Hunter said to Fay the other day, "Why, when Ma believes in you, you kinda start believing in yourself." Everybody in town feels that way about Ma Perkins. You would too if you met her. And you *can* meet her. You can get the *whole* story — even while you work — when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **MA PERKINS** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**.

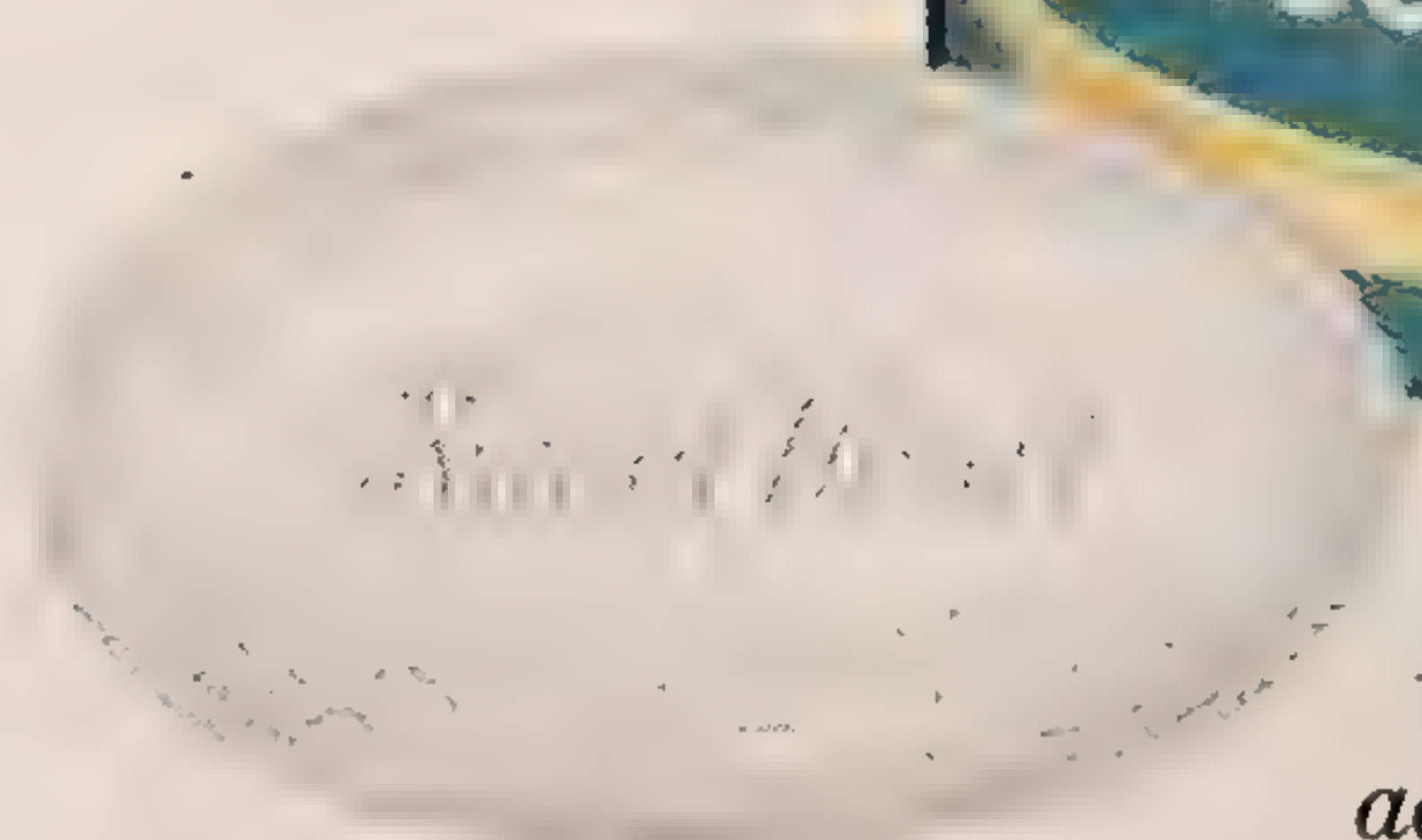
Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.



your golden hour... your own special time...
when you alone can know the wonder
of a warm SweetHeart bath

Such a lovely interlude, your own SweetHeart Bath. The quiet luxury of a little leisure. Then the warm glow, and the fresh, lively tingle your skin adores.

How SweetHeart manages to make you feel so good is SweetHeart's own special secret. We can tell you this much though: SweetHeart's blossom-light fragrance, graceful oval swirl and gentle, gentle softness are only part of it. The rest? Well, try SweetHeart for your hands and face or all of you and see.



a most unforgettable day *Continued*

Though photographers were legion, the dignity of the ceremony was maintained by Linda's inviolate rule of "no photographs at the altar." Afterward, Linda and Robbie greeted their guests in the charming courtyard outside the chapel. (As a guest, you congratulate the groom, only extend your wishes for her happiness to the bride, and—most probably—kiss her.) At the reception later, Linda and Robbie danced their first dance as Mr. and Mrs. (the first dance is traditionally reserved for the bride and groom), enjoyed the wedding dinner, cut the wedding cake and shared the first slice in the hope that their life together would be equally sweet. (Guests are invited to the reception to have a good time—so go ahead and do it! It's permissible—and proper—to introduce yourself to other guests.) You can stay till after the bride and groom have left, as Linda's guests did, but if you're there when the bride throws her bouquet, don't catch it unless you're a bridesmaid. You might wind up being the bride at the next wedding, but you would surely give Emily Post a bad shock!



Photographs from Linda's own wedding album: On their return from the altar, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson smile happily (above). Left: True to tradition, the bride and groom cut a slice of wedding cake

One last picture for the photographers—and one last kiss for Linda and Robbie—before they leave for their honeymoon



COOL NEW LOOK...

"Coral Ice"

NEW CRYSTAL-BRIGHT BRILLIANCE FOR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

It glitters...it dazzles...it crackles with excitement! It's the new, all-the-rage color by Cutex...an electric spark of coral, flashed with a potent touch of pink. Breathtaking the way "Coral Ice" lights up your spring and summer fashions! Bewitching the way it brings out the secret fire in you! And wait till he sees you with this "real cool" look! So tempting—it's tingling!



BOATER BY MR. JOHN

"Coral Ice" Swimsuit by Cole of California.

CUTEX

YOU'LL LOVE creamy, lasting
Cutex Lipstick...and the
matching nail polish (both
regular and iridescent Pearl)
that wears longest of all!





*"Don't take on a job
unless you are prepared and
determined to give
it everything you have."*

ESTHER WILLIAMS

what you don't know about

JOB-HUNTING

Are you a teen-ager looking for a summer job? A housewife seeking ways to pad the family income? Or maybe planning to take that big step and embark on a career? Whatever the case, you are probably asking yourself: What am I best qualified to do? What will I most *enjoy* doing? With a bewildering array of more than thirty thousand occupations to choose from, it's not easy to select the one that suits you best.

To help you find that job and to avoid the pitfalls that lie in the way of a successful career Photoplay asked Maxine Block to talk with Hollywood's top stars so that they might pass along to you their own formulas for getting ahead—tips on how to make your job pay off in happiness as well as cash; ways to help you move ahead in a career.

For three months Maxine Block knocked on the dressing room doors of the stars and on the doors of Hollywood job counselors, employment agency heads, personnel managers and prominent business executives.

One fact everybody agreed on. *Do what you like and like what you do.* Set your goal and never take your eye off it. "Most of Hollywood's best-known actors and actresses," said one studio head, "began their careers performing the lowliest chores, but while they made the rounds of producers' offices or clerked in stores they never forgot that (Continued on page 83)

BY MAXINE BLOCK



*"Want to be an actor?
Easy. Start by
writing poetry, then
do time as a
night-club bouncer,
short-order cook,
and a press agent for
a medium."*

ROBERT MITCHUM

is
it
true

BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY?

.....

*You'll find out when you blonde your hair with **Lady Clairol® Whipped Creme** Hair Lightener. Actually *silken*s your hair as it *lightens* it...in *one fast action*! Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream...never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease...for speed...for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage...never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks...your personality...try amazing, new **Lady Clairol. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!***



©1957 Clairol Incorporated
Stamford, Conn.



"I lost my first acting part because I didn't take the job seriously. I never made that mistake again."

JEAN SIMMONS

JOB-HUNTING *Continued*

they wanted to act—often against strong advice to quit and stop reaching for the stars.

Find out what you do want to do—and then get behind it and push. Susan Hayward says, "The best way to keep someone else from choosing your career for you is to have interests and ideas of your own. Weigh everyone's advice but in the end make your own decisions. You'll work ten times as hard to make your job a success."

And Esther Williams adds, "If you merely dream how nice it would be to have some extra money but have no real objective in mind, you may not make the necessary effort to get the right job or even keep it after you have it. So, don't take a job unless you are determined to do your best."

And Pat Boone insists that, "*Education is the best investment for getting a new job.*"

"There are kids," Pat says, "who get themselves summer jobs, fall in love with the independence and the money, and then don't return to school in the fall. This, I believe, is a terrible mistake, one that they will regret all their lives. From the beginning Shirl and I insisted that we'd let nothing—my singing, our marriage, our children—interfere with getting an education."

But Pat has learned, too, that you have to work for the things you really want in this world. He learned respect for a dollar at the tender age of fifteen.

"Dad put me to work digging ditches at fifty cents an hour. I remember at the end of the first day I was so bone tired I could hardly get the shovel off the ground empty, to say nothing of lifting a load of dirt.

"After that session with the shovel I knew (*Continued on page 109*)



"When you think you're doing the boss a favor by working for him, you're on the way out."

RICHARD EGAN

"I was often hungry as a kid. At fourteen I started fending for myself determined never to let it happen again."

VERA MILES





introducing

PAT BOONE

in

BERNARDINE

What goes on in a young man's mind when he thinks about girls . . . especially a Bernardine on the banks of the Itching River? If you've ever been in love, you'll enjoy this tender tale of youth and romancing, adapted from 20th Century-Fox's new musical hit

In Sneaky Falls, Idaho, by the banks of the Itching River, there exists a dream place for young men. There, mothers have to coax their sons for spending money and ask permission to stay out late. There, every girl is *Bernardine* and the word 'No' is never spoken."

There were four "Shamrocks" gathered around Arthur Beaumont as he spoke; four who were no longer boys and not yet men. They had reached that wonderful and terrible age, seventeen, when they wanted all the world, yet felt the world did not want them. Not to be permitted to drink beer was the worst insult; not to have a date positively calamitous.

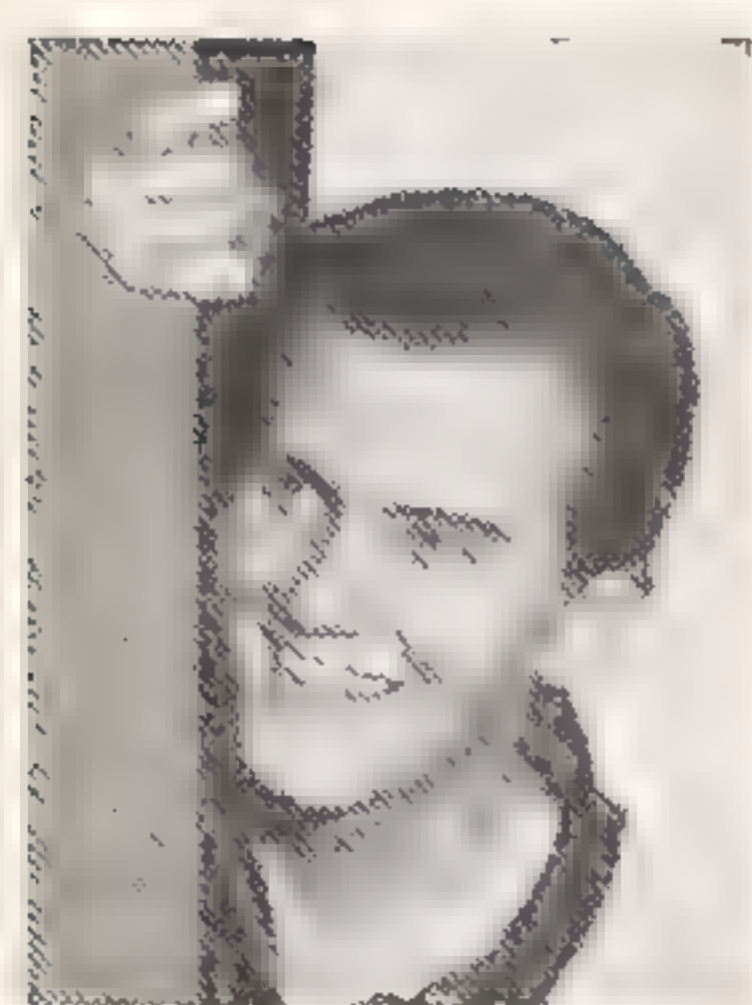
They were seated in the back room of the Shamrock, a hamburger and beer joint which they adopted as their after-school headquarters. Here they spoke of such weighty subjects as

girls, boats and their cars or "goats" as they called them, and listened to such weighty music as bongo-calypso. As they listened to Beau the walls of their haunt, papered with signs swiped from elsewhere by generations of Shamrock habitués: THIS POOL FOR USE OF HOTEL GUESTS ONLY, HALF MILE TO SKI JUMP, DO NOT DISTURB, THIS WAY TO THE ZOO, etc., literally disappeared for them. Instead, they saw the banks of the Itching River, with a beautiful girl sitting by its waters, the breeze stirring her long blond hair.

Beau himself had never been more carried away by the sound of his own words. He spoke in his usual soft tones, his smile dreamy and faraway, as if unaware that the news he was imparting could change the lives of his comrades and, in fact, of all young men the world over. For Beau this was quite typical. (Continued)

SUMMER FICTION BONUS

BERNARDINE *Continued*



BEAU



JEAN



SANFORD



MRS. WILSON



MR. WELDY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Beau.....	Pat Boone
Jean.....	Terry Moore
Mrs. Wilson.....	Janet Gaynor
J. Fullerton Weldy.....	Dean Jagger
Sanford Wilson.....	Richard Sargent

He was, to quote one fellow's mother, "A sensitive, delicate youth with elegantly weary mannerisms." The raising of an eyebrow, the flick of a finger could, and usually did, send the other boys off to do his bidding. Yet he had none of the outward toughness usually found in a leader. One of the boys, Morgan Olson, who wouldn't lower himself even to comb his hair, had this toughness in his manner. And George Friedelhauser, an intelligent, upstanding all-American type fellow, had it in his build; he played football.

Beau had a far more dangerous quality than toughness; he had charm. Nobody knew quite what was happening when Beau got hold of him. Without half trying, sometimes without even meaning to, he wheedled his way around parents and teachers alike and arbitrated the sharpest differences among the Shamrocks. He was their undisputed leader and voice of authority.

"Sneaky Falls . . . Sneaky Falls, Idaho," whispered Sanford Wilson, the rebel among them, to whom any place other than home seemed romantic.

"By the banks of the Itching River," murmured Friedelhauser.

"Where every girl is Bernardine," Beau reminded them.

Even ladies' man Marvin Griner, with a line that had half the girls in Wingate High hooked, forgot them all as he thought of a girl who never said "no."

"Bernardine," they each said softly, as if afraid she could hear if they spoke too loud. And one of them began to hum a tune, thereafter known as Bernardine.

Up until Beau's inspiring talk, the day had been going badly for Wilson, but that was nothing particularly new for him. He was an impulsive character, constantly in hot water which his fierce moods got him into and his friends got him out of.

And then this morning. Mason had brought him the bad news. Mason was not a bad Joe, considering the fact he was a teacher. But they'd been in the high-school locker room, getting dressed for gym, when Mason came in. "I've just come from a faculty meeting," he said, "and you, Wilson, are flunking practically every subject. What's the matter, too many girls?"

That was a good one, Sanford thought. He never had the problem of getting rid of a girl because he didn't have a girl to get rid of.

Beau, who'd been with him, interposed. Sometimes Beau could be helpful. "This is a clean-living man, Mr. Mason," he'd said. "He gave up girls a long time ago."

Mr. Mason attacked Wilson's other

main reason for being. "Then, what is it? Boat racing?"

Caught for a quick reply, Beau answered for him again. "That's what keeps him sane, Mr. Mason. Mental hygiene, that's what it is."

Unimpressed, Mason warned, "Well, the mailman will hand your mother a nasty shock Monday morning, Wilson. Mr. Dykers wrote her a note."

Old Dykers and his note. The fellows had rallied 'round him in sympathy and elected to call an emergency executive session at the Shamrock. Beau had taken his favorite spot at the window; Griner hadn't come with them, some doll was dropping him off in her convertible. Friedelhauser and Olson stood in critical attention at the juke box, listening to a trumpet solo and nursing their Cokes. Wilson just sat alone, slumped over a table in gloom, finding the activity around him an added irritant. He brooded over his troubles, one at a time: Not only was there the prospect of flunking, but he had to have a date for a shindig at the Black Cow that night and where was a girl to come from?

Meanwhile, Friedelhauser and Olson, who were discussing the trumpeter, gave him his opportunity to raise his problems. Friedelhauser thought the artist stank but Beau was of Olson's opinion. "Listen to that noise—that cool, cool noise," Beau said.

"Friedelhauser is right," said Wilson. "That guy's strictly O.T.L.—Out to Lunch." Casually he broached his subject. "Mister Bongo opens at the Black Cow tonight."

They looked at him warily. Olson spoke: "If this means a bite, my allowance is four week's overdrawn."

"And I'm clean," said Friedelhauser. "However, to show you I have a forgiving heart, I'll give you Mister Bongo on record." He pressed a button on the juke box and put in his coin. Out poured Bongo's latest hit.

"Out of a box!" sneered Wilson. "You got to see Bongo to know him." He illustrated on a couple of tables Bongo's rhythmic technique, producing such a racket that Ruby McDuff, the manager of the Shamrock, appeared glowering in the doorway. "What's goin' on?" she demanded. Dead quiet descended.

Beau turned on the charm and pacified her. Wilson took a swig of Coke to calm his nerves. "Anyway," he boasted, "I'm going to the Black Cow tonight. And for the benefit of you bankrupts, I'm loaded."

His statement had the desired effect. They gathered 'round, all but Beau.

"But I'm going with a girl," Wilson added. "Get Christine, Beau, to find

me a girl and we'll double-date. I'll pick up the tab."

"What girl, Wilson?" Beau looked up disgustedly. "Name me one girl who would date you—just one?"

Griner's entrance saved Wilson from the embarrassment of answering. But he was no help.

"What?" Griner glared. "I've told you, Wilson, don't come to me for spare parts any more. I fixed you up with four different girls and I'm still living down your reputation. Your technique stinks."

"What time do I get for technique?" Wilson answered. "You blind-date me with a girl ten miles out of town—I get there at eight-thirty and have to be home by ten. Where's the time for technique when you got a mother like mine waiting up for you? I'm just out of practice."

Beau patted Wilson on the back. "Don't worry, Fofo. Remember there's a dream place for guys like us. In Sneaky Falls, Idaho. . . ."

Abruptly Wilson dug into his pocket for a coin, walked over to the phone booth and, looking at the boys as if something great were about to happen, dialed long distance. They exchanged worried glances. "This is Vice-Commodore Bidnut of the Shamrock Yacht Club," they heard him say into the phone in an altered bass voice. "I want to talk person-to-person to Sneaky Falls, Idaho. A Miss Bernardine Mudd—Mudd, with a double 'd', please."

A blank expression suddenly came over his face as he turned to his buddies. "She's getting the routing," he said with wonder.

"Must be a new girl," said Olson.

The others listened open-mouthed at Wilson's next words. "I'll verify that, operator. If you give me your number I'll call you back."

"Cute voice—must be a cute girl," he said more to himself than the guys. In alarm they saw what he was up to as he stepped out of the booth. "Operator Twenty-Two," he whispered. "Think of it, a new girl in town! And she won't know a thing about my reputation which I don't even deserve."

As Wilson hurried down to the phone exchange to get a gander at Operator Twenty-Two, the others silently emptied their pockets for his bail.

Arriving at the phone exchange, Wilson parked in front of the building. Beau's parting remarks kept ringing in his ears. "I just want to leave you with one thought for the day—the password for success," he said, dropping it like a pearl: "Technique! My boy, you've got none! Absolutely none."

Wilson shook off this awful thought, and straightened up once inside the reception room, explaining to the clerk that he had trouble getting an Idaho number, and came down to investigate. "I can't dial it again," he said, "because my pet monkey ate the piece of paper it was written on. But I got the operator's number—Twenty-Two, I think it was."

The clerk, a bit bewildered, but still unsuspecting, called Jean Cantrick, Operator Twenty-Two, to come out with her toll ticket on the Idaho call. Wilson, who had been keeping up a line of chatter, stopped dead as she came in sight. Jean Cantrick was blonde, five-foot-two, with eyes of blue, a delight to look at, and just the right size for his arms. The gang's Bernardine theme song filled his head, his mouth felt parched, his legs weak and queazy, but it was a nice queaziness, not the kind that came upon him at exam time.

"Sneaky Falls?" he heard the clerk say. "Curious name."

"It certainly is!" said the superintendent, suddenly interrupting and reading the rest of the ticket. She scowled nastily. "Mr. Bidnut, there is no Sneaky Falls. I'll count three, then blow the police whistle!"

Outside the building Mr. Bidnut stood pat—having found Bernardine, he refused to give her up. He scarcely knew how long he waited, twenty minutes or two hours, till he saw her come out of the building. He singled her out almost immediately from the stream of homebound employees and made his way to her side. But all she did when he offered to drive her home was look right through him, just what he needed to divest him of any semblance of technique. "I'm really a solid guy, Miss Cantrick," he stammered. "Ask Ruby McDuff at the Shamrock or anybody at Wingate High—"

Her lack of response was disconcerting and the fact that her bus was coming didn't help matters. "I can't tell you my life story standing here," he said in desperation. "There's a bongo-calypto deal at the Black Cow tonight. . . ."

She didn't give him so much as a backward look as she boarded her bus in the middle of his sentence. There was only one thing to do, he reasoned: follow in his goat.

When he rang the bell of the boarding house he saw her enter, she opened the door, all ready to let him have it. Seeing the woebegone expression on his face, however, she smiled despite herself. After a while, she conceded: "What time do they start to rock and roll tonight?"

Wilson didn't drive home; he floated, going by sheer instinct like a horse who has lost his driver. He couldn't wait to call Beau. "I got it made, Beau—the most gorgeous custom job you ever saw in your life," he explained over the phone.

"Is this a boat, a goat, or a girl?" Beau questioned.

"I have found Bernardine. Wait till you see her! Griner—that wolf—and Friedelhauser and Olson! They don't have to do me favors any more with blind dates and spare parts."

"You're bragging, Fofo. Just give me a true report. Did you meet the girl? No elaborating. Just facts."

"Meet her? We're in love. If you don't believe me, come in at the Black Cow later and take a glimpse at her. I repeat, *glimpse!*"

Later, as he sat in the Black Cow with Jean, he was in such ecstasy looking at her over their Cokes that he hardly heard Mister Bongo, though the noise was deafening. One by one the boys sneaked in to get a look at the new girl. Beau went first to get his promised glimpse and for once wore an expression of complete surprise on his face. "Men," he reported to the fellows who were still waiting outside diffidently for their turn, "Fofo has found the original Bernardine!"

"And gentlemen, get it straight," he warned as Olson vaulted over the side of the car and headed for the Cow. "That captive bird is the exclusive property of Vice-Commodore Bidnut. And whomsoever shall try to poach will answer to the Committee."

Olson returned and climbed back in as Friedelhauser said smugly, "Nobody will have to poach. Considering Wilson's outstanding record with women, this captive bird will have flown the coop by midnight. Tomorrow I'll get a haircut, an *executive modified* flat top."

But this time the fellows were wrong. Wilson had evidently changed the course of his history with women and Jean even came to watch him boat race that Sunday. Wilson won the race but was disqualified because he wouldn't obey orders to come in and have his boat inspected. Drunk with happiness and inspiration, he kept circling the course, doing figure eights.

He was still riding high the next morning. Cleo, the Wilsons' maid, was the first to notice the tremendous change that had come over him. "That boy took a shower this morning," she told his mother, "with real water! That boy's in love!"

"Cleo, how can you? Sanford's only a boy—in love with his schoolmates and his boat." She couldn't believe her son was growing up, almost didn't want him to. Yet he came down and sat across the table from her, immersed in dreams that were definitely not about boats nor schoolmates.

He thudded back to his schoolday world when Cleo delivered the mail with Dyker's note. He watched his mother's face stiffen. Then she cried, "Fullerton Weldy was right! We do need a man in the house."

Horror dawned upon him. "What do you mean?" he sputtered. "That old square."

"For your information, Mr. Weldy asked me to marry him—last week."

"That sneak! That last word in nothing!"

"Mr. Weldy was right." His mother's lip trembled. "I haven't the weight and authority to prevent you from wasting your life—to keep you out of the Shamrock—to make you study so you can graduate. You need a father!"

"You'd marry Fullerton Weldy just to see that I graduate?" Wilson asked unbelievably.

"It's one good reason."

It was then that Wilson decided he had to grow up fast. This was a man-sized problem. "That's crazy. All I got to do is crack a book," he promised. "Beginning tomorrow, you'll see—I'll stay in every night and study till I pass those exams. Starting tomorrow."

"It's always tomorrow, Sanford."

His mind raced ahead. "Tonight I got a very important date."

Like a general he laid his plans out at school, letting Beau in on them. He would have to sew things up with Jean, get her to wait for him during the two weeks he'd be holed in. Their date this evening would have to be something special, memorable. "I want to drive somewhere nice—with dancing. The Blue Grotto, maybe."

As usual, reliable Beau grasped the situation. "I'm beginning to see. It's Paris. You have a twenty-four hour pass. In the dawn you leave for the front to rejoin your regiment."

"That's it!"

"I'm with you, Fofo. Tonight you'll order *everything* wrapped in a towel! Just leave it to me."

If he had been a girl Wilson would have flung his arms around Beau's neck in gratitude. "How are you going to do it, Beau?"

"Wait for a bulletin at the Shamrock." Beau made a little circle with his forefinger, signifying all would be well.

Beau hurried home to execute his plans, taking Friedelhauser and Olson along as accessories. They headed for the garage where, hidden under a tarpaulin, he showed them a sports run-about of breathtaking beauty. The wheels were on blocks, the batteries on a work bench. The fellows gasped. This was no goat, it was a gazelle. "It's Bernardine on wheels!" said Olson.

"It's a car," said Beau. "My brother is not using it at the moment. He's in an Air Force igloo in Alaska."

"This goat will impress Bernardine all right," said Friedelhauser, "but it still won't get Wilson into the Blue Grotto."

Wordlessly Beau flashed his brother's draft card. The two were duly impressed. "Get this thing air-borne," he instructed. "I'll go in and tackle Mother."

Mrs. Beaumont was a trusting woman who still believed in her sons. Still, when the younger one came in with his latest bit of news, she was rather startled. "Mom, I dreamt that Lee was home on leave. I have extrasensory super-nuclear perception, you know."

"You have?"

"I'm so sure he's on his way that I would like to do something nice as a surprise. Even a little thing like putting his car in shape. Take my word, he's coming, Mom."

Mrs. Beaumont clasped her hands in wonderment. "Then do it, Arthur, do it!"

The car job took the boys three hours of solid toil. And no sooner were they out of sight and on their way to the Shamrock, when a taxi drew up in front of the Beaumont home with a returning native inside—a handsome, strapping young man of twenty-four—Lieutenant Langley Beaumont, home on a wing, and to any girl, a dream. His father, who had just been hearing about the extrasensory perception from Mrs. Beaumont, shook his head unbelievably, and looked on spellbound as his long-absent son bounded into the living room.

"Where's Beau?" he asked, looking around.

"At the Shamrock—where else?" said

BERNARDINE

Continued

his father in a hardly enthusiastic tone.

Like a homing pigeon, Langley followed the flock. There he interrupted a truly touching scene in the parking lot. The fellows were gathered around Wilson who was studying his passport to the Grotto—the Lieutenant's draft card. "Remember, Fofo," they were telling him, "technique."

Without a word, and with perfect timing, the Lieutenant plucked the card from Wilson's hand, and was off before the guys could say "Bernardine."

Necessity made Wilson ingenious. "Since the Blue Grotto is so crowded," he said to Jean, "let's try eating under the stars." Accordingly, he left her in the car and stopped at the Greasy Spoon for hamburgers and Cokes, then drove to a roadside rest on a cozy country road. He cut into a spot with a picnic table, turned up the volume on his radio, and parked. "Want to dance first or eat?" he asked.

"Eat."

They spread their banquet on the table and the girl attacked her hamburger ravenously while Wilson watched, lovesick, the thought of not seeing her for two weeks making him tense and anxious. His hand stole over, just to touch her, when Beau's voice came, as if from outer space: "Technique, Fofo, technique."

"Sure, I'll remember."

"Remember what?" asked Joan.

"Nothing, nothing. You know, you're very beautiful, even eating. Do you have a picture I could keep?"

Opening her handbag, she provided one from a strip of snapshots, photo vending machine variety. Her preparedness miffed him, but he had no time for non-essentials and grasping her hand, upset a Coke bottle. A few drops spilled on her dress and as he rubbed the spot, embarrassed at his clumsiness, Beau's voice came to him again, sadly this time. "Poor technique, Fofo, very poor. . . ."

Unfortunately his feelings were too strong to listen to any voice. He snatched the burger from the girl's hand and slapped it on the table. "Jean, I'm sorry if you're still hungry but time is running out. We have to make the most of tonight."

He crushed her to him savagely. "Jean—my Bernardine!"

Startled, she repulsed him. "Sanford Wilson! I am *not* your Bernardine!"

"You don't understand. It's our last night together for a long time to come."

"I'm positive of it," she said, picking up her handbag and vanishing.

Dazed, it took Wilson a few minutes to run after her. By that time Jean had fumbled her way in the darkness, along the lonely road and disappeared. What had happened was that a car slowed down alongside her, a Thunderbird with a Lieutenant. "Any trouble, young lady?" he asked politely, and offered to drive her to town.

"Thank you, I'll manage."

"At least let me drive you to the Blue Grotto. You can phone for a cab from there."

She sized him up and got into the car. Once inside the Grotto, they started to dance.

Wilson, in the meantime, sought out

Beau and consolation. "To think," said Beau, "if you had only let her finish that burger, it might have changed the course of your whole life."

"I know, I know," he mumbled, and picked up the phone for the tenth time. "I just have to know if she got home," he explained his nervousness, then sagged with relief when he heard the girl's voice. At the end of the conversation he reported, all smiles: "She said she'd wait for me until after exams."

Then a terrible thought seized him. If he holed in for two weeks, every wolf in town would be after Jean. And if he didn't, he'd wind up with Fullerton Weldy for a stepfather. Again, he slumped in despair.

"I have it!" said Beau, suddenly snapping his fingers. "I'll post a schedule at the Shamrock. Griner will take Jean out three times. Friedelhauser a couple times, and—"

"No! I don't trust those characters! They're smooth operators. They would let Jean finish a *hundred* burgers. You're the only one I would trust, Beau."

Beau reminded him that he'd never get a clearance from Christine. A large thought took hold in his brain as he heard his brother's Thunderbird pull up. His voice filled with awe, he said, "Can it be that Providence has sent us brother Lee for this purpose?"

Wilson was electrified.

Beau called him the next morning early to report success with the Lieutenant. "Your troubles are practically over," he promised. "The Lieutenant will do it."

Later that day, overwhelmed by his good luck, Wilson boasted to his mother. "Mom," he said, "those exams. They're in the bag."

But Mrs. Wilson, not having quite the optimism of her son was not convinced, and decided, then and there, to take action of her own. She would get Vernon Kinswood to study with Sanford.

Vernon was different from the other boys; this she knew, he read books. Beau called him "a morbid type who would unfortunately get somewhere." Vernon had obnoxious habits like wearing knitted socks, and going to the bank every Friday to add to his savings account. The way to his mind, Mrs. Wilson knew, was through his bank account, and she had no trouble at all securing his services for a promised check.

When she broke the news to Wilson, he wasn't enthusiastic, but that afternoon found the two boys holed up in Sanford's room—a routine established for the rest of the week, at the end of which, Wilson, unable to take his tutor any longer, dumped him at the public library one night and slipped off to the Shamrock. Here he noticed a startling innovation: Olson cracking a book. Olson was not so deep in intellectual pursuits, however, that he couldn't look up and offer a devastating comment: "That chick of yours is a dream floating by in that Thunderbird. I just saw her going by with Langley."

"She'll have expensive tastes when you get her back," Friedelhauser put in. "She won't go for burgers in a basket any more. And what a comedown to rattle around in that old wood-burning goat of yours."

Sanford hadn't thought of that. One trouble not even over when a new one was on the way—that's life, he complained. There was nothing to do but get another car, that was for sure. "I'll sell my boat," he said, finally, with his jaw set in mansize determination.

His declaration produced a sensation among the boys for it was a Bernardine of boats, but unhappily none had money. "Maybe you could form a syndicate," Wilson offered.

Before anyone could answer, a voice, bitter and denunciatory, was heard in the doorway. It was Kinswood, looking for his charge.

Surprisingly, Beau greeted him like a Shamrock brother. "You've never seen our clubroom have you, old Kinswood?" he asked in dulcet tones. "Abiding friendships have been sealed in this room."

Kinswood, the smart one, was taken in. "I have never rejected any sincere overtures of friendship."

"Gentlemen, a drink for Kinswood."

Olson got him a Coke.

"We have a little fund for entertaining prospective members." Beau leaned forward, as though addressing a board meeting. "Gentlemen, I make a motion that we desist calling our friend Vernon Kinswood a slob."

"You are not a slob any longer," said Friedelhauser.

Kinswood looked almost human, he was so full of gratitude.

"The next step," Beau continued, "is positive integration against negative segregation. Every Shamrock has to be a specialist. Wilson is a great boat racer and Griner is a great operator with the girls. And since you don't care much for girls, your classification is boat owner."

"But that takes money!"

"Do you mean you have no money in that bank where you drop in every Friday afternoon?"

Gone was the bonhommie as Kinswood looked into a sea of hostile faces. Thus, for the slight fee of seven hundred dollars, Vernon Kinswood found himself owner of the boat, BERNARDINE MUDD II, and a brother Shamrock.

Through the last weary days of exams the fellows suffered with Wilson, calling for his sleepless body and driving it to school. Beau conned Mr. Mason into giving him advance notice as to whether Wilson passed. "He'll turn gray over the week end," he pleaded. When Wilson heard the good word, he fainted—almost. He wasn't used to anything nice.

Recouping his strength, Wilson felt a new sense of power and raced home to prepare to tell his mother. He smiled inscrutably and spoke in a low controlled voice. "What if it turns out that I flunked, Mom?" he played with her like cat and mouse.

"We'll have to speak to Fullerton Weldy and see about summer school, was all she could answer.

"Fullerton Weldy. Summer school. You have no faith in me, Mom." And acting his age, he crossed to the sideboard with its assortment of liquor bottles and poured himself a green liquid.

"Mom, the next time you have the urge to serve crème de menthe, remember that I'm the man around here."

His mother stared unbelieving, "Sanford, don't tell me! You've passed?"

"Was there any doubt of that?" he replied in bored tones. "The morning you got that note about me, didn't we make a bargain?"

Mrs. Wilson embraced him and fumbled for a handkerchief. "This calls for a celebration. I'll call Fullerton Weldy to take us to dinner."

Her son recoiled. "Fullerton Weldy, you said! That isn't the bargain we made. I passed those exams to show you we didn't need any guy in this house."

"Sanford, a wild statement like that means we made a *bargain* between us?"

"It was! You promised to throw him out if I passed!"

"Why, Sanford, I never . . ." she stopped and fumbled for words. "Now that you *have* passed and are going to college, you might try to be an adult, not a child who just consults his own likes and dislikes."

He looked at her harshly, feeling betrayed. "I took a big gamble locking myself up for two weeks," he said bitterly. "A chance you don't even know about—that could have affected my entire life and happiness. But I did it for you and now you welsh on me. Well, I'm only glad that every woman isn't like you." He finally tore out of the living room, leaving his mother in tears. He went to the other woman in his life.

Waiting outside the phone exchange in the new goat he had bought on Bernardine's account, Sanford came to an important conclusion. When he at last saw her, he ran up: "It's been a hundred years, Bernardine," he said. "Get aboard, we're taking off for Sneaky Falls, Idaho."

"What are you doing here, Sanford? What's Sneaky Falls? I can't go. I have a date," and she waved to Langley's car which just rolled up. "So long, Sanford."

Sanford couldn't believe it, he just couldn't believe it. Something was wrong. He didn't know what to do nor where to go till he found himself headed toward the Shamrock. Griner greeted him cordially, but Beau was enveloped in a strange silence.

He tried to appear casual as he went up to Beau. "Did you say you fired the lieutenant last night?"

"That's right, Fofu."

"Did your brother understand you?"

"He understood all right." Beau's face was a mask. How was he going to tell his best friend the news that had set him back on his ears just a half hour ago? He, Beau, who had always thought he could get anything in the world merely by talking? At last he summoned the courage. "Fofu," he said gently, "the lieutenant is going to marry Jean."

There was a long low whistle from every one. Wilson sat down slowly, his face white. "But how could he when I'm in love with her?"

"Serves you right!" Friedelhauser said. "We would have dated her gladly. But you wouldn't trust your friends—you had to get outside talent."

"I didn't get outside talent. I got my friend, my pal to fix it up for me. He did fix it, too—for his brother. That's what this dirty double-crosser did!" He caught Beau with a blow under the chin that sent him sprawling. The boys roared at Wilson but Beau said quietly, "Let him alone."

Wilson left the den alone and got into

his new goat. There was no place to go; not home, last place, he said to himself. His mother, his friend, all were against him. Whom could he believe in? What was left in life now? he asked himself. As if he'd find the answer there, he headed for the open country. So deep in thought that he noticed the skunk which ran across the road in front of his car too late. Swerving to avoid it, his car ran into an irrigation ditch, turning over. Luckily Wilson was unhurt and climbed from under the wreckage only to find that his goat was demolished.

It was Weldy who accompanied Mrs. Wilson to the police station when they reported the finding of the overturned car, then went home with her to wait for news from the boy who was nowhere to be found. Cleo greeted the pair. "He just walked in," she said quietly, "and he's all right."

Weldy immediately took charge. "I think Ruth. that a little heart to heart talk is indicated. Want to come with me, or would you rather I went alone?"

"No, please, I'd rather you waited down here." She hurried up the stairs where she found her son packing his suitcase. He had joined the Army, had his physical and been accepted within the space of a few hours. He was leaving that night.

It took Mrs. Wilson a while to find her voice. "All right I *won't* marry Fullerton Weldy."

She waited, expecting her son to fling himself into her arms. But nothing happened.

"Weldy?" he said in a far-off voice. "I don't care about that any more."

She didn't understand. His only other problem had been getting through school, she thought. What could be bothering him? She turned away and got the answer as her eyes took in the little snapshot of Jean Cantrick stuck in the dresser mirror. She studied it, then looked at her son in a different manner. He turned his back to hide his torment, but she saw. She wanted to take him in her arms, but wisely said, "We'll talk when you come downstairs."

There she found J. Fullerton Weldy busy tallying up figures of the cost of the accident. "You must reduce the weekly allowance to this boy—restrict the use of the car. You must—"

She fixed him with a weary smile. "Fullerton, this boy, as you keep calling him, has joined the Army. He's leaving tonight on the ten o'clock train."

He stared at her in dumb amazement. But nothing nonplussed this man. He would straighten everything out in the morning he concluded—he knew the general.

"No, please," interrupted Mrs. Wilson, "this is a decision a man has taken. It's not for you nor me to reverse it."

"We mothers think that nothing in creation is good enough for our sons. We don't want them to live the way we've lived, love the way we've loved, or die the way we'll die. We want the miracle! We want them to walk into the future a brand new way—over a bridge of rainbows!" She turned directly at Weldy. "And we go about it with balance sheets, petty punishments and restrictions until one day—like now—they suddenly find themselves in the valley of adulthood."

During the months that passed, Sanford wrote often and it was with delight that Mrs. Wilson learned he'd be home

for the holidays. It was nearly Christmas—six months since she's seen him—when Weldy escorted her to the station to meet Sanford and welcome him home on his first furlough. The older man, having learned his lesson, kept a discreet distance behind Mrs. Wilson as the train pulled in. He waited with a tentative smile—and some apprehension—while Sanford kissed his mother and gave her a hug that practically lifted her off her feet. Then suddenly aware of Weldy, he impulsively walked over and offered his hand to his erstwhile enemy. "Glad to see you, Weldy," he added, while his mother brimmed over with gratitude.

By the time they reached home, Cleo had prepared biscuits and coffee, but walking over to the sideboard Sanford said, "Thanks, I'd rather have a drink if it's all right. Crème de menthe still a favorite around here?"

Mrs. Wilson started nervously, then braced herself and answered as calmly as she could, "Still a favorite."

The young man grinned at his mother and Weldy, breaking the unspoken tension in the room. He went to the sideboard and served them. "To us," he said. "To *all* of us."

"I hope you'll have a good time," his mother said a little later. "The boys are home from college."

"I don't want to see any of them," Sanford turned, answering savagely. Then, recovered his humor: "What I meant was—I didn't come home to waste my time with a bunch of strangers."

"Strangers? Your best friends?" interrupted Weldy quietly.

"Well—yeah—*school* friends. Somehow things change when you're in the Army." He put out his cigarette, striving to give the impression of great peace and contentment. "Think I'll go up and unpack—if you don't mind." He gave them all a warm smile and started up the stairs with his coat and bag.

"I do hope our surprise will work," said Mrs. Wilson to Weldy.

"Don't worry, my dear, don't worry."

At the entrance of his room, Wilson could go no further. There in his favorite chair, with the dreamy, faraway familiar smile that Wilson had grown to hate in his thoughts, sat Arthur Beaumont. He acknowledged Wilson's appearance with that barely perceptible elevation of an eyebrow.

It was a ghastly moment for Wilson. He closed the door and leaned against it, tried to say something but couldn't. The tears mounted. Nothing stirred in the room. Then Beau gave a happy cry, leapt from his chair and planted his fist in Wilson's face, knocking him into a bass drum—the one that Wilson had carefully preserved for years.

Working himself loose from his uncomfortable new quarters, Wilson started for Beau in a fury. But before he could lift a finger, he stopped dead. From outside his window, floating up and filling the room came the voice of the Shamrocks. They were singing '*Bernardine!*'

Wilson was laughing now. Spontaneously he clapped Beau on the shoulder and together they joined in the chorus: "By the banks of the Itching River . . ." There were other Bernardines, Wilson thought. THE END

Adaptation from film script by Peggy Taub.

Hollywood Headlines



JUNE ALLYSON IS IN U-I'S "MY MAN GODFREY"

"June's page boy is trimmed bluntly," says hairdresser Ethel Neefus. "Only sides are feathered a bit in front for springy, upturned curls." Blunt cutting gives June's soft hair body and fullness. So do frequent shampoos. June, who'd as soon skip her shower as her daily shampoo, half-dries hair with a home dryer, then sets as shown on page 68. Freshly washed hair looks twice as thick and fluffy.

"Debbie is small and has a small face," says William Tuttle, head of M-G-M's make-up department. "She looks best with her hair swept back and caught up in a pony tail." "It's easiest to manage that way, too," confides Debbie. "Especially when I'm traveling without a hairdresser. Because my hair is baby-soft, I use hair spray after combing, then comb through again quickly before spray is dry."



DEBBIE REYNOLDS IS IN U-I'S "TAMMY AND THE PLAYBOY"; M-G-M'S "THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE"



DORIS DAY IS IN WARNERS' "THE PAJAMA GAME"

"For Doris Day's pixie-cut, a girl needs hair as well-behaved as Doris'—slightly curly and medium-textured," says Jean Burt Reilly. It is razor-cut while wet, with top 1½ inches long; sides ¾ inch; back trimmed close as possible. Setting, shown on page 71, is to give line and direction, not curl. While still damp, pins are removed, hair brushed almost straight, then combed into place.

Natalie Wood proves that a girl can grow to any lengths for a pretty hairdo—without suffering through the straggly, in-between stage. "While Natalie is letting her hair grow, we keep it in shape by blunt-cutting the ends a bit," says Jean Burt Reilly. A loose permanent gives Natalie's straight, fine-textured hair body and a little curl. Non-oily hairdressing adds both control and sheen.



NATALIE WOOD IS IN WARNERS' "BOMBERS B-52"

ANN BLYTH IS IN WARNERS' "THE HELEN MORGAN STORY"



"Although my hair has some curl," says Ann, "it's so thick and heavy I need a loose permanent to avoid nightly pin-curling." "Ann's hair is taper-cut to give it spring," says Bill Tuttle. "Also, dark hair looks softer with feathered edges." For the sheen and smoothness that give thick, dark hair its lush beauty, Ann shampoos every four days and gives herself a monthly conditioning treatment.

Marilyn at the Crossroads

(Continued from page 44)

so good. By holdout tactics, possibly picked up from baseball's Joe DiMaggio, she had brought mighty 20th Century-Fox to its knees, winning a fat new contract that permitted her to select her own films and directors and gave her the right to make films elsewhere. If there were any skeptical souls left who scoffed at her yearnings for better things, they got their comeuppance when, in February, Marilyn announced that she would co-star in "The Prince and the Showgirl" with Sir Laurence Olivier, no less. But the skeptics held their stand, refusing to acknowledge that Marilyn had anything to do with it and gave credit for the coup to her manager, partner and guiding mentor, the ever-present photographer, Milton Greene.

Enter Arthur Miller. He stole into the picture discreetly, via bicycling dates with Marilyn in Brooklyn and cozy dinners at little out-of-the-way restaurants where the lights were dim and newshawks nonexistent. And he claimed Marilyn's heart so completely that soon her former whole-souled affections for Lee Strasberg, director of Actors Studio, and his wife, Paula, Milton Greene and his wife, Amy, were getting second priority.

In the little frame house in Flatbush where Arthur's parents, Augusta and Isadore Miller, lived—an exact counterpart of the one in their son's greatest play, "Death of a Salesman"—she found warmth and love. Dostoevski and "The Brothers Karamazov" forgotten, she prattled with Mother Miller about Arthur's favorite dishes and learned to make stuffed cabbage. And in June, in both a civil and Jewish religious ceremony, Marilyn and Arthur were married.

But she couldn't go back to making stuffed cabbage for Arthur. She had to make a picture with Sir Laurence Olivier. So—after some difficulty in obtaining Arthur's passport because of the Congressional charges against him—they set out on a venture that could have put the wackiest comedy script to shame. At her first press conference, there was such a riot that both Millers and Oliviers had to barricade themselves behind a snack bar. Grave poetess Edith Sitwell, sipping gin and grape juice with Marilyn and Arthur, pronounced her "a remarkable woman," while an English lady journalist wrote, "The most prominent thing about her is her spare tire." Finally, to escape pursuit, Marilyn hid in a hearselike limousine—which only gave rise to further cracks about "the body" within.

On the "Prince and the Showgirl" set, things were scarcely less hectic. The first kiss of Marilyn and Sir Laurence was reported to "last all day." But the sweetness and light did not prevail. In short order, there were stories about sharp disagreements. Said Marilyn icily when the cameras finally ground to a halt, "There were no more rows than the usual disagreements in making any film." Said the gallant Sir Laurence, "Miss Monroe is a fine actress. She lived up to my expectations completely."

Through it all, Arthur Miller strode stoically, and Marilyn went right on reaping a crop of headlines that exceeded a press agent's wildest dreams—which continued when she returned, with the rumor that she was expecting a baby. "No comment," said Arthur drily. "Some things," cried Marilyn, "should be private." On this slim shred, stories appeared that described Marilyn's emotions, even her visit to an obstetrician, in great detail—stories that had not a word of corroboration from the Millers themselves.

(Continued on page 92)

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All these shenanigans disguised some changes in Marilyn that were far more significant. Suddenly under Arthur's tutelage, her attitude toward her career was switched. She shocked old business associates by turning up for conferences demurely dressed—and on time. She shocked them further by listening attentively, and making decisions with shrewdness and authority they never suspected she had. And she wouldn't lift a finger to make a film. When MGM announced plans to make "The Brothers Karamazov," her cherished dream, she didn't even put up a fight for it.

Those who knew her well opined that Arthur Miller had become Marilyn's Svengali, and she was letting her career go to pot.

One person who might well share these sentiments is ex-Svengali Milton Greene. She upped and gave him his walking papers, Greene countered by seeing lawyers. "I don't want to do anything to hurt her career," he said, "But I did devote about a year and a half exclusively to her, and practically gave up photography." Snapped Marilyn, "He knows perfectly well that we have been at odds for a year and a half, and he knows why. My company has been completely mismanaged by Greene. He made secret commitments without informing me. He has misinformed me about certain contracts."

Puffing thoughtfully at his expensive cigar, a 20th Century-Fox executive merely shrugs. There was a time when the problems of Marilyn were enough to make him take to Miltown, but no more. Now, he only says, resigned, "That girl had better come to her senses." It isn't a threat. He's thinking about the days when Marilyn's name meant millions to the studio. He's thinking, in particular, about "Bus Stop." It was a fine picture that won critical acclaim for all—including Marilyn. At the box office, it did well enough, but in comparison with her previous films, it laid an egg. The name Monroe wasn't magic any more.

A cynical intimate of Marilyn's also takes a dim view: "Arthur Miller is just another prop. First, it was her agent, Johnny Hyde. Then, when he died, it was Natasha Lytess, her drama coach. While she was married to Joe DiMaggio, she was torn between the two of them, and there was no love lost between Natasha and Joe. Then, she threw them both over and took up with Milton Greene and the Strasbergs at the Actors Studio. And now, Miller. I'm wondering if she really knows what she wants?"

To the lonely orphan girl, all the people named were, she thought, fulfillments in her lifelong search for the love and security she had never known. Parent images. Fathers and mothers she never had.

The one who was closest of all—closer than even Arthur Miller, because she was a woman, receiving confidences that one woman only gives to another—is Natasha Lytess. And strangely, it is Natasha, another outcast, who holds the greatest hope for Marilyn's future happiness with Arthur Miller.

"Oh yes, I think it will last," she exclaims, her brown eyes snapping. "I hope so. I give her my blessings. He's a talented man. He has a good deal to offer. It *should* work, my heavens! He's a far cry from that other guy!"

Natasha is just as positive that Arthur Miller is right for Marilyn as she was that Joe DiMaggio was wrong for her. In the spacious living room of her charming one-story white brick French Provincial home in Beverly Hills, Natasha smiled wryly as she sat, legs crossed, in a comfortable

club chair. A shaft of sun lighted her prematurely gray hair.

"I was always her bad conscience," she said. "I raised her like a child. I'm thirty-six, only six years older than she, but I always felt sixty years older."

"She knew she could come to me," Natasha continued softly in her faintly Germanic accent. "She had a friend in me, and I say it very humbly."

The living room was alive with subtle reminders of Marilyn, and bespoke her first exposure, under Natasha's guidance, to the world of culture. It was Natasha who introduced her to art, good books, good music and good taste.

Classic-crowded bookshelves flanked the fireplace before which Marilyn so often had curled up on the rug. Those books were like chapters in Marilyn's life. "The Brothers Karamazov," a copy of "All My Sons" by one Arthur Miller, a book called "Wisdom of the Sands" by French author Antoine de Saint-Exupery, a gift from Marilyn which she had feelingly inscribed, "Because I met you, I'm learning."

There were no visual reminders of Marilyn. "I never got an autographed picture," Natasha explained sheepishly. "We were so close. It seemed so silly."

Her eyes sparkled as she told the true story of Marilyn's romance with Arthur Miller. They met during the year Marilyn and Natasha shared a two-bedroom apartment on North Harper Street in Hollywood. Miller had come to Hollywood to discuss a deal with Columbia which didn't materialize. But a friendship with Marilyn did. She met him at a cocktail party.

"She fell in love with him then," Natasha declares. "Nothing ever happened, but she told me excitedly that this was the kind of man she could love."

They met several more times in the company of mutual friends, and Marilyn's infatuation seemed to possess her. She told Natasha that she's heard Arthur's marriage to the former Mary Slaterry was foundering, then in the same breath she'd add disconsolately that he'd probably stay married for the sake of his two children.

"The love was repressed," Natasha went on. "You don't go on suffering. She met DiMaggio and married him. But I knew all along she had the feeling for Miller. I used to tell her, 'If it's meant for you, Marilyn, it will come.' And when it happened, I knew it was meant for her. I think she's unspeakably happy. Now she has fame, money and the love of her life. It's frightening."

But what of the problems? Miller's indictment for contempt of Congress? "If she loves him," Natasha said quietly, "I think a woman can go through anything with a man. I think she loves him that much now."

And what of a baby? Smiling, Natasha fingered a simple silver chain around her neck. "I had a talisman to bless me and my daughter," she explained. "A very old silver medal with a figure of the Christ Child on it. When Marilyn had to be operated on several years ago for appendicitis, the doctors feared her fallopian tubes would have to be removed. Marilyn was so distressed at the thought that she might never be able to have a child, and on the day she was to be operated on, I gave the talisman to her."

During the operation, Marilyn clutched it in her hand. When she left the operating table, she was still able to bear children. The fear that her fallopian tubes might be infected proved to be unfounded.

"She wore the talisman for a long time after that," Natasha smiled, "On a silver chain around her neck." She always wanted to find a man she loved, and have a child.

Yet Natasha has one reservation about the marriage, that stems from her first

meeting with Marilyn, back in 1947. She was an unknown starlet named Norma Jean Dougherty then, sent by Max Arnow of Columbia with the hope that Natasha could "do something with her."

"She wore a red knitted dress and her hair was disheveled," recalls Natasha. "She looked just like lots of little girls who come to me. What struck me was that she was very, very closed. She was so much in a shell, she couldn't talk. She was very, very unhappy. I felt she had a dire need of what I had to offer."

Natasha beseeched her to stop tormenting herself with childhood hangovers. "Let it dry up," she begged her. "Stop milking it. Otherwise you'll never be the master of it, always the victim. Come one day to the point where you are grateful for every misery you had, every foster home. Come to the point where you realize your mother and father didn't know what they were doing, so you won't have that bitterness. Don't drown in self pity."

One day, a troubled Marilyn came to her and confessed, "I've posed in the nude." Natasha told her, "Marilyn, it's done, so forget it. But don't do it again." Later, when the news came out, she was terrified. Natasha said, "For goodness sakes, Marilyn forget it. People aren't that interested in anything. Headlines come. They read them and throw them in the ashcan." Marilyn felt reassured, and was able to tell the truth about it.

Natasha frowned. "But she is still so terribly insecure. That's dangerous. With an insecure person, you don't dare be strong. Then you carry them, and it inhibits them even more. This is definitely true of Marilyn. You have to be very delicate. She's always on the defensive."

Is Arthur Miller the person to keep that delicate balance? "Often, artists are people who can't live what they paint or write," Natasha mused. "If Miller lives what he writes, I say fine. But I don't know."

Does Marilyn? Maybe. Maybe not. But at the moment, there are strong indications that she has at last found the security she has longed for.

For the first time in her life, she has the courage to go without makeup, and dress as she pleases. She isn't "letting herself go," as some think. For her, this is a new kind of freedom—freedom from the bondage of her body. For years, she thought that her figure and her looks were all she had. Now, she doesn't.

Her tardiness is a thing of the past, not because Arthur Miller has goaded his wife into promptness, but because she is no longer afraid to meet people, forever stalling the fearful moment when she would have to come face-to-face with them, because for too long all people were strangers.

She is no longer afraid to speak her mind. She can make her own decisions, because she has gained self-respect.

So strong is her faith in herself and in her husband that she stood staunchly by him in the face of the Congressional contempt charges. An M-G-M executive revealed that one reason she gave the studio for turning them down when they approached her about "The Brothers Karamazov" was that she wanted to be near her husband during his trial. The other reason: Marilyn told them that she was expecting a baby.

So, above all, she gained confidence—enough to put one of the most valuable careers in the world second, and marriage and motherhood first.

It looks as if Marilyn Monroe is going to take the right turn—to happiness.

YOU'LL ENJOY: Marilyn Monroe in Warner Brothers' "The Prince and the Showgirl."

Running Scared

(Continued from page 55)

the public shoulder. You don't want that, Tony." No, I don't. But I'll risk it, for the sake of a lot of folks I know won't feel that way. Folks who have written me—teen-agers and adults, too—saying that they were troubled. They heard I was going to a psychiatrist, and they want to know whether I'd advise them to do the same and what my reactions were.

Well, truthfully, the first time I went I was scared stiff. But I wasn't going to show it—not me! After all, I knew pretty much about what went on in a psychiatrist's office.

"Where's the couch?" I tried to make the question sound breezy. But I *was* surprised that there wasn't a couch in sight. Everybody knew that was standard equipment—the place where you stretched out and bared your soul.

I tried to keep up the banter as the doctor waved to a comfortable chair, and I sat down on the edge of it. "What do I talk about?" I blurted. "Sex?"

He smiled. "If you like."

So I told him about my first girl. When I was going to P. S. Eighty-two in New York—I was going on twelve years old—I fell in love with a cute little blonde who wouldn't have a thing to do with me. I used to pass notes to her which she would tear up and throw away. She treated me with terrible disdain, and once when I tried to put my arm around her, she slapped me. I felt miserable.

Then I got acquainted with Ann. She had her troubles, too. There was a big scar on her face as a result of an accident she had been in. None of the guys would go out with her and somebody told me that she gave kissing lessons in the back of the school, so I asked her.

"Sure," she said, "ten cents a kiss."

I told her I didn't have a dime, but she said that didn't matter. She'd trust me. We went walking and when it was about dark she sat down with me on a bench under the Elevated steps. She told me to kiss her, so I did.

"You're terrible," she said, "you don't even know how to pucker up."

Looking back on it, I guess we were both terrible, but we were a couple of lonesome kids, and we became friends.

"Now, isn't that exciting?" I asked the doctor.

"It must have had some meaning for you," he replied, "or you wouldn't have remembered."

I leaned back in the chair. It was funny, but I didn't feel nervous anymore. I felt relaxed and at ease as I hadn't felt in ages.

I mention this to show that my experience with an analyst was not a long period of agony, as a lot of people say their "treatments" have been. The relationship between the doctor and me was like an easy conversation between friends, with only a few periods when I became disturbed.

One of these concerned my first real fight.

There was this kid who didn't like me. In fact, we had a mutual dislike, which blew up one day while we were playing on a roof top. He knocked me down and kicked me in the groin. The pain was terrific. He kept on kicking at me. I tried rolling back and forth to get out of the way and then, finding a piece of broken glass lying on the ground, I hid it in my hand. When he jumped on me, I slashed at his face with the glass. Blood gushed all over. Yelling in pain, he grabbed at

his face and ran down the stairs. . . . yelling all the time at the top of his lungs.

After awhile, I dragged myself down the stairs and over into an alley way until the pain subsided. My body ached so I couldn't straighten up. Then I sneaked home, went to my room and changed clothes so my mother wouldn't find out. If she had asked me, I would have told her the truth—at that time I wasn't addicted to lying. I never forgot this—even years later I'd get riled up when I thought of that kid.

For a long while afterwards, this same kid kept hounding me. One day in class at school he got me so mad that I couldn't control myself. In anger, I jumped on his back, started to pull at his hair, and twisted his ears, hard, until he yelled. The teacher sent me to the office of the principal, a Mr. Reskob. He said to me: "Bernie, we all have a cross to bear. You'll have this the rest of your life, whether it's related to your family or something that bothers you in business. I don't tell you to take things lightly, but the kind of viciousness you displayed today by jumping on the boy's back and screaming is not the answer. You must find another way to get off 'the kick.'"

There was always with me this feeling of sudden violence I couldn't control, just under the surface, even when I became an adult.

Like the morning, shortly after my discharge from the Navy, when I woke up feeling particularly disturbed.

For some strange reason I felt drawn back to my old neighborhood, so I got dressed, put on my new suit and tie and took a subway train from the Bronx to the Seventies where I used to live. As I

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*TRADEMARK

walked along Seventy-second Street near First Avenue, I remembered a German boy, who lived in the neighborhood, who used to roust me around. I went looking for him.

I described him to a kid who pointed out where he lived, and said that he was working. I hung around the neighborhood . . . went to the corner and got myself a chocolate egg cream, walked around some more, came back and bought a doughnut. I called my mother and told her I'd be late coming home for dinner. Then I sat down on the front stoop to his place to wait.

Just at dusk a figure came down the street and I recognized him at once. He walked up to me, stopped and said, "Wait a minute—don't tell me. Why you're Bernie Schwartz!"

With that I came up off the stoop, and I must have hit this boy as hard as I ever hit anybody in my life. He flew about twelve feet. I looked down on him and started to cry.

As I told my analyst about it, I looked down at the floor. But I couldn't hide the feeling of shame that I could feel was reddening my face. So I seized at a straw—an incident that was always a source of secret pride to me. I didn't realize that it was also an outburst of violence, this time directed at things instead of people.

I had taken a kid's dare—I had to, to show how tough I was. I jumped from the roof of a six-story building, across the alley to the roof of a four-story apartment house. Believe it or not, this was still a big thing to me, a sort of symbol of success. It was as if I was saying to myself, "Maybe I'll fail as a career some day, but even if I do nobody else can ever say they did anything like jumping off that roof."

My analyst pointed out that this feeling is not unusual, that people aren't normal who don't have a craving for achievement. But now I could see that I had used it as a protection against my terrible insecurity.

In spite of the tough act I put on, most of the time I was shy and withdrawn, and other kids used me as a "patsy" just for laughs. Once I took another dare—one that in later years cost me a big dentist's bill. All of the kids at school used to be sent to the Guggenheim Clinic on Seventy-second Street. If you had a white card, it meant your teeth were to be cleaned. A blue card meant you needed filling. A pink card meant pull.

One day a kid said to me, "Bernie, you want to make a quarter?"

"Sure."

"Well, all you have to do is take my

card to the dentist, and when you come back. I'll give you two-bits."

I did. The dentist pulled out one of my rear molars. It wasn't until years later when I came to Hollywood that I could afford to have that tooth replaced. And I never collected the quarter.

Things like this made me suspicious of everyone to the point that I began to feel there was some weakness in me. To this day I can't see anything funny in what people call "ribbing." I hate to be the butt of a practical joke. Like the one a couple of publicity guys played on me at the studio when I first began to work in pictures. I was so anxious to make good I fell for anything people told me.

I'd played a cowering deaf mute in one of my first pictures and these guys kept telling me afterwards that since I had done so well the studio was going to cast me as spineless characters forever. They kept building up the idea for days until I finally burst in on the casting director and shouted, "If you think I'm going to play those kind of parts you're crazy!"

"What are you talking about?" he asked. "We don't have anything planned for you right now."

I was so angry I wouldn't talk to the publicity guys for days.

I went to the analyst three times a week. His office became a pleasant, familiar place. There was a soft rug on the floor, and the colors were restful. The sun streamed through the windows in the afternoon. But it didn't make it any easier for me to tell him all these things.

Sometimes, I'd come home shaken, as a result of having relived one of these experiences in our talks. Janet was wonderful—patient and understanding—though it must have been tough on her, too. But gradually, from the analyst I was learning something very important—the great influence of a person's childhood experiences on his behavior as an adult. Now, I was beginning to understand *why* I did things I was ashamed of, in spite of myself. *Why* I had kept on running away from them—and myself—for so long. When I learned that it was merely a reaction set by events in my childhood, which I could not control because I didn't understand it, it was as if a great burden had fallen from my shoulders.

But it took many a long talk in that analyst's office before I could bring myself to talk about the thing that was bothering me most of all, because I felt terribly guilty about it—so guilty that I often woke up in the middle of the night, thinking about it. It was the death of my younger brother Julie, who was run over by a

truck driven by a drunken driver when I was thirteen, and died in the hospital a day later.

A few weeks before the accident, a friend of mine named Mike took me to services at his church. When he went up to the altar rail to take communion I did exactly what he did. He was horrified. "You've committed a sin," he said. "Now something terrible is going to happen."

I felt this was one of the reasons God took my brother away from me.

When I finally succeeded in confessing this incident to the analyst, he only said, "When did you stop believing this?"

"I don't know. I still blame myself for a lot of reasons."

"You know," I told the analyst, "I always felt sort of responsible for Julie. I was quick, I had a sense of coordination that he lacked, but there was a sort of calm wisdom in Julie that I didn't have. I remember that one day when he was tagging after me to school, I looked around and he was gone. I went looking and found him sitting on the steps of a church, just sort of dreaming. I bawled him out. He looked up at me in his gentle way and said, 'Don't hit me, Bernie. I just don't feel like going to school today.' So I didn't make him go."

What made me think of that? Was it because of the guilt I always felt that I hadn't "looked after" Julie as well as I should have?

There was a lot more to the discussion about the death of my brother. As I talked about it with the analyst, I saw that if I hadn't cultivated the feeling of guilt about it to the point that I could never discuss Julie's death with my parents or anyone else without breaking down, the agony of that memory might have been erased years ago. I might have had the same result if I'd taken my problem honestly to a close friend or anyone who would listen just as the psychiatrist did.

One of the things about analysis that I'd never know was the way a simple, casual question can sometimes lead to an amazing revelation. This happened to me, when during one of these talks about my brother's death, the analyst asked, "Did your brother ever have any other accidents?"

It came over me like a sudden shock—something I had never thought of—that a few months before the fatal accident my brother Julie had been knocked down while crossing the street, and stayed in bed for a few days with a bump on his head. A feeling of relief surged through me. I couldn't explain why.

I think the analyst put his finger on it when he said, "You know, having a conscience about right and wrong is one thing; blaming yourself, having a feeling of guilt about something that was unavoidable is another."

In the beginning of my analysis I was half fearful and half full of anxious anticipation, expecting that I'd find the secret of everything in one blinding flash. I was afraid that somewhere in the tangled jungle of my mind we would come up with the discovery that all my life I had resented my mother or my father. I soon got over that as I slowly realized that but for the tough environment I grew up in I was a pretty average kid, with a normal love for his parents. I didn't get that blinding flash from this revelation about my feelings about my brother's death, either. It wasn't that simple.

In psychoanalysis, you don't just sit down and unroll everything that happened to you, backwards. It's not a case of counting them off, until you come to the one that's bothering you.

A lot of the time, during these sessions, things I remembered came in short bursts.

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For example, in one hour I thought about a teacher I had called Mrs. Delaney, and how sorry I felt for her when her mother and sister died on the same day. And how close I felt to her because of the sympathy she gave me when my brother died a few weeks later. How I was able to share my grief with her, but couldn't talk about it to my own parents . . . About the day two kids jumped me and gave me a broken nose. (My mother came home from the store just as they were finishing the job, and she chased them with a new broom—gave them a terrible whacking) . . . How close my father and I were. How he built me little boats out of wood for presents because we were too poor to exchange gifts . . . The petty thievery that might have sent me to jail if it had continued.

The big moment I had half expected when a white spotlight would point out the one thing that had caused all the worries and feelings of guilt I experienced never came either. Instead, I began to realize that I was going through a gradual re-education with respect to my own life experiences.

For example, for a long time I assumed a sort of wise-guy attitude to cover up my lack of self-confidence. I remember how, when I had been signed to a contract at Universal, I flew out to the coast and sat next to a fellow with whom I struck up a conversation. He asked me what I did and I told him I was going to Hollywood to be an actor with Universal.

"Very interesting," he said, "but how does it happen that you chose that company?"

"Oh," I said, "they were all after me (a big lie), but this is the studio where a young actor gets a break. Now you take a place like Warner Brothers. Nothing. Why, they even let Clark Gable go over to Metro."

My companion laughed. Just before we landed he introduced himself—Jack Warner!

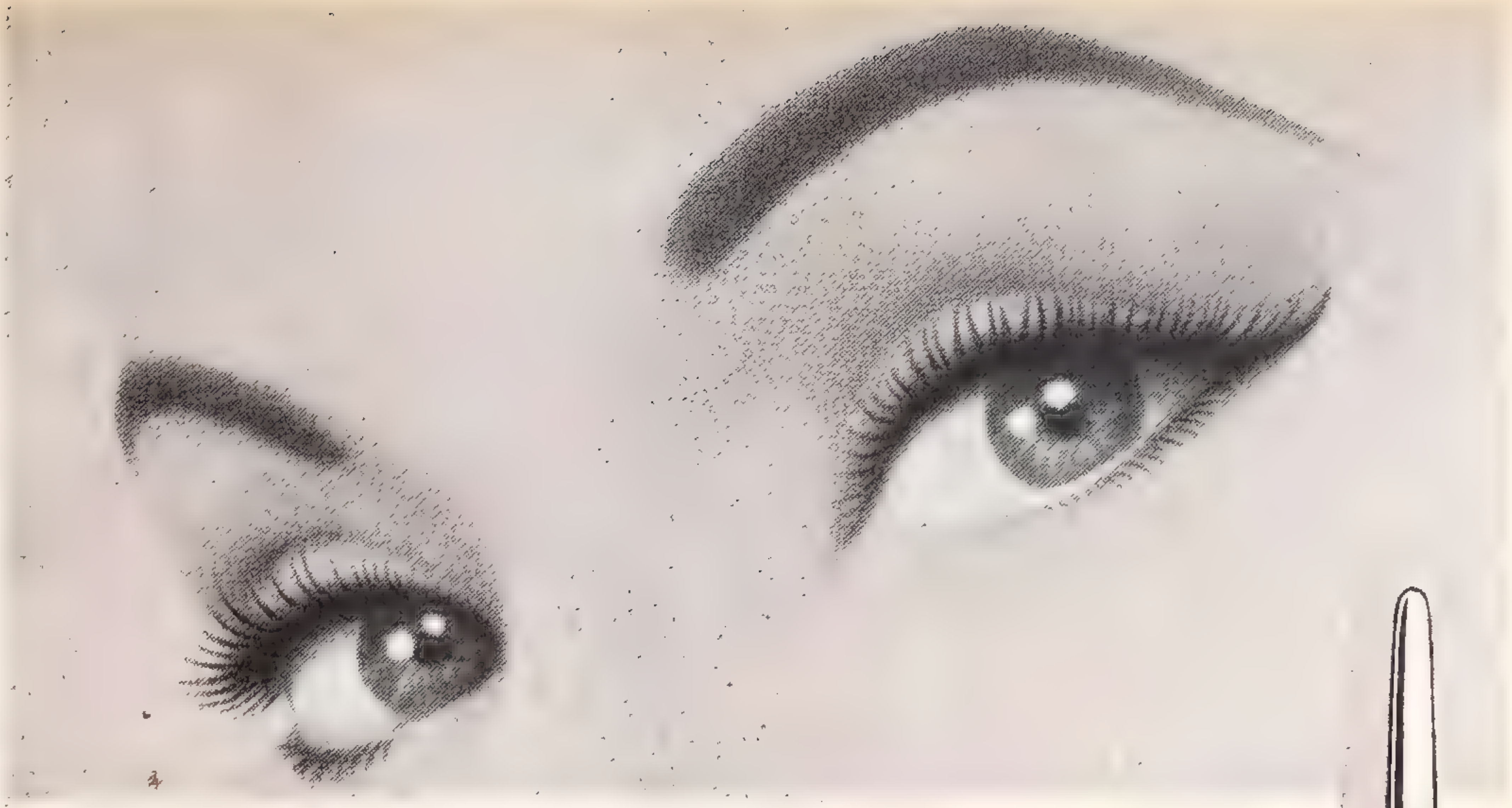
Nobody would have believed that this was a session of psychoanalysis, if they could have seen me and my analyst laughing over that one! Everybody has an idea that it's all grim torture, and it's not. To put it as simply as I can, it's just a matter of getting to understand yourself. Sometimes the process is painful, of course, but much of the time it isn't.

All in all, I'm glad that I did go through psychoanalysis, because the experience has helped me to understand the emotional and intellectual changes I have gone through in my life up until now, and freed me from the fear and guilt that had made me miserable. But as I said in the beginning, consulting an analyst is a step to be taken only after consultation with the family doctor, who may point out many other ways in which to achieve a better understanding of oneself and to apply common sense to one's problems.

If my failure to point to one important revelation that analysis produced to make me a better human being seems like an anti-climax, let me say this: the secrets of a happy life were written down for everyone long ago. You can read them in the Bible. You can find them in the everyday life of ordinary people—in the unselfishness of your friends, the love of your family. There lies your security, your insurance against fear, the answer to your emotional problems. But sometimes, as in my case, it takes a long road to arrive at what you should have known in the beginning—that all people are essentially good, and you're not so bad yourself.

THE END

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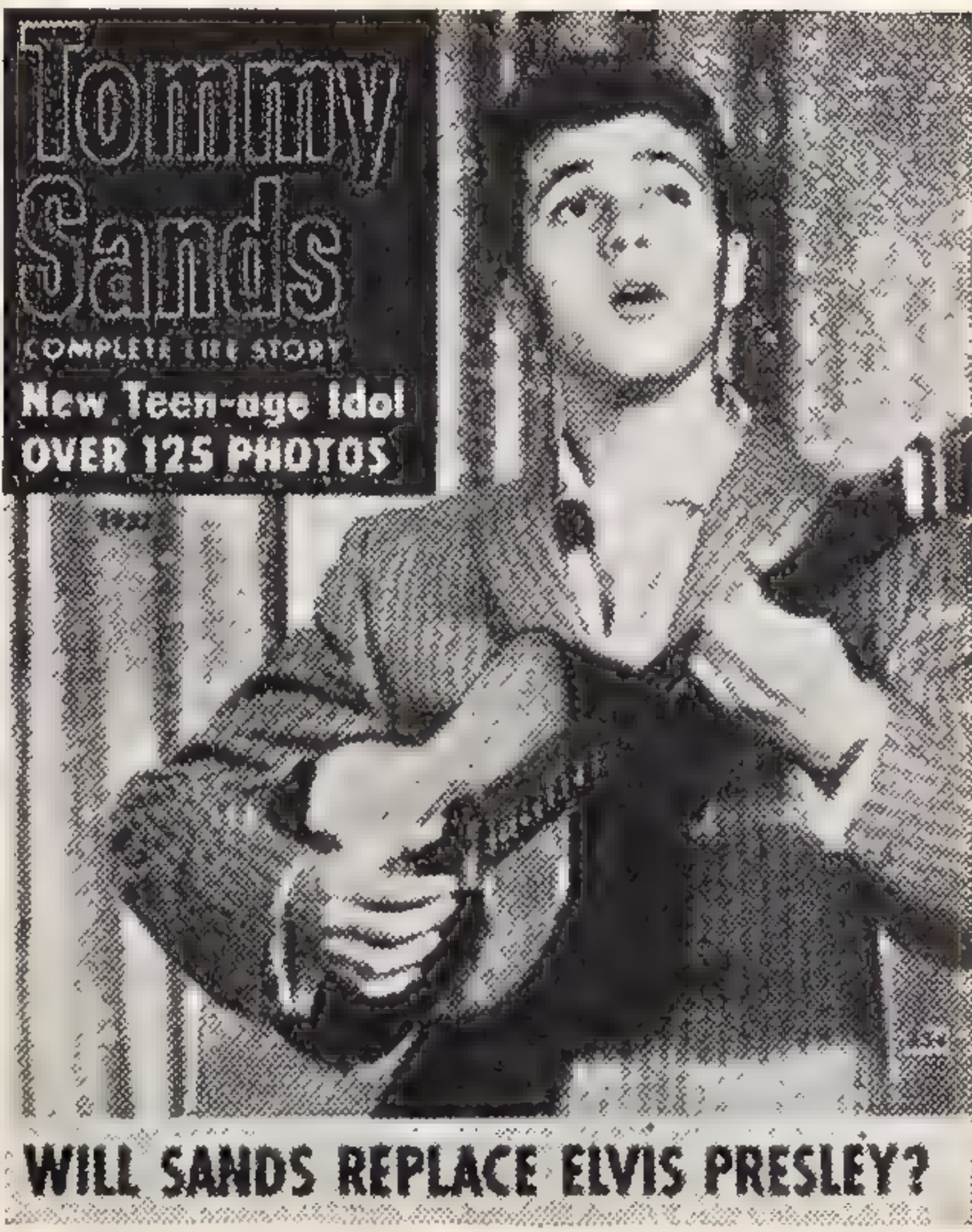
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The Three Weeks We'd Like to Forget

(Continued from page 49)

There's a good chance of us getting back together. I certainly hope so."

After the initial shock, a few people in the Hollywood know said it wasn't as surprising as it seemed. There had been rumors of trouble in the Powell household as far back as 1955 and June's name had a habit of coming up on the gossip-mongers' tongues, linking her with a number of Hollywood leading men. Others summed up the situation with know-it-all candor: "June's matured as a star and as a woman since their marriage, and Dick doesn't realize it!"

And so, when I was invited for the interview, I accepted with mixed feelings, just as they had mixed feelings when they discussed it with me. As a long-time friend of both, I would have preferred not to write of their marital woes, and as decent, normal human beings, they would have preferred nothing to be written, but as stars, they know that stories will appear in print anyway, and they'd rather that this one were done from truth, than from hearsay.

When I interviewed them both, late one afternoon a few short weeks after their reconciliation, June was in her dressing room preparing for a dinner engagement and Dick arrived a few minutes later. For two hours we chewed over their difficulties and the possibilities for their future together.

It was neither awkward nor unpleasant, as might be expected in a similar situation with any other couple. They were, as always, full of banter. Their laughter came easily, as did the minute flare-ups over minor points of disagreement involved in our discussion. Beneath the surface of both the laughter and the arguments was a strong impression that here were two people deeply in love and profoundly disturbed over their seeming inability to iron out their differences.

Dick had suggested we talk about the three weeks they were separated, an unhappy period both would like to forget. It was evident, however, that neither had any intention of proclaiming that, now they were back together again, their basic problems had been solved. June and Dick are the first to admit that as of this writing, there is no obvious solution.

"We are fighting awfully hard to keep something together," said June, and Dick nodded in agreement.

They are held together by a bond of love, a fact which complicates the situation. If they did not love each other the solution would be relatively simple: divorce.

To begin with, neither June nor Dick wants a divorce. The recent rift was a separation and only a separation, requested by June in the hope that such action, even though drastic, would enable them separately and alone, to see their troubles objectively.

"When you separate," said June, "it is temporary. When you divorce, it's permanent, and I don't want that."

"But," said Dick, a hint of apprehension in his voice, "you wouldn't have asked for a separation unless in your heart you really wanted a divorce."

June looked at him in despair, the sort of look a woman gives a man when she is wondering if he will ever understand. It was a spark that set them off; June insisting she wants only to mend the marriage, Dick reasoning that if it couldn't be mended at home together, then June's request for a separation had meant she was thinking of a permanent split.

It was a small point, but indicative of the strife that stems from their lack, on

so many subjects, of a central viewpoint.

In the instance of the Powell marriage, as in every other marriage, there are two sides to the story. Each of them is right on many points, and each is wrong to a certain degree—but each thinks he is right from beginning to end and it seems an endless rhubarb, held together by their love.

In reality the trouble began long ago, perhaps even as far back as the day they first met. There was immediate attraction; for Dick June was, in his own words, "the cutest little character I ever saw." For June, Dick was not only attractive, he was Dick Powell the movie star, he was established and important in Hollywood, and he was an older man. The last is an important factor, for as such he held appeal for a girl who had grown up without a father.

It may as well be said; there is a strong possibility that June's initial affection for Dick was the result of a father complex. It is further possible that any man June married would have been viewed the same way by her, because of her innate need. There could hardly have been a lonelier childhood than hers. Her very first memory is of riding in the back seat of a car, her mother in front with the driver, a man June doesn't remember. It was a balmy day, spring as she recalls; she couldn't have been much more than three years old. The man and her mother

Next Month's Cover Girl:

NATALIE WOOD

Can she beat the Hollywood jinx?

had been talking earnestly for a long time but June had heard none of it until her mother's voice suddenly cut like a knife across her mind.

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I couldn't put her in a home!"

June was too young to comprehend the actual meaning of her mother's words, but she caught the tone and the sense of it, and it is a painful memory that set the keynote for the remainder of her childhood. She grew up in a void of aching loneliness that cried out for love and companionship—and a mentor.

When she was twenty-one, Dick seemed to fulfill these needs. That he loved her there was no doubt. He was a charming man, an amusing companion, and he also filled the security gap. He was successful, he knew his business from the inside out, and inasmuch as it was a business in which June was newly involved, she looked up to him as her advisor.

As for Dick, the youthful June had all the appeal a man of forty could wish. She was gay and refreshing, and he was enchanted by her naïveté.

Put these two together, joined by a love that grew as their years together proved that each was an even finer person than the other had hoped, and you would judge them the perfect couple.

But with these passing years came the rub. If time does not stand still, neither do people. When they were married in 1945 Dick was already a mature man, not likely to change in his habits or patterns of life, but June grew up, literally, as Mrs. Powell. As a matter of course she lost the naïveté which Dick had admired. She became a star in her own right, and proved to be a shrewd businesswoman as well. She also became a personality in

her own right, and with maturity, no longer felt the necessity of leaning on Dick for guidance and protection. If there had been a father complex, it was gone now. She viewed the marriage as a normal partnership in life. Dick, on the other hand, continued to regard her as he had from the beginning: a child-bride who needed direction. It would be difficult to find a more kind-hearted man than Dick Powell, and in his affection for June he continued to make household decisions and assume the responsibilities.

Dick also felt that June put too much emphasis on affection, that she needed continual reaffirmation of his love. In discussing this need he throws up his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "I've tried, but I can't reassure her enough. There isn't enough love in the whole world to make that girl happy!"

For at least two years they have been admitting to each other they cannot find a common ground. In February, chafing under what she felt was over-direction, June blew up, much in the manner of a teen-age girl who has been spanked by her father. She asked that they separate.

On the morning of Friday, February 22, June packed her luggage for a trip to Palm Springs, with her secretary and daughter Pamela. Dick stood in her dressing room watching her, and arguing the point of separation.

"You can't go without me," he said. "You can't live without me and you know it."

June folded a pair of slacks neatly into a suitcase. "I'm tired of being told what I can and cannot do," she said coolly.

"You don't even know how to get to Palm Springs," he said.

She flared up at him. "I've been there a million times with you! I'm not an idiot! I don't want you telling me how to get there—I can find it myself!"

He told her regardless, and when June reached South Pasadena, a point not vaguely en route to Palm Springs, she also reached her Waterloo. She stopped the car, went to a public phone and dialed her home telephone number.

"All right!" she said. "Where is Palm Springs?"

To Dick's credit, he didn't say I told you so. He is not that kind of a man. Instead he laughed, and so did June. It is this humor they have in common, the happy faculty for laughing at themselves, that makes the marriage more than worth saving. In the midst of the most serious argument one will say something that strikes the other funny, and the ice is broken as well as the argument itself.

When June eventually reached Palm Springs, admittedly via Dick's explicit directions, she flew to a telephone to advise Dick she had arrived safely. She called him a second time, to say good-night. Of such stuff is marriage made. Eleven years together make a bond, a sharing of the little things, that few people can ignore.

The next day, Saturday, despite the company of Pamela and her secretary Barbara Salisbury, June was lonely (the unspoken assumption is that she missed Dick), and at noon the threesome left for Los Angeles.

In the interim, the Edgar Bergens had unknowingly put themselves in the middle. Edgar had flown to Palm Springs to make certain June was all right, and after he flew back to Los Angeles on Saturday he had phoned Dick and asked him to come for dinner that night. Unaware of this, Frances Bergen, also worrying about June, had telephoned her in Palm Springs and invited her for dinner on Saturday.

The upshot was that the 'separated' Powells had dinner together that evening with the Bergens.

"She ate," says Dick. "I wasn't hungry." "You know the first thing he said?" June asked me. "He walked in and said, 'Darling, you look terrible. You look as though you've lost five pounds.' I said 'I look fine, thank you.' And then I looked in the mirror and he was right. I looked absolutely awful."

During the three weeks of separation the Bergens as well as other friends spoke to them frankly, pointing out the difficulties each already knew existed. Without exception their friends hoped for a reconciliation, not only for the sake of the children, but for June and Dick themselves. Says June, "But you can't learn anything from your friends. We must work it out for ourselves."

That Saturday night June stayed with the Bergens, Dick went home. On Sunday he arranged to move to the apartment of his daughter Ellen, in New York attending to the birth of her brother Norman's first child. When June returned home from the Bergens, she saw Dick's trunk on the front porch, his suits laid over chairbacks, hangers strewn here and there. The finality of it struck her forcibly, and she had to consciously restrain herself from wavering. She must not give in; their only hope lay in sorting things out while apart from each other. She asked Dick to come back for dinner with her and the children after he had moved his things into Ellen's apartment.

Almost every night of that following week, Dick had dinner with June, mostly at home. Separately, they made dinner engagements with other people, then broke them at the last minute, irresistibly drawn together.

"I don't know what we talked about," says Dick. "Mostly the kids, I suppose. We spent some time talking about a new school for Rick. And of course I kept telling June that our separation was ridiculous, that it was serving no purpose."

Neither does June recall clearly the conversations of that week. "All I remember is that suddenly we found ourselves behaving as we should have before we separated." If there was occasional laughter, there were also many tears. It was a bad week, so bad that June reacted as she always does to unhappiness; she became ill. On Friday she went to work in "My Man Godfrey," feeling half alive. The studio doctor was worried about her and offered to go out to the house the next day to check her condition, but June declined on the basis she didn't want to spoil his weekend. That night she went to her mother's house for dinner. Saturday she felt worse, and lonely to boot, because Dick had gone to Palm Springs for the weekend, unaware of her illness. On Sunday she awakened with a fever of 104° and telephoned her personal physician. Dr. Corday put his stethoscope to June's chest, and shook his head. "You have pneumonia," he said. "Have someone take you to the hospital right away."

When Dick returned to Hollywood that night he went straight to the house, heard the news from the servants, and dashed off to the hospital. He couldn't stay long because he was due at a dinner given by the Justin Darts, and in all courtesy could not break the engagement at such a late hour.

"But," he says, "I had dinner with her at the hospital every night from then on."

"No you didn't," says June.

Dick shuts his eyes tight for a minute, trying to remember. "All right, half the nights, anyway. Besides, you ordered it from a restaurant and it was too cold to eat."

"I had it catered because the doctor



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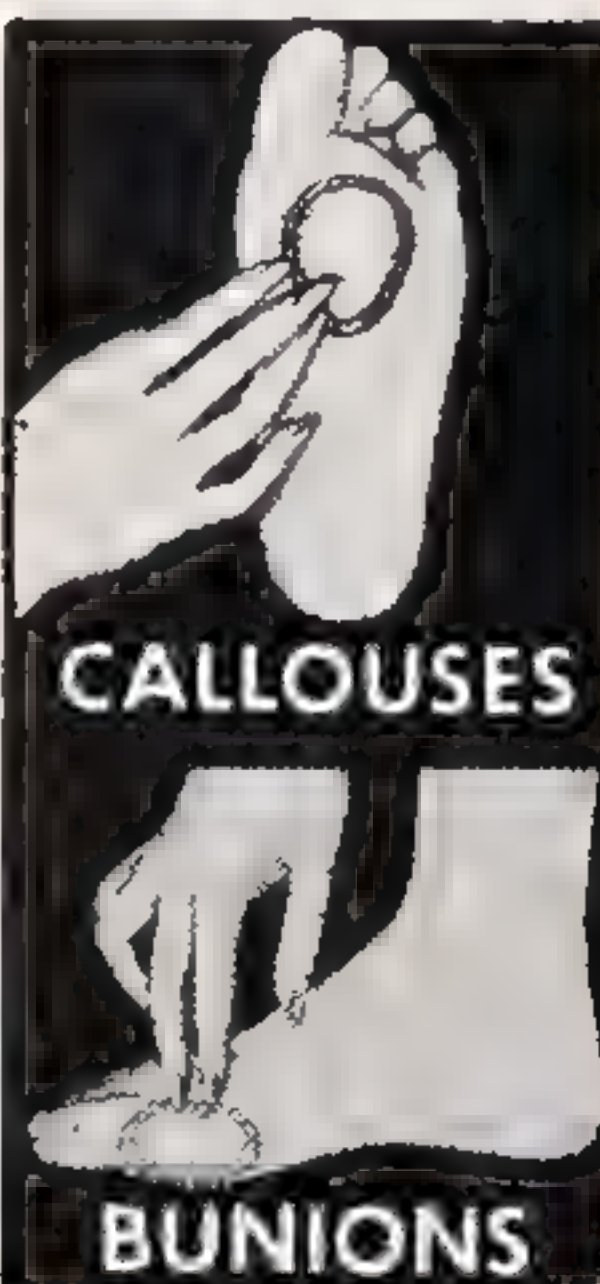
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wanted me to eat lots of red meat. And the night it was cold, you didn't get there until 8:30, when I was half finished. It was warm enough for me."

They spar like this, and at the same time Dick is wondering if June has had a decent lunch that day. As Dick says, "When you live together for eleven and a half years it can get pretty frightful. But when you separate from somebody after eleven and a half years, that's more frightful."

"At home," says June, "he insists on dinner every night at seven, and then he gets home after eight o'clock."

"That was a very important meeting that night," says Dick.

"Business, always business," says June. "You should have married a telephone." Unexpectedly, they grin at each other.

June was in the hospital six days, and the following Saturday Dick drove her home.

"He put me in the living room. And then he went flying."

"Well, you were healthy, weren't you?"

"So there I was," says June, "eight pounds lighter, and healthy—and lonely."

And Dick refrains from making the male observation that, after all, she had asked for a separation.

She suggested that day that when he finished flying, he come back and have a cocktail with her.

"You really want me to?" said Dick.

"Of course. And besides, it's your house."

Not quite knowing whose house it was, Dick took off for the wild blue yonder, and that evening over his cocktail he said to June, "I love you with all my heart. And besides, when you're not around I have no one to do things for."

Out in the kitchen, the cook was startled by the peal of June's laughter that rang through the house.

Nevertheless, Dick returned that night to Ellen's apartment, a comfortable place that failed to make him happy, and called June before he went to bed to let her know he had arrived safely.

On Wednesday June returned to work at the studio and, still exhausted from her bout with pneumonia, to say nothing of her emotional turmoil, somehow got through the rest of the week. "The only thing I could think of that week was getting all the rest I could. Richard called each night—and each night I waited for his call."

On his part, Dick lived through the next few days by inhabiting his producer's office at 20th Century-Fox during the daylight hours, and thinking about June. "I missed going home and seeing her in the house, I missed laughing with her. And I missed her when I was closed up in a room at night." In the evenings, inasmuch as the separation seemed to be straggling along in its inimitable fashion, he looked at houses for rent, and thought of June.

Thursday June went to see a preview of her new picture "Interlude," with Barbara, her secretary. She asked Dick to go with her, but he was committed to attend the preview of a Fox picture that night. "Hmph," said June to Barbara. "Business—always business!"

"But," Dick had said, "I'd like to take you to dinner tomorrow night."

When Friday night came, Dick was hopeful that he might break down June's resistance. "I never had any other feeling than that we would go back together. I don't think she really wanted the separation in the first place."

I mentioned to him the complicated tangle there would have been, had there been a permanent split. The accumulation of those years of marriage is staggering, including not only their home, but

its accompanying dogs, horses, hens, heifers, etc. Dick laughed. "When I told Morgan (their business manager) about it he groaned and took a phenobarbital. 'You kids can't do this!' he said."

For the hopeful husband that evening, there seemed little hope. They had dinner at Jack's At The Beach, and all through the meal and into coffee and dessert, Dick argued with June that their separation was nonsensical, that it was serving no purpose. June, still physically exhausted, was on the verge of tears. She must stick it out; if he missed her as he said he did, perhaps in time he would come around to seeing her viewpoint. She had read somewhere that we quarrel only while there is still hope of understanding. If that was true there was still hope, but there was certainly more of it if they could see each other occasionally and discuss their differences, rather than facing the same old situations day in and day out at home.

The upshot was that they drove home, still separated, and Dick was angry. He dropped her at the house and left, tearing around the lake on two wheels of his car. It was the first real clash they had had since the separation, and June stood at the door and listened to the fading sounds of his car winding down through the trees to the main road. She went to bed, but she couldn't sleep. If he was angry enough to drive that way, he might kill himself. For hours she imagined all sorts of horrible things happening to him, and at 2 a.m. she picked up the phone next to her bed and dialed the number of Ellen's apartment.

"Richard? I love you and I miss you, and I want you to come home."

"Oh damn!" grumbled Dick. "Now I have to get dressed all over again."

But it was a happy-type grumble.

Thus ended the three weeks.

As I talked with them there in her dressing room, June slipped out of her robe and into a dress that zipped up the back. "I wish they wouldn't insist on rear zippers on these new clothes," she said, and backed up to Richard. "Please," she said, and as he obliged she grinned at me. "That's another reason I need him."

They need each other for many reasons. With all their differences they have a great deal in common. There is their love and their laughter and their children (neither of whom is old enough to realize the recent rift), and a life together of twelve years this coming August.

But they also need understanding, otherwise their love and their conflict make an insoluble combination. It would seem this common viewpoint can be attained only if Dick will realize that June has grown up, and that given the chance, June will prove it to him.

If the understanding did not come with a separation, it will have to come out of living together in the future. The separation, in its brief duration, proved nothing. It was a bitter experience for both, a three-week period they would like to forget. The one thing they learned from it is that while they may not be able to live in true happiness with each other, they most certainly cannot live in a state anywhere near approaching happiness when they are apart.

The three weeks of the nightmare are over, but the shock of it remains. Perhaps now that it is over each of them will be more ready to give, to understand, to change and to grow. It's been said that "the anger of love renews the strength of love" but love needs more than either anger or strength. It needs flexibility if it is to survive at all.

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God Is My Refuge

(Continued from page 62)

next day that the gun was a toy that Elvis carried in his car for laughs? That the Marine wanted to forget about the whole thing?

Suddenly Elvis turned from the papers and said to Gene, "Anybody down in the lobby?"

Gene nodded. "About fifteen or twenty folk, I guess."

"Would you ask them to come up?" Elvis asked.

Gene left the room silently. In a few minutes he returned. Following him through the door were several teen-age girls, a man and his wife, two youths in their early twenties, an elderly woman, a policeman, a taxi driver, a towel-and-apron delivery man and a bellhop.

The women were seated in chairs, all of them wide-eyed at being invited to talk with Elvis. The men shuffled around and either sat on the floor or on the long sofa near the window.

Elvis thanked them for coming to the room, then said, "I guess you saw the stories about me in the papers, today."

Most of the group nodded or murmured nearly inaudible "yeses."

"Is there anything you can do about those stories in today's papers, Mr. Presley?" the cabbie queried.

Elvis shook his head and smiled.

"Wouldn't do anything if I could," Elvis said. "Can't stop people from thinkin' and I got no right to stop 'em from sayin' what they think. Just wish some of those who say things about me would give me a chance to talk. Wouldn't be easy, tryin' to tell a preacher or a judge that they was wrong, but I'd like to try."

"Nobody knows what's inside me. I got a heart and feelings, too, and I get hurt when I hear people talk bad about me. And you know, I think some of them people would be kinda surprised at what I had to say."

Elvis thought for a moment. He shifted his rugged six-foot-two frame in the chair and then, as though he were speaking to a great audience instead of a small group, he began to talk. It took him a long time to say what he felt, but as the moments went by the visitors knew they had been allowed to take part in a rare and intimate experience.

This is what Elvis said.

* * *

What I'm goin' to say I haven't said to anyone before, because I know how it sounds when some people start talkin' about God. But there comes a time in

a man's life when he has to say somethin'.

So now I think it's time to tell the truth about this Elvis Presley and the way he thinks.

I'm not trying to sound like a fellow who's any more religious than anybody else but there's not a day that goes by that I don't think about God and pray hard to show my gratitude to Him.

Even when I was a kid I thought about God. My mother and my father taught me that when I did something good, God would be pleased. And when I did something bad, He would be angry.

Like other kids I didn't understand much about Him and behaved because I feared his wrath. What I mean is that until I was older I didn't realize that the best way to show love for my Maker was to take what He had given me and try, the best way I know how, to make something of myself.

I never expected to be anybody important. Maybe, I'm not now, but whatever I am, whatever I will become will be what God has chosen for me. It can't be any other way for anybody. That I believe. Some people I know, can't figure out how Elvis Presley happened. I don't blame them for wondering that. Sometimes I wonder myself.

I think it all started the day I walked into my Daddy's bedroom and found him sitting there, with his head in his hands. I guess he was pretty deep in thinking, because when I said, "What's the matter, Dad?" he looked up suddenly, and I saw that his eyes were all watery.

Now you've got to understand. I was eighteen then, and I guess I loved my Mom and Daddy as much as any son could love his parents. There have been times in my life when Daddy was strict with me, and times I think when he was too easy. But after everything was said and done, he was my Daddy, and anything that hurt him, hurt me.

So when I saw him look up at me like that, almost crying, I got scared. I had never seen him that way before. I guess he thought I was old enough to know a few of the more serious things in life, so he told me what was bothering him.

I knew that a few months before, while on his job as a truck driver, he had hurt his back. At first, he had laughed it off and told Mom and me not to worry. Now, he said, I ought to know the truth. The injury to his back was more serious than he thought, and it looked like there'd be long periods of time when he wouldn't be able to work at all. This meant we were

having trouble getting enough money to live.

Dad said what was bothering him now was the bills that were piling up. He couldn't find any way to pay them. He said that he never wanted to be the greatest man in the world, but that he wanted to be a good husband to my mother and a good father to me. And now it looked like we were going to have real hard times.

When Daddy got all through explaining this to me, I went to my room and sat on my bed, with my head in my hands. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that because I was only eighteen years old, there wasn't going to be very much I could do to help. So I did the first thing that came to my mind. I got down on my knees and prayed. I asked God to show me some way I could help my parents.

A week later, things began to happen. Up till then I hadn't been doing much, although I had been working with Sam Phillips. I met Sam the year before. I was itchin' to make a record so I went downtown to see him. I'd heard he had a company called Sun Records. Well, Sam wasn't in but his secretary told me it would cost me four dollars to hear myself sing. I made a record, took it home and listened to it. It wasn't very good. But it made me realize that if I ever wanted to become a singer I was going to have to do a lot of learnin'.

I kept on singin' and started to save my money up and when I got enough money together I went down to see Sam again and make another record. This time he heard me and told me he'd teach me what he knew. We worked together for a long time. And although Sam helped get a couple of my records played on the air, they didn't cause much of a commotion. I'm tellin' you, I was pretty discouraged.

Now maybe a lot of people will say that what happened next was a coincidence. They got a right to think that if they want to. But I don't. I think what happened was the plan of God. And I'll always think so.

It was a week after my Daddy told me about his trouble that things started to happen. I was sittin' in a movie tryin' to cheer myself up a little when the usher, who was a friend of mine, came racin' down the aisle and said, "Elvis, your mom's outside. She's been lookin' for you everywhere." I thought to myself, somethin' happened to Dad. When I got out on the sidewalk, Mom grabbed me and said, "Quick, El, they want you down at the radio station. They just played your latest record and the people that heard it want you on the air. You'd better scoot right on down."

Well, that's just how it all started. And it hasn't stopped since. I didn't plan any of it. It just came the way I told you.

But along with all my records and my singin' came all those words in the papers claimin' I was gettin' all the kids stirred up and in trouble. If I thought for one minute that I contributed to juvenile delinquency I'd go back to driving a truck.

I wish that those who criticize me could understand what happens to my heart when I see those words in print. Those people know, they just must know, if they will look into their own hearts, that a twenty-two-year-old fellow from Tupelo, Mississippi doesn't really contribute to juvenile delinquency.

For instance, I've cut my hair in a way that I like and feels comfortable with me. A lot of youths my age now have their hair cut the same way. Some of them get into trouble. And because their hair is cut like mine, it's Elvis Presley's fault that some confused young guy has done

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Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

7-57

something that makes him look wrong. Some performers have trouble finding something to do with their hands. Others don't know which way to walk, or turn, or even how to look.

Now, when I'm on the stage, or even rehearsing or in front of movie cameras and just my face shows, I have to move. I have to move my legs, my body, my head, my hands, my knees, everything. Once I start to sing, I don't know what it is, something happens to me. Maybe it's the crowd, maybe it's me, maybe it's the music, maybe it's the song. After that I'm just a young fellow named Elvis Presley, up there on the stage, trying to entertain a lot of people.

If there are people who feel that there is some secret meaning, some evil implication in the way I perform, I can only tell them, right from my heart, that they are wrong.

I wish the people who criticize me, would try to remember how they felt when they were young. Maybe a lot of them didn't think Sinatra was the greatest or that Rudy Vallee was the Vagabond Lover. But at least they could understand why their friends felt that Sinatra was the best or why the girl of yesteryear experienced a funny kind of feeling over a Rudy Vallee record. Why can't they understand that some people like to hear me sing?

Those who like my records buy them. Those who don't like the way I perform on stage go to see someone else. That's the way it should be. I wish there was some way I could get everybody to understand that. People have a right to their opinion. Of me, of others, of anything.

'Course some of the things they say about me are true.

I like cars. All kinds. I have my Cads and my Lincolns and my Messerschmitt and now I have another. A little red racer. Seats one. I'm going to drive back to Memphis in it this week.

And when they say I like to ball it up and have a big time on a date with a girl, why that's true, too. I have as much fun as I can. In that respect, I don't think I'm any different than any other young fellow.

On a date we go to the movies, the ones with lots of action. I don't like those "conversation" pictures where everybody just kinda stands around.

And by living it up, I mean getting with a group and doing the same things they do. Driving up and down main street, laughing, telling jokes, goin' to the drive-ins for Cokes and milk shakes. And like any other guy my age, when I take my girl home I stand on the porch for awhile and try to keep from waking her folks up. I've fell over more than one set of milk bottles and stepped on more than one cat's tail just because I wouldn't let my date put the porch light on.

I think that most people, if they think about it, can remember doing the same things when they were young.

But no matter what I do, I don't forget about God. I feel he's watching every move I make. And in a way it's good for me. I'll never feel comfortable taking a strong drink and I'll never feel easy smoking a cigarette. I just don't think those things are right for me.

I guess maybe I talked too much, now. A guy like me can get to yammerin' like this and never shut up. But sometimes when I read things like in those newspapers over there, I want to tell somebody that the stories aren't true. I just want to let a few people know that the way I live is by doin' what I think God wants me to. I want someone to understand.

THE END

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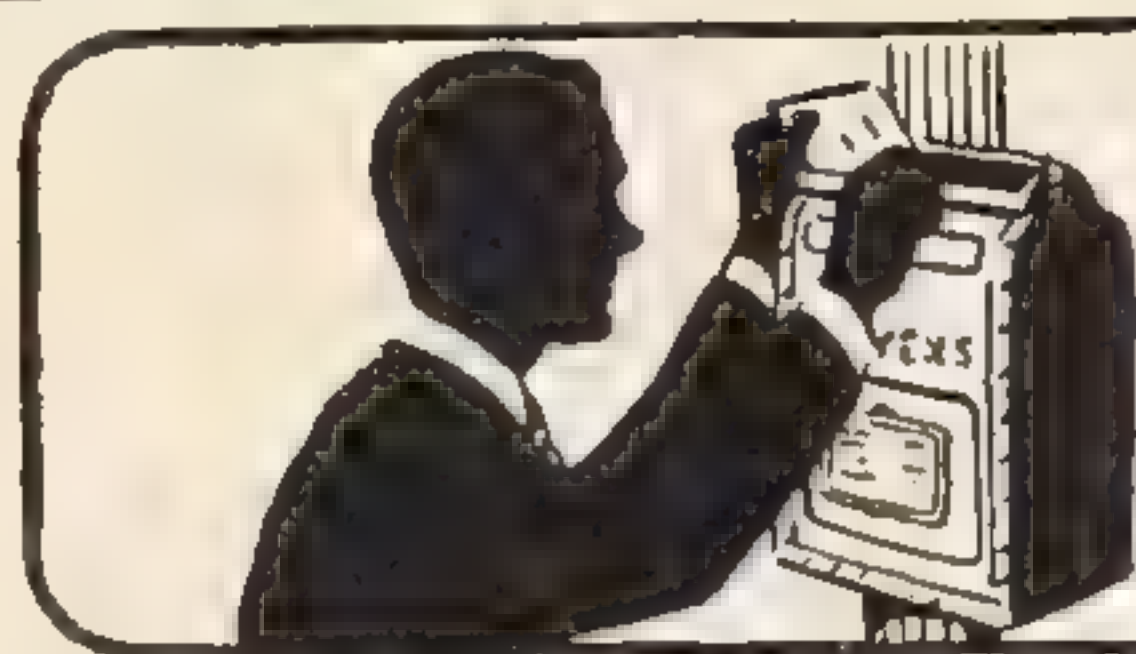
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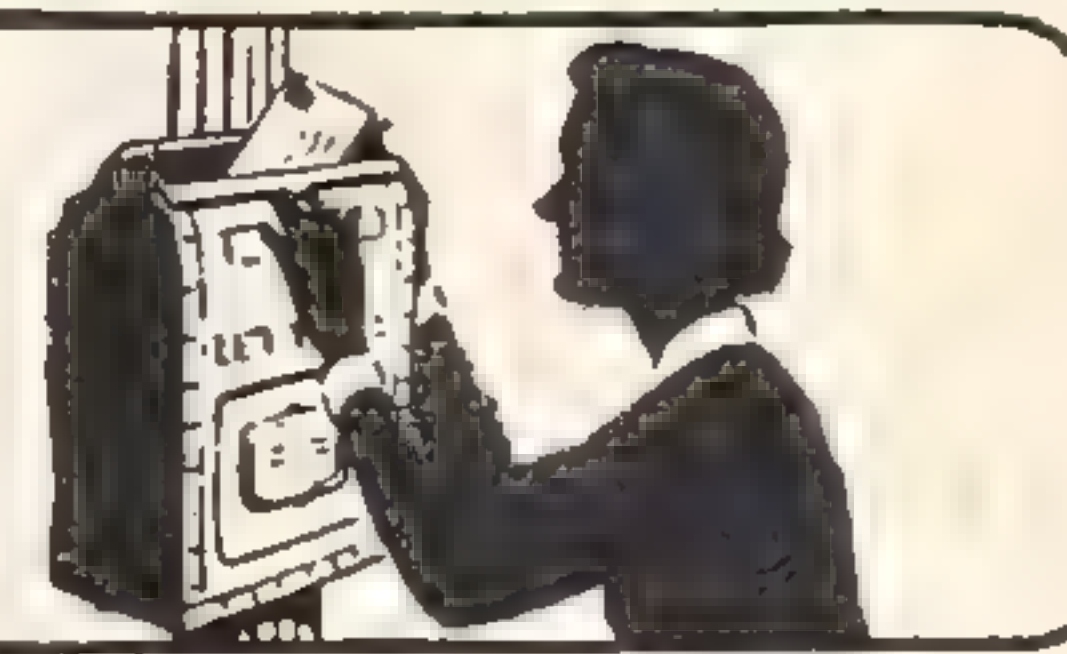
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(Continued from page 64)

is highly personal and that you can be happy wherever you are, if you've a mind to. I've learned a lot about how to be happy from my husband Steve Parker—but you know who gave me a real philosophy? Stephanie!"

Stephanie, the first of three children the Parkers resolutely plan on having, was born last October and very shortly after that, life unfolded for Shirley MacLaine depths and nuances she hadn't suspected it possessed. Suddenly there were no more trials or annoyances or inconveniences.

"It was the most remarkable discovery," she said not long ago. "For me anyway. Maybe everybody else already's found it out. But it was just this: You can have just as much fun enjoying a job as you can not enjoying it. Well more, naturally. But do you think I'd figured that out until this one came? Not for a minute. It all goes back to Steve." She calls Stephanie Steve. Sometimes Stevie.

"Thing I've found out," Shirley MacLaine said, "is—oh, I suppose child's play to anyone else. But I had to discover it the hard way. At least, that makes it mine."

Interviewing Shirley is like being on a roller-coaster ride—it's exhilarating, surprising and covers a lot of distance. Our conversation took us through the house, out the exit, onto the back porch. Shirley stood up on a railing, leaned against the wall of the house and placed her hands on her knees.

"Take pictures. When I came out here, I thought the part before the camera was everything, the actual moments of the take, and now of course I know it's nothing but the very end product and all this enormous work builds to it. But I didn't know that. And the preliminaries, they were just something, far as I was concerned, to be got through. To hold still for. Make-up. Stills. Rehearsal. Study. Interviews. Even driving to and from work. I made them ordeals in my mind. Not *bad* ordeals, heaven knows, but something to survive, not look forward to. Then Steve was born, and my whole life changed and it was a whole new way of being—I didn't know it but I hadn't even *lived* before—and all of a sudden, it was so simple, the idea came to me, 'If you've got to do it, why not enjoy it? Whatever it is? What have you got to lose?' And I did try to do that, and darned if I couldn't, and it changed things.

"I'm not going to be twenty-three till April and I'm certainly not setting myself up as a poor girl's Norman Vincent Peale, but I did find this out for myself and anybody else who wants it can have it. Steve—this Steve here—gave it to me, so why shouldn't I pass it on? You see, when you're as happy as I was with Steve, and of course, her father, too, then you've got to enjoy everything. You can't help it. And once you're in the habit, you don't stop. Hairdriers, mountain roads, critics, make-up, just waiting, I don't care what it is—name it, and I've learned to find out what's best in it and to lean on that. It's my discovery for this year, and it goes right back to Stevie.

"End of philosophy!" she laughed, and we went back into the house. "Sure I like Hollywood," she said as she turned to me, "but happiness isn't something that has a time and place. It's the people you're with, and the things you're sharing. Isn't this nice?" She pointed toward the view of the ocean, and the churning of the waves. "I call that the Parker House roll." We both laughed. We were in the rear of the house, in a room with picture windows facing the ocean and a little stretch of beach the

Parkers may call theirs so long as they pay the rent. They rent the home on a year-round basis (rent one of these jobs for the summer season only and they bump you \$1,000 a month) and hope to buy it when the rental period expires. It is an attached house, one of a number at the north end of the colony, and contains a housekeeper, a young boxer dog with a superficial resemblance to Herbert Hoover, Stephanie, and a good deal of sand. The sand does not ruffle the Parker family. "We chose to live on the beach," Shirley has said with something like bristling vigor, "so we expect sand on the floor. People who don't want sand on the floor shouldn't live at the beach. You can't have it both ways." Stephanie, in the next room, clung to the edge of her play-pen. Shirley MacLaine is absolutely right: Stephanie is inspirational. Husky, too. Pretty soon Shirley couldn't stand it any longer and went over to the play-pen and lugged Stephanie into the conversation. "We're going to take her to the doctor," she said to Stephanie. "Yes, we are. We're going to take her to the doctor and she's going to break the scales."

Stephanie's gamin-faced mother wore a striped shirt and pedal-pushers. Loafers. This was a day off but she'd gotten up pretty early anyway, eight o'clock or so,

DANGER AHEAD!

What is the big threat to Hollywood's most glamorous movie queens?

August **PHOTOPLAY**

and walked a mile and a half down the beach to what is called Malibu Pier, and then back again, happy in the feel of the sand; and then a very big breakfast. It was animal spirits, real joy. She loves the beach and would not live elsewhere in Southern California, although dream's end for the Steve Parkers is a farm in Vermont: "We'll work it and smell it and live with the seasons." They all but know what farm and where in Vermont. And one of these years, Shirley MacLaine and her gifted husband will turn their backs on Hollywood for the state they love the best, where even the summer nights get cold and the winters are virtually polar. And there, she says, they will farm.

"Without a single regret?" The projected transference seemed implausibly drastic.

"Without a single regret," she said. "You're talking about career and climate and things like that, I mean? No, because then this phase of our lives will be over, and I wouldn't look back on it if I could. Now it's here and *we're* here, except Steve's in Japan, and it's fine. That's what I've been talking about, loving things in and for the present. But next year or in five years or however many it is—and I don't really know—we close it out. And it'll be Vermont, and you know, there summer is summer and winter's winter and the hills blaze up in fall, and in the spring— Well, it's not Hollywood, if you follow me. Then I won't care if I never see another glossy restaurant or an autograph album or a sound stage, and I'll just be Shirley Parker, *but truly*.

"It'll have to be that way. I know I'm young, and I don't want to talk out of turn, but I feel sad sometimes for some of the great stars out here who can't seem to let go of what they've achieved. It's almost as if they're hopelessly stuck with it. Ambition's great—I have a good stack

of it myself—but if I thought it were getting to be more than I could handle, I'd skedaddle for Vermont tomorrow. This so-called fame seems to make it so easy to lose perspective. Ambition's a necessary weapon, I'm pretty sure, but if it gets to be your master, you're in trouble. Dr. Frankenstein bit off more than he'd intended to, didn't he? No, sooner or later it'll be Vermont and goodbye, Sunset Boulevard. Not *au revoir*—goodbye. But today it is Hollywood, and I'm having a ball. I'd be an ingrate and something of a liar, too, if I said anything else. It's wonderful."

Stephanie squirmed on Shirley's lap and was regretfully put in the play-pen. Her young mother executed a small, restless *entrechat*, the ballet maneuver in which the dancer leaps into the air and gets very busy with the ankles, and sat down again, her back to the window. Behind her, the combers rolled up the steep little beach; it was something like a postcard. The Chamber of Commerce had dreamed it up.

"I credit whatever success I have," Shirley continued, walking over to pat the dog, then Stephanie, "to hard work, ambition, good teachers, coincidence, my husband's help and devotion and Carol Haney's weak ankles. Especially the ankles."

Shirley MacLean Beaty Parker was born in Richmond, Va., on April 24, 1934, the daughter and elder child of Ira O. Beaty, one-time musician and bandleader who today sells real estate, and the former Kathlyn MacLean, dilettante actress and for a while a dramatics teacher at Maryland College.

At 16, Shirley danced her way into the chorus of a revival of "Oklahoma!" and then "Kiss Me Kate" before she returned to Washington and Lee High School in Arlington, Virginia "to finish." After graduation, she did TV commercials and guest shots, modeled for stores and photographers, spent summers dancing with Washington's National Symphony Orchestra and one fine day turned up in the chorus of "Me and Juliet" back in New York. That wasn't significant in and of itself, but it gave her the fundamentals to try for a specialty spot in Fred Brisson's "Pajama Game." Shirley not only did specialty dance work in that, she also understudied star Carol Haney—who promptly (it was the third night of the run) broke her ankle. Just like in the movies.

In the audience the very night that Shirley went on for Carol was filmster Hal Wallis, who'd come to see Miss Haney, and was pretty much overwhelmed by what was served up instead. Did he say, "Sign that girl!"?

Not quite. What really did happen was that Wallis *did* go backstage and was spotted by Miss MacLaine before he saw her. "Are you," she asked, moved either by premonition or a feeling of having seen this plot before, "looking for me?" And he was, and she has lived happily ever after. Wallis signed her to a contract virtually there and then, and not long afterward she made a memorable test, directed by the same Daniel Mann who turned out for Wallis "Come Back, Little Sheba" and "The Rose Tattoo."

The test is notable for the fact that it contained no preconceived material. Miss MacLaine just did a little dance step without any music, then talked about herself. The whole business is today a cherished film in Paramount archives and still viewed by charmed Hollywood onlookers. These credit Shirley with the entire triumph. She credits Mann.

"It's the way we react to each other," she says now. "It's total professional ac-

cord. We don't always see eye to eye, but I believe in him implicitly and I relax with him. Wait for 'Hot Spell,' please. I honestly think you're going to like it. It'll be another one for Danny." Or for Shirley Booth. Or quite possible for Shirley MacLaine, who is happy over what she has to do.

"I really just had to walk through 'Eighty Days,'" she has said. "Cantinflas had the best part. But this is different."

Back in New York after Wallis' departure, Carol Haney got well pretty soon—well, it was a month—and Shirley returned to lesser work. The summer passed, and then in early Autumn in Hollywood, Alfred Hitchcock decided he needed something in the way of a fey girl character for an odd picture of his called "The Trouble with Harry." "It's a comedy," Hitchcock liked to tell listeners, "about a corpse. Very amusing." So he saw this test she'd made for Wallis and arranged to borrow her. He did so and the company went to Vermont for location filming. This was September of 1954, a month and year not liable to be passed over lightly by Shirley MacLaine.

She'd met Steve Parker in New York during "The Pajama Game" period. He was an actor-director and he later became her manager. Now he got up to Vermont in a hurry, and on the 17th day of that momentous month and year, they were wed.

Parker now is setting up in Japan a kind of liaison business between the Hollywood and Japanese film industries. It is, to Miss MacLaine's way of thinking, a slightly risky procedure, "but I never said it to him. Wives who discourage their husbands should be flung to crocodiles."

After the Hitchcock picture, she starred with Martin and Lewis in "Artists and Models," and then in the leading feminine role in Mike Todd's "Around the World in 80 Days." In the interim, national magazines and other self-appointed critics got real excited over her, as well they might, and she'd started all over again in television.

Miss MacLaine is faintly freckled, not conventionally beautiful, and not notably small or large. In fact, she stands five-six and measures 34-24-34 in the usual vertical order. Her hair, coiffed perhaps in a wind-tunnel, suggests that she may at one time or another have lost an election bet, and there is not an atom of her to betray the role of film star. She takes her work seriously, herself not at all, and indeed she is hard at work at the moment helping to form a Malibu play group, for which her financial reward will be roughly nil. Again, after the completion of "Around the World in 80 Days," she took to the road in the play "The Sleeping Prince" instead of standing around Hollywood and Vine looking for autograph albums.

It was producer Wallis who became obsessed with the notion that Miss MacLaine had dramatic talent, director Mann who seconded this same notion, and Shirley MacLaine who prays mightily she can third it. Paramount officials say she has. Viewers of the rushes of "Hot Spell" are utterly sold on her. Nor would it appear likely they are wrong.

For the joy and surety build for her. First there was Shirley—and not so much. Then Shirley and Steve—and more and more. Then Shirley and Steve and Stephanie, and that was the breakthrough. Something happened, and everything was sunny as the beach and surf at Malibu. Like the Hal Wallis episode, it's all sort of square—and entirely happy, like a love story that winds up in the sunset. Only this one is just beginning.

THE END

YOU'LL LOVE: Shirley MacLaine in Paramount's "Hot Spell."



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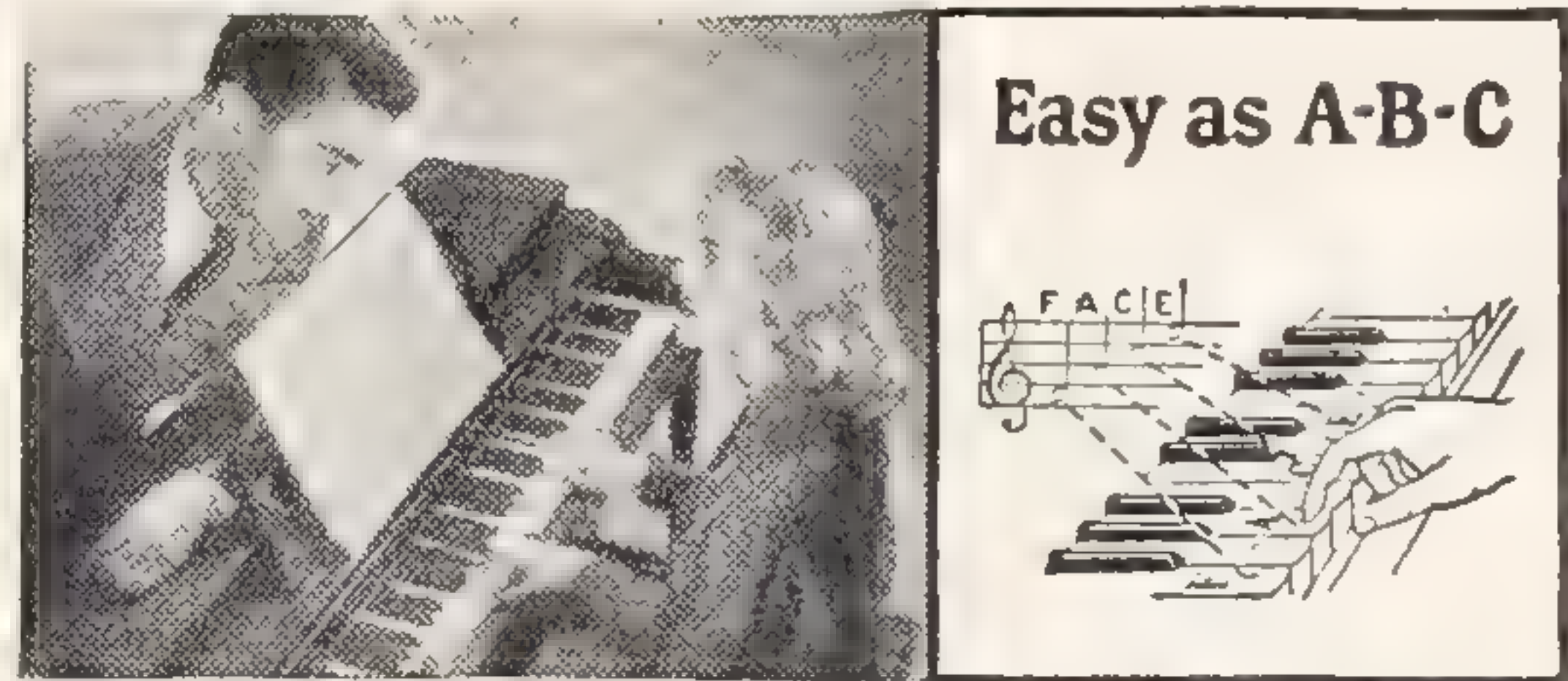
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Who Is Dorothy Malone?

(Continued from page 53)

This was Lindsay Parsons and the picture was "Jack Slade" with Mark Stevens. I'm very grateful to Mr. Parsons.

Eddie Rubbin, who first saw me in Dallas, is another person I'm grateful to. I would say that the other people I'm most grateful to and who I remember most are Sophie Rosenstein (now dead) who coached me when I was at U-I. Also Lewis Greene who was an agent at MCA—and mine—when I first came out. (He's now employed in another business.) And Edna Benoit and Charley Windham of the Girardian Life Insurance Company. Mr. Windham gave me something to do while I wasn't doing much out here in Hollywood. It kept up my morale. To Peggy Harrison at Highland Park High School in Dallas, I'm grateful. I did all my plays under her direction. Raoul Walsh and Douglas Sirk, who directed "Written on the Wind" and "Pylon," were helpful beyond thanks. I attribute a lot of my ease to Douglas Sirk's direction. I really enjoyed the part. He kind of let everyone in the picture have his own freedom of expression, at the same time keeping his directorial eye on them.

How did it feel getting the Academy Award?

It tickled me because it's the people in the business that did the voting, the actors and extras. It's thrilling and gratifying. I see it so much from their angle and they from mine, it makes it more special than if it'd been anything else. I'm not exactly new in this business and I like not being new. I know the people at the studios and I know the crews. It's more like friends voting and not strangers. It's not a cold thing. It's warm. The people know what I've gone through and I know what they've gone through. I've seen them up and down. Seen them start out little then become big stars and big producers. I've made at least thirty pictures, and all of them in Hollywood. Maybe next year, it'll be a friend of mine who wins.

I never thought of winning the award while I was making the picture. I take each picture as it comes, picture by picture. If someone says "What is your next picture?" I say I don't want to know anything about my next picture while I'm on this one. I'm concentrating on what I'm on right now. Everything will be taken care of in its own time is my philosophy.

Were you nervous Academy Award night?

Yes, Academy Award night posed quite a problem, too. It was the third night of an auction I was attending. I had my eye on a certain lamp which was up to be auctioned Award night. When I told the auctioneer my problem the night before, he was kind enough to set a price on the lamp and let me buy it then and there.

You made some thirty pictures. Why do you think it took you so long to reach the top?

I don't think of myself as having reached the top now. I would say, looking back, and this is just a philosophy of mine I guess—everything is in its time. All the delays and all the hardships go to make up your cycle, to make you ready when your time comes. An Award, for instance, may cause you to go to Paris and meet the man of your life. You go along and do your

best and the rest follows. I've made a lot of mistakes that turned out to be the best thing that ever happened. And sometimes something that looks wonderful turns out badly. If my brother hadn't won a golf trophy, he wouldn't have been asked to play golf with a group of older men and wouldn't have been struck by lightning that day. But it must have been his time.

You can't always say whether something is good or bad at the time it happens. I always say "I hope I'm making the right mistake." Sometimes it looks like everything you do is a mistake; it's how it turns out.

I went back and forth to Texas a lot when I first came out because I didn't have any family here. (Dorothy was criticized by the press in those early years for not staying around Hollywood to try to pursue her career more actively. Ed.) Perhaps if I'd concentrated on staying here it would have been better or maybe it wouldn't have been. But I'm very glad I did go back so much because I spent all that time with my brothers while they were growing up. And I'm particularly glad I was able to be with my brother, Will, that much.

My brother Bob is studying law and is working now for the insurance company I once worked for. He wants to end up in tax law.

What are your plans for the future?

I'd love to write—love to write a play and picture. But so far haven't gotten around to either. I'm just lazy I guess. (Editor's Note: This observation of Dorothy's hardly seems warranted since she's furnished two homes during the last couple of years, made several pictures and tv appearances; recently she worked days on "Tip on a Dead Jockey," while completing "Pylon" at night, takes care of a couple of dogs, makes talks at church affairs, writes songs, both music and

lyrics. She spends lunch hours and spare time frequently running to auctions to pick up pieces for the house. She seems to accomplish a great deal more than the average woman. For instance, while making "Tip on a Dead Jockey" she repainted the flowers in her new wallpaper, because when she got the whole wall covered with pink flowers it was too overpowering and the paper was so expensive. She's now repainting each one with white paint.)

I'd be very happy married to the right man and to have children. I love farm life and would love to have a farm. About giving up my career if and when I marry, I used to be very vociferous and say I'd give it up. But I've noticed that many girls said they'd give up their career and then later didn't want to. Maybe I'd give up my career and never want to come back. But I wouldn't want my husband to be depending on my giving up my career . . . because I just might want to go on with it. It wouldn't be fair to him to have him depending on something I might later not want to do.

What are you looking for in a man?

I don't have any set ideas. Would love him to like some of the same things I do, to have some of the same interests. I adore bright men with a sense of humor. I would like somebody who would be very casual about partying, someone to whom home-life would be as important as it is to me. I'd love to have someone who is used to dealing with people. I would like a man who has traveled a lot and is ready to settle down on a farm. I wouldn't want to feel that I was keeping him from doing something he wanted to do. I wouldn't want the kind of man who'd suddenly decide to go to Paris the next day. I think there's a right person for everybody.

Were you ever engaged?

I was engaged once—to a doctor in Dallas. We're the best of friends now and I admire him tremendously. I guess it was a matter of timing. We weren't ready. But I still think he's a wonderful man. I've been rumored engaged to Scott Brady but that's not true, but I still consider him one of my dearest friends.

Your name never hits the gossip columns, how come?

I don't date a lot of people. And most of them aren't in the limelight. I date a boy from Texas and one from Baltimore and a boy who has just moved out here from the East who is in electronics. I also see Roger Corman, who is a producer at Allied Artists. Once in a while I go to a party, but I prefer quiet evenings.

What do you do for fun?

I change with the situation. I used to go back home and go horseback riding and swimming, reading, and partying and bridge playing. Right now, I'm furnishing my second home and I'm doing a lot of shopping and painting. When I have time I play tennis (I have a court in the yard of my new home) and swim and go to the beach. I rented a beach house last summer when my brother Bob was out here with me. I love spectator sports. And I love to just stay home and not do much of anything. That's it!

THE END

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to each star individually, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

United Artist, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

YOU'LL LIKE: Dorothy Malone in U-I's "Pylon" and M-G-M's "Tip On A Dead Jockey."

Love Is Never a Mistake

(Continued from page 61)

childhood, some things were easier to understand.

"I was born Kathryn Grantstaff, not Kathy Grant," she explained, "in Houston, Texas. When I was a little girl, my family moved from Houston to the tiny town of West Columbia, and I lived there all during grade and part of junior high school."

Some two hundred miles away from West Columbia, in Robstown, Kathy's Aunt Frances—her mother's sister—and her husband Leon Sullivan lived. "Aunt Frances and Uncle Leon didn't have any children of their own," Kathy explained, "so we visited them on summer vacations and holidays. Robstown was our second home." At twelve, she went to live in Robstown with her Aunt and Uncle.

"Leaving my family, moving to a strange town—it all seemed painless to me," she says without much feeling, "I made a few friends, but gradually my imaginary playmates took precedence over my real ones. It was here in Robstown that I dreamed of Hopalong and Hollywood. I don't remember where the thoughts began—or ended," she adds seriously, then suddenly, smiling, "Silly isn't it?"

But those who remember Kathy then know it was not silly. She was withdrawn and uncertain and unable to make an effort to win acceptance among her fellow students. There is still pain for Kathy when she speaks of those days, and still surprise that she was so often misunderstood.

"I didn't know how to go about being popular," she recalls somewhat ruefully. "At first I didn't even realize I wanted to be. I just got off to a bad start with the kids," and she let her thoughts wander a moment. "I guess right from the beginning I did."

"I'll never, never forget the first party invitation I received from a girl who was very popular in school. But Aunt Frances and Uncle Leon and I had planned a picnic for the same afternoon. I loved those picnics—and I didn't go to the party. The next day I found out it had been a surprise party for me. Isn't that awful? A sort of introduction to all the kids. Their opinion of me was pretty low. They thought I was a snob."

Kathy recalls: "Aunt Frances was really distressed by it all. She spent many weary hours trying to impress upon me the importance of social graces and etiquette."

At the time she listened quietly and agreed to change her ways, but "deep inside something rebelled against following a fixed pattern—just as it does now. I didn't mean to hurt people. . . ." and then abruptly she adds, "Aunt Frances was very good to me—really. I just didn't appreciate it all. I was pretty headstrong and there were times I made her pretty angry, too. She had every right to be, but then again, I thought, so do I."

"My aunt sewed beautifully. She made all my clothes. The trouble was I wanted clothes that were different. She told me she knew best. I remember, during my Junior year, I was invited to the Junior-Senior Banquet. I knew just what I wanted: a red strapless evening gown. But Aunt Frances made me a white organdy one with puffed sleeves, very kiddish and proper. How I hated it. We argued a lot. My own mother was far away. I used to think that perhaps she would have understood some of the things I couldn't make Aunt Frances understand, now I realize I was silly. I adopted another 'mother' in Robstown, Bea Jackson, who was our Rainbow Girls adviser. Almost immediately she became 'Aunt Bea' to me. I ran with

all my troubles to her and she'd listen patiently and say, 'but Kathy, don't blame your auntie. She only wants you to be perfect.' I remember crying out bitterly one day, 'But I don't want to be perfect. I just want to be happy . . . to be me.'"

Happiness had many faces and Kathy Grant had yet to find the one which best suited her. She was still a "loner"—as she is today—but the need for acceptance, a desire for love and warmth and roots—drew her deeper into school activities. She went out for athletics, dramatics and as many school functions as she could manage—and she made friends. And without her knowledge, a group of fellow students entered her photograph in a beauty contest. She won, and this, the first of several awards, proved a turning point in her life—a point where dream and reality suddenly began to fuse.

"At sixteen," Kathy explained. "I was chosen Texas Rodeo Queen. One of the judges was Art Rush, who was also Roy Rogers' manager. I talked with him about my dreams of a picture career."

"Finish school. Grow up, Kathryn," was his recommendation. "Then think about it." Although my Mother, Dad, Aunt Frances, Uncle Leon and a schoolteacher had all said the same thing, it was Art Rush who carried authority," Kathy admitted. "So I graduated from high school and went on to the University of Texas, with thoughts of Hollywood, though, still in mind."

A year later she won second place in a "Miss Texas" contest, and the following summer left for Hollywood, where she secured a screen test through Art Rush's help.

"Hollywood's a confusing place for a teen-ager on her own," Kathy explained. "Suddenly, there was no Aunt Frances, no Uncle Leon, no Aunt Bea. And I was only sure of one thing. I wasn't going to fight the battle of a girl alone in Hollywood. A home and family atmosphere were too important to me. I didn't see myself living alone in some furnished room—or even in a girls' club. I needed to be with a family. And I needed to go on with my college work, so I enrolled at UCLA and lived with a family near campus. They became my new elders. They were wonderfully understanding." And Kathy might have added, they gave her the needed understanding and affection she'd always searched for.

Later on, when she went back to the University of Texas for a six-week summer course to complete her credits for her college degree, she met in her government class, "Aunt Mary Banks"—a bright charming and friendly woman who was taking the course because now she had time for study with her own children grown. The Banks family—Gilbert Sr., their daughter Marilyn, who is about Kathy's age, and Gilbert Jr., who is in his teens—became her family too. Kathy speaks of the latter as my "sister and brother."

Although Kathy has her own apartment, when Mr. Banks moved his business to California, she made the Banks her real home. Here roots were firm and deep and their understanding made the months to follow less painful. "But I'm trying to be a grown woman now," she says, "so I'm determined to try to make my own home out of this apartment."

We were in her apartment when she told me about Bing Crosby. On her coffee table lay a book called "The Consolation of Philosophy." Alongside of it were a decorator's plans for redecorating the apartment—Kathy's current big project.

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They seemed to symbolize what's im-
portant to Kathy. Her thirst for knowl-
edge, her need for a philosophy—and her
yearning for a home.

The story of Kathy Grant and Bing
Crosby is truly the saga of all star-crossed
lovers, from the moment of their meeting
to their ultimate break-up. They are not
the first couple who have bridged the
chasm of two decades to fall in love. But
they ended it as they feared from the be-
ginning that they must.

"The difference in our ages meant
nothing," Kathryn said softly. She
smoothed back her already smooth dark
hair and a strained expression came over
her face.

"We were two human beings. We loved
each other. He is a lonely man, a gentle
man. He takes his responsibilities seri-
ously, weighs them carefully. We were
happy in a relaxed quiet way. We did not
yet know what we learned later: that a
man like Bing Crosby is not just a person.
He is a symbol. Even I was a symbol. And
one doesn't disturb a public symbol with-
out paying an exorbitant price."

Later, Mary Banks added further to
the story:

"Kathy told me about Bing as soon as
they met. She wanted him to know the
family. She wanted us to meet him. It
was arranged. We went to her little
apartment on a Sunday evening. Kathy
had read in the newspapers that it was
Bing's birthday. She bought a birthday
cake. She served tea and we had a lovely
time. There were no tensions, no em-
barrassing silences. My husband and I
didn't know just what to expect, but the
visit was pleasant. Nevertheless we were
worried.

"They were simply wonderful together.
He is a deeply quiet man at heart. Kathy
is that way too. They seemed to share a
remarkable, under-the-surface level of
understanding.

"There was a flowing of spirit from one
to the other which went on of its own
accord. This happens between a man and
a woman, sometimes. Kathy has depths
and wisdom far beyond her years. (She
also has a very high IQ, rated tops in
studio group testing.) Sometimes I marvel
at her myself. It was this very depth that
lessened the age difference between them,
but the outside world couldn't know that,
of course.

"Already some of the gossip columns
had used an item or two about them. We
all felt that a great storm of public dis-
approval was building up. They conducted
their friendship with distinction and dig-
nity, but I think they knew from the start
that their friendship venture on un-
approved ground would be difficult."

There were those who said that Bing
Crosby was interested in a young girl
because he was going through a phase
common among middle-aged men. There
were those who said that Kathy was only
interested in him because he was a big
man in the picture business.

They found their targets with cruel
precision, the climate of public opinion
was no longer threatening a storm. The
storm was raging and nearly at its peak.

"Despite this, Kathy and Bing seemed to
be two happy people. Not hysterical, nor
overly romantic about each other, just
down to earth, and aware," says Mary.

Some say Kathy thought, till the very
end, that they would be able to work
things out. She'd bought a wedding dress
(and never used it). She had asked to be
converted to the Catholic faith. (It was
her own idea, but it was Bing's religion).
And then their relationship seemed un-
tenable.

Mary Banks' hazel eyes filled with un-
shed tears behind her glasses. She added,

"We love Kathy so much. We felt sorry
for her. And for Bing too."

"We had so much fun together," Kathy
declares. "We didn't have to talk much.
I don't like making small talk. I almost
can't. Bing's that way too. We didn't need
small talk."

She was silent for a moment, lost in
reverie. Then she jumped to her feet and
cried in a too-cheerful voice. "Let's have
some tea! I make good tea!"

She went into the kitchen and came
back soon bearing the tea things. Bending
over the cups as she poured, she went on:

"There's something the economists call
the climate of public opinion. The world
could not accept our departure from the
accepted pattern. What had started as an
ideal human relationship became muddled
and confused. In time we were forced to
recognize that our responsibility to the
outside world was more important than
our responsibility to each other. But it
wasn't easy to act on that realization. It
was an intellectual decision. Emotions
aren't so easily influenced."

The lengthening shadows of late after-
noon streaked across the room. A tardy
shaft of sunshine caught the highlights of
a beautifully hand-wrought brass tray.
Kathy's fingers traced its carving lightly.

"I brought this back with me from
Korea," she explained. "It's lovely, isn't
it?"



Color portrait of Tony Curtis by Avery;
Don Murray from 20th Century-Fox; John
Saxon from U-I; Sal Mineo from Allied
Artists; John Kerr from M-G-M; Rory Cal-
houn by Beerman; Tony Perkins by Udom
Yenrudi; Debbie Reynolds from M-G-M;
Pat Boone from 20th Century-Fox.

The trip to Korea, and other trips to
entertain service men, had followed as an
antidote for pain.

"I wonder," she mused thoughtfully, "if
it would have made a difference to people
if I had announced that I was giving up
my career? Would the climate have
changed? I would no longer have seemed
ambitious—would people have believed me
then?"

She immediately rejected this notion
with her next: "But I couldn't do that! It
wouldn't have been honest!"

No, it wouldn't, and not being honest is
the greatest crime of all to Kathy Grant.
What she will be, she will be on her own—
as always. And what she must do, she
must do because of her inner convictions.

The doorbell rang and Kathy ran to
answer it. She let in a tall, lanky, good-
looking boy and gaily announced: "Oh,
meet Guil, my adopted kid brother." And
in a moment, Kathy had shut the door on
her memories.

"Mom says I'm to bring you back to the
house for dinner. It's your turn to do the
dishes."

And as Guil bent down to help her into
her jacket and take the chocolate cake she
was bringing over for dinner, Kathy turned
suddenly towards me, serious for a moment,
and said, "Answering your questions. No,
love is never a mistake." THE END

BE SURE TO SEE: Kathryn Grant in Columbia's "The
Night The World Exploded" and "The Mad Ball."

Cindy, Oh Cindy

(Continued from page 47)

Usually, Cindy finishes her nap early in the afternoon, but this was the nurse's day off, and Cindy slept. So Bob and I went into the living room to chat while Lita got tea. At three o'clock I poked my head into the nursery to call for our model, but Cindy was still sleeping. Three-thirty? Cindy slept. Four o'clock? Cindy slept on. At four-thirty I went in and turned on all the music boxes in the room. It sounded like a department store the week before Christmas, with all the music boxes playing a different tune. Take a little "Rock A Bye Baby," mix it up with "Ba, Ba Black Sheep" and add a little "Mary Had A Little Lamb," and you have some idea of the din. But Cindy didn't waken, and I went in to wind the music boxes up again. Lita said, "This baby is going to grow up neurotic if we keep doing this to her."

Finally, Cindy opened her eyes and howled. When Cindy wakes up, you know it! I picked her up in my arms, and she quieted down immediately. "How's my little girl?" I asked, the way I always do when I hold her, and she held out her tiny dimpled arm. "All right," I said, real man-to-woman, "Grab my hair." And she did. "Reach for my nose," I coaxed. And she did. "That's it," prompted Bob. Lita and I held her and played with her and fed her, while Bob and his camera kept clicking away. Next afternoon, Bob stopped by with the negatives, and said, "Let's choose one for the magazine." But they were all so good we couldn't make up our minds, so we finally settled on three: my favorite, Lita's, and Bob's. They're the pictures you see here, and we hope you like them.

You know, I must admit that before Cindy was born, I'd listened to a lot of conversation from what I call the Young Fatherhood set. And I'll admit I got bored—except perhaps when I'd listen to Eddie Fisher or to Guy Madison. So before the baby came I promised Lita I wouldn't overplay that fatherhood role: no pictures in the wallet, no dinner-party conversations about the baby and no articles in magazines. I can't explain why, but now that Cindy's here my resolutions have gone out the transom, and here I am, talking about her. Maybe because there's something about watching that tiny bundle of energy change into a vibrant, living *personality* day by day that takes you by the heart—when it belongs to you.

Before the baby came our gynecologist, Dr. Blake Watson, used to see me and say, "You can take on bets Rory. It's going to be a boy." I'd grin from ear to ear and Lita would look up at me and answer, "Well, really honey, we don't care if it's a little girl, do we? Darling, whatever God gives us."

I'd nod my head and say, "That's the way I feel. That's exactly the way I feel."

Then later I'd start thinking about it, and get so excited I'd slap my knee and exclaim, "Boy, I can hardly wait until that boy gets older. I can take him fishing."

"Sure," Lita would answer quietly. "But maybe it will be a little girl."

A month before Cindy was born, my cousin asked me what I'd want to name the baby if it were a girl, and I thought for a minute and said: "We'll call her Sharon. Only of course she's going to be a boy and his name will be Rory."

Then, one evening when we were sitting in the living room, Eddie Fisher's hit record "Cindy" came on. Lita fell in love with it almost immediately. And I noticed whenever she'd be doing the evening dishes, or maybe straightening up the pillows on the couch, she'd sing softly to herself: "Cindy, oh Cindy. Cindy, don't let

me down." The day before Cindy was born, Lita asked: "Darling, don't you think Sharon sounds sort of uppity?"

"I don't know," I answered, seriously giving it thought.

"How do you like Cindy?" she asked. "Don't you think it's a warm, human name? And Cindy and Calhoun sound well together, too. Besides," she teased, "it's a lovely name for a dark-haired little girl."

"What do you mean girl?" I asked, pretending to be astonished.

I didn't say much further, but made a mental note that "Rory" sounded pretty fine, whether he had dark hair or not.

Early the next morning, Lita tapped me on the shoulder. "Darling."

"Uh-h-h-h."

"Darling, it's time to go to the hospital."

"Huh?"

"I think the baby's coming. We ought to go to the hospital."

I woke with a start. "How do you feel?" I asked.

"I feel fine." Lita smiled, but the smile didn't last long, and she closed her eyes for a minute, to blot out the pain.

I kissed her on the cheek and held her. "It'll be over real soon honey," I said and jumped into my clothes.

And then I drove our car out to the front. It was still only about 7:00 o'clock in the morning; it was cold, and dew gathered in little drops on the windshield of the car and settled around us in its dampness. I put my arm around Lita protectively.

"Are you cold? Do you want my jacket?" I asked.

Lita crossed her arms and huddled in a corner of the car. "I'll be okay," she said softly, throwing her shoulders back—and I put my foot down and stepped on the gas. I thought we'd never get there.

When we finally arrived at the hospital, I left Lita with one of the sisters who showed her to her room. As Lita walked down the long white corridor away from me, I had the sudden, horrifying thought: "What if something should happen to her?"

The following hours were little short of a nightmare. Lita's mother was there, and I called Vic Orsatti and Stan Musgrove, my agent and publicity manager, to come down to keep us company—but even that didn't help. There was nothing to do but worry . . . and wait.

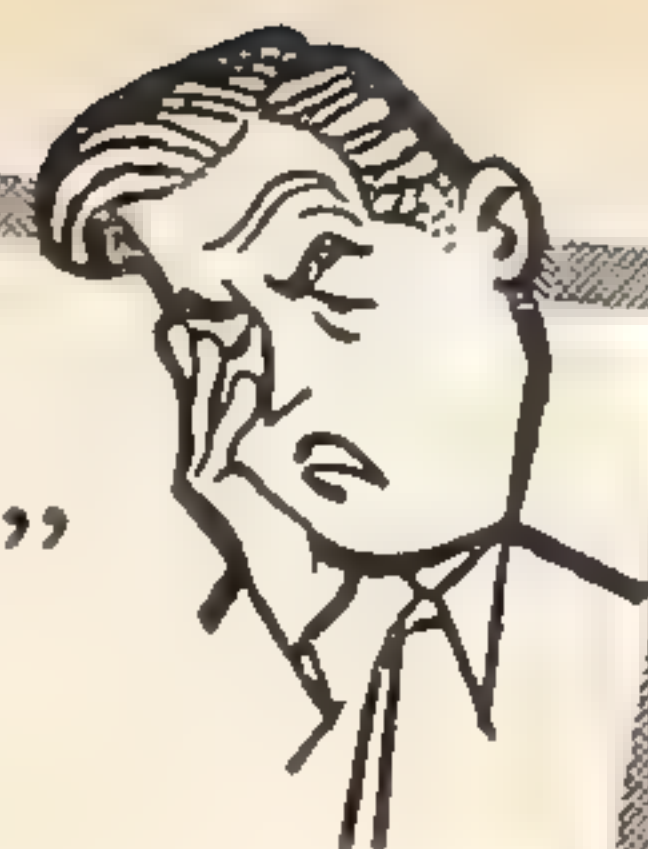
Some time before noon, one of the sisters started walking down the long corridor toward us; her face set and solemn-looking and I thought the worst. "It'll be ten minutes more," was all she said. That was all.

At exactly 12:29, Dr. Watson stuck his head out the door for a moment and announced softly and matter of factly: "It's a girl."

I was so glad it was over that for a few minutes I was numb. And then—feeling started to come creeping back. I thought of the fishing poles and the rifle and the cute little powder blue silk shirt and trousers that were my first presents for the baby, and I shrugged my shoulders. "Welcome Cindy, baby girl," I said softly. "God bless you." I smiled at the "Cindy"; it was a slip of the tongue, and I thought Lita would like that.

About five minutes after the baby was born they placed her in the oxygen drawer where they put all babies for the first 24 hours, and the sister let me take a quick look at her through the glass window. Looking at that little fat-cheeked thing, so tiny and defenseless, was touching, and all I could do was push back the lump in my throat and say, "Hi ya, young one. I'm your father." It felt so good just saying

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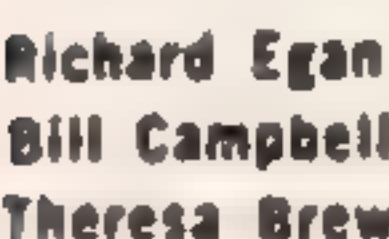
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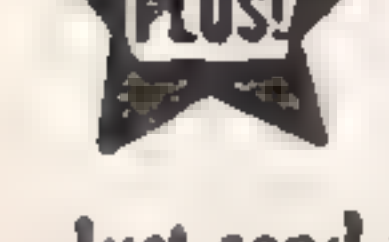
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Bill Campbell



Theresa Brewer

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that, and so right, and all the plans I'd been making for that son of ours just slipped away with the waiting for her, and I felt so happy I was almost groggy.

Later I went in to see Lita. "She's just beautiful," was the first thing I said. "She's got the longest fingernails, too; and the most beautiful little hands."

Lita looked sort of serious and said, "Well, it's not a little boy."

"I don't care, honestly," I answered, and the minute I'd said that I knew that it had come from deep down inside, and that I'd meant it. It'd slipped out naturally. "Cindy's adorable."

"Cindy," Lita smiled weakly. "I was afraid for a moment you'd stick with Sharon."

"With that dark hair? She couldn't be anything but a Cindy!" I insisted. We both started to laugh, and I felt good, and I leaned over and reached for Lita's hand.

Each day after visiting hours, I went home to the nursery Lita and I had gotten ready for the baby. First thing, I took down the huge cowboy and cowpony I'd hung up on the walls of the nursery and transferred them to the kitchenette. Nobody as feminine as Cindy should sleep in a room with a cowpony! And a cowboy, indeed!

For several weeks before the baby came, Lita and I had been making the nursery ready. We'd built a new room onto our house, and we'd furnished that as a bedroom for ourselves, turning our old bedroom into a nursery for the baby. Lita had bought unpainted furniture, painted it with a marble-type paint, and I had hung huge Mother Goose toys on the wall to decorate the room. There were still a few odds and ends and I tried getting them all finished by the time Lita came home. A wonderful day that day Lita was released from the hospital. We'd bundled the baby into a nest of warm and fluffy pink blankets, and Mary, our nurse, sat in the back seat with the baby while Lita and I sat in the front.

The ride back from the hospital was slow and cautious, just as the one going up there had been fast and anxious. When we got home, I lifted the baby in my arms and carried her into the house. "This is the moment I'll remember for a long, long time," I said solemnly to Lita. "Just as I'll never forget carrying you over the threshold to our first apartment." I looked down at that tiny little face with the fat cheeks and button of a nose, and I got a warm feeling as I put her in the crib.

Both of us were thinking that this was a wish we'd been afraid to wish for, a dream we'd been afraid to dream. Lita and I had been married for nine years, and we'd wanted a baby so badly it hurt to think about it. Lita had become pregnant twice, and twice we'd lost the baby. It had seemed so unfair to come so close to happiness, only to have it snatched away again. "God will bless our marriage with a child," Lita had said the last time—and both of us believed it. Only for a long time, it didn't seem as though it would ever happen, and Lita and I talked of adopting children. We talked about it often, but never really did anything about it. And then Cindy came along.

Now I know what it *really* means to be happy. Sometimes I look at the baby, and I'll gloat. "Hey, you're part of me. I'm half responsible for your being born! You wouldn't be here without me!" And I'll throw out my chest and practically explode with pride.

Our baby's a month old now. Shortly after we got home from the hospital, Father Kanaly came over to christen the baby "Cindy Frances," the "Frances" being Lita's mother's name.

There are times, I'll admit, when being a father takes some getting used to. Like the time at the hospital when Lita and I were talking, and I said, "You're a little weak, honey; why don't we take a holiday in Hawaii for some sun and sand."

"But the baby?" Lita wailed.

And then I remembered: I had responsibilities. I'd completely forgotten about the baby for the moment. Then the time that I had an early-morning call, and Cindy kept us up till four a.m. the night before. But most times it's so natural having a baby around the house you hardly notice the change.

Driving home from the studio the other day, I started thinking about the baby and stopped off at a children's shop. (I bought her a rattle—a little pink and white one with bows on it. It's right for a girl: I'm learning!) And then I started to hurry, for I remembered about how wonderful it would be to get home, to Lita and Cindy, to pick up the baby from her crib and say, "How's my little Cindy? How's my little girl? That's it. Reach for my nose. Grab my hair." And a warm, wonderful feeling spread through me. THE END

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What You Don't Know About Job Hunting

(Continued from page 83)

the value of money. And I thought for a long time before I spent a quarter for a movie. I also knew that if I was going to get the education I wanted that I was going to have to save up for it. All during high school I put money away for when I went to college."

Pat and Shirley haven't forgotten the days, not so very long ago, either, when things like milk shakes were real treats, something you saved up for.

"And how much better they tasted because you did," Pat concludes.

And Susan Hayward's advice to young people is, "talk over your career with older friends, your parents and teachers. "I never wanted to be anything but an actress as far back as I can remember. Other kids on my block in Brooklyn wanted to be firemen one year and ball players the next, girls were torn between nursing and teaching school. It was acting or nothing for me. Of course, nobody believed I had any talent. Certainly not the booing audiences in the amateur night contests."

Undiscouraged, Susan Hayward temporarily buried her ambition to be an actress in order to help out her family. At twelve, she became the first girl with a newspaper route for the Brooklyn Eagle. At fourteen, a fat little freckle-faced redhead, Susan yielded her newspaper career for a turn at modeling clothes for other fat little fourteen-year-olds. It wasn't until she entered high school that Susan was able to make her dreams as an actress come true.

Her English teacher felt Susan had real ability and encouraged her to become an actress. "I was terribly shy then," Susan recalls, "but Miss O'Grady urged me to join the drama group, called on me often in class so that I'd learn poise and acquire assurance and even consoled me when I cried my eyes out because I didn't get the lead in a school play. Bless Florence O'Grady, I only wish every girl had a teacher like her."

"I remember in high school," Susan recalls, "I selected for a term project the subject of how to become an actress. I lived with it night and day. I took the subway from Brooklyn to Manhattan every afternoon after school and steeped myself in the theatre. I was terribly scared but I managed to wangle my way into star's dressing rooms. I talked to agents and producers, even the prop men and the electricians, anybody who could fill me in on the theatre. I like to think that it finally paid off."

Stars like Anthony Franciosa drifted from job to job after they got out of school. They were sort of feeling their way around. But for all of them there came a time when they knew that they wanted to be actors. Had to be actors. Tony says, "Once you know what you want to do, go to it and hang on at all cost."

"I didn't give a hoot for school," Tony explains, "and at sixteen I just cut out like a lot of other kids though there wasn't any special work I was interested in. Looking back now I realize what a big mistake that was."

Tony started out as an awning installer—like Rock Hudson—then he was a dishwasher in a hamburger joint, worked as a welder and then later lugged heavy lead forms in a printing plant. "My jobs," explains the intense, black-haired, hazel-eyed young actor, "were dull, boring and they never lasted longer than a month or two."

"Then when I was eighteen I discovered the theater and acting. A friend was go-

ing to try out for a small part in an amateur play and asked me to go along. When the director saw me, he asked if I was interested in taking a part, too. Well, I did and it went pretty well and a whole new world opened up for me."

A few years later Tony saw his name up in lights on Broadway in "A Hatful of Rain" in a role that he's repeating in the movies.

But while he was studying acting and looking for work in the theatre, Tony took any job that offered him "eating money."

"My principal worry was how to quit a job when there was a possibility of a part. Once I remember I was doing so well as a checker in a restaurant that the owner said that he would make me the night manager. An hour later I heard about a part in a play. I didn't know how to tell my boss that I wanted to quit. The next day I was so nervous I forgot to wear a white shirt to work. I showed up in a denim work shirt. My troubles about how to quit were over. I was fired on the spot."

Nick Adams in the same situation didn't even wait to be fired. He was working as a short-order cook in a Hollywood hamburger spot while waiting for casting directors to recognize his talent. One day while he was tending the hamburgers, a call came through from a studio. And Nick dashed out—neglecting both to turn off the burners and pick up his salary.

Years later, Nick says, "I went back and apologized. The owner had really given me a break. I thought, who knows, I may be back slinging hash again some day." Nick found that it "always pays to leave the boss smiling."

Incidentally, whenever you decide to take a new job, talk over the situation with your employer and explain your reason for changing. You well may need him for a reference.

Tony Perkins' father died when Tony was five.

"Mother," Tony explains, "took a job and never talked about money. But I understood that things had changed. When I grew older I never spent anything. I never asked for anything. Once I earned a quarter shoveling snow and gave it to my mother."

"One summer in Massachusetts I worked as a janitor and salesman in a record shop, other summers I spent in stock companies learning to be an actor and working backstage. I painted, plastered, sawed, ran errands and was paid \$25 a week. I helped put up the scenery before a play and tore it down afterwards. I remember that sometimes, late, I'd just fall asleep and the others would cover me with a piece of old canvas."

"I guess the lesson I learned from this was—don't think any job is too menial. The best way of learning is by doing."

Doing, means taking the initiative, seeing what has to be done without being told each time. This is the best way of proving to your boss that you can do a better job, are able to assume greater responsibilities.

Vera Miles was supporting herself while she was still in high school.

"My parents were divorced when I was very little," Vera explains, "and I was the baby in a family of five children. To support us, my mother worked in a hotel, first as a maid, then as a waitress. But the food didn't stretch, and many times I went hungry. My mother brought us up to be self-reliant. When I was fourteen, she was offered a good position in Colorado. The other members of the family were off and on their own. I urged my mother to accept the position and



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moved into the YWCA, where I made part of my expenses helping prepare breakfast and serving it before going to school.

"I also got a job at Western Union by fibbing about my age, working from four to midnight. When business was light I studied in the telegraph office. My grades weren't straight A's but good enough for me to get into college. I wanted to be a teacher; the thought of acting never entered my head."

Vera has had many jobs since those days of delivering telegrams. She says, "I've found in job-hunting that the most important thing is to indicate to your potential employer that you really want the job—enthusiasm, understanding of his needs is often as important as experience."

Tab Hunter agrees with Vera about "enthusiasm" as an important qualification but he adds, "No more so than enterprise. If you are enterprising, you'll find work, even when jobs are scarce."

"When I was looking for jobs during high school I didn't realize how little I had to offer an employer. You should remember when you look for that first job that your employer is taking a gamble when he hires you—you're an unknown quantity. He can only judge you by your attitude. He can't tell in advance what kind of worker you'll turn out to be."

"So, don't do what I did. Somebody told me that a neighborhood grocery store was looking for a clerk. I hadn't the faintest idea how to go about getting a job and I was so scared that I stumbled over a crate of oranges on the way in to see the manager. Picking myself up I timidly asked him, 'You don't need a boy to help wait on customers, do you?'"

"His answer was brief and to the point, 'No.'"

"When I got outside I realized that I had used the wrong approach. I had talked myself out of a job before I had even gotten it. I learned later that if you can show an employer why he should hire you, how you can help him make money, what you can do for him, your chances of getting hired are much brighter. He doesn't care whether you need money to go to college or buy a new car. All he's interested in is how you can help his business prosper."

Girls who pass up jobs because they expect to marry after high school should seek work as a matter of security, if not necessity.

Here are some interesting figures compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics:

One third of the total labor force in this country is made up of women; one fifth of the nation's wages is earned by women; six of every ten working women are married; three out of ten married women are working, as are two of every five mothers of school-age children. Finally, today's schoolgirls may expect to spend twenty-five years or more working outside of their own homes.

If a girl never works after she is married, the experience gained earlier on a job is invaluable to her as a homemaker, wife, mother, and manager of the family budget.

Seven Ways to Find and Hold a Job

1. How do I find out what's the right job for me?

If you are a teen-ager, aptitude tests in your school will prove helpful. Also ask your teacher about vocational guidance services. Most colleges and universities have advisors who will try to help you find the job you are best suited for.

In every community there are a number of agencies organized to help people find jobs. The State Employment Service is

the largest. If there is no office in your community, ask your teacher, librarian or guidance counselor for the nearest branch. Feel free to ask help at the Employment Service for this is an agency supported by public funds.

Such service organizations as the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club and the Kiwanis can also answer your inquiries on various occupations as can your local "Y" and church groups.

2. Where will I look for employment?

In addition to the State Employment Service and commercial employment agencies, there are the help wanted columns in your local paper, the telephone directory for names of companies and signs in shop windows. And it is a good idea to let friends and relatives know that you are looking for a job so that they can pass the word around, as well as tip you off if they hear of anything.

3. What papers do I need to start work?

Laws relating to employment vary from state to state. Check with your school principal or the State Employment Service. If you are under age you must have a work permit, and in order to get one you must produce a birth certificate. If you don't have one apply at your local Board of Health. The Board of Education provides the work permit. It will also tell you where to obtain a social security card. Equipped with all three you are ready to apply for work.

4. How do I apply for a job?

Generally speaking a personal call is better than a letter. The chief purpose of a letter is to gain an interview. You will have to sell yourself in person. But before the interview find out all you can about the job—its duties and responsibilities. Your interview should be as brief and to the point as possible. Be perfectly frank and honest about your own abilities and capabilities. Don't try to pretend you've had experience in a particular job when you haven't. You will only be fooling yourself.

5. How should I prepare for an interview?

Appearance counts heavily in the kind of impression you make. Dress neatly and simply. Sloppy clothes and careless work go hand in hand. Many girls, say personnel experts, applying for jobs are overdressed and wear too much make-up. In general, all that is essential is that your hair be combed, your face and hands clean, your clothes pressed and neat and your shoes shined.

Be sure to bring to the interview any references you may have received from previous jobs or prepare a list of people who know you and would attest to your reliability, experience and qualifications for the job.

6. How do I sell my personal services?

Many people prefer to work for themselves at hours that suit their convenience. Being your own boss also provides greater freedom. And there is an ever-increasing demand for services of all kinds. So whether you are a teen-ager who wants to make a little extra money after school or an older woman who has free time on her hands and wants to keep busy, you should very definitely consider selling your services. There are literally hundreds of ways to make money at home. Or on a part-time basis elsewhere. To name just a few: Canning fruit, making

candies and cakes; making stuffed animals, aprons, hooking rugs; art projects such as hand-painted stationery and stencilled trays; raising produce in your garden; if you live near the seashore, collecting driftwood or renting beach chairs; managing a swap shop in the basement of your home; gathering news for your local newspaper. And, of course, baby sitting. The number is endless. Success will depend on your ingenuity and perseverance.

7. After I'm hired how can I make good and get ahead?

Everybody is impatient to get ahead. The girl who wants to become an actress is never content with just a walk-on part in her little theatre group; the boy who hopes to become the owner of a supermarket is annoyed at having to sweep out when he first starts. But remember that skill comes slowly. But until you acquire

it learn everything there is to know about the job. And do a little more than is asked of you. For example, here is advice from an executive of a large department store who hired two girls as summer replacements in the dressmaking department. "One felt that all that was necessary was to take the merchandise, put it in a bag and make the proper change. The other girl read several books on dressmaking, helped customers by answering their questions, suggested to her department head to stock certain items. At the end of the summer I offered the conscientious girl a Saturday job as section manager, while the first girl finished out the summer and was not rehired. 'Not interested in job or in learning' I wrote on her employment record."

Don't look for a magic formula for getting ahead. There isn't any. Success requires persistence, reliability and hard work.

THE END

The New Look In Hollywood Men

(Continued from page 42)

disciples of the Actors Studio, such as Ben Gazzara and Tony Franciosa.

How did this strange state of affairs come about? Let me go back to the beginning, with Mr. Clift. Monty became a popular idol overnight. No ballyhoo, no buildup. Just one appearance in a more-than-good western called "Red River." The only explanation for this was that Monty's personality struck a "strong responsive chord in his audience." And the audience? It was an audience just recovering from World War II, still sporting a colossal hangover of postwar readjustment, still groping. They had little use, with the war won, for the physical heroes, the Gables and Waynes. And here's where Monty stepped in. Sensitive, intelligent, he refused to conform, to give up his T-shirt, blue jeans and cheap walk-up apartment. He struggled within. G.I.'s, returning civilians, found a symbol to identify themselves with and their wives and girlfriends found insight into their returning heroes' problems. It was early 1950.

Then a guy named Brando struck the Broadway stage in "Streetcar Named Desire," made a splash in Hollywood in "The Men." Monty was eclipsed. True to his type, he couldn't have cared less.

Clift had been the idol of a time of transition. Brando was the first of the modern movie heroes. A hero of a time suddenly dominated by Iron Curtains and the H-Bombs, of fear and rebellion.

Let me return to Brando. It has been established that Marlon is a pioneer. He cleared the road for the others, from James Dean to Paul Newman, to Tony Perkins to James MacArthur, etc. While the pack was following, Brando grew up and matured. He visually went from T-shirt to a tuxedo. He is no longer the extreme nonconformist. He has joined the ranks of the business-actor and has his independent picture company, Pennebaker. Also, he asks in the neighborhood of \$200,000 a picture, and from fifty to eighty percent of the profits. This is a very nice neighborhood for an actor. A different neighborhood from the underprivileged Stanley Kowalski and Terry Malloy. Brando has changed decidedly since then, but he produced a new model and they soon began coming off the assembly line—the Actors Studio actor. A moody, introspective type that was hardly calculated to set hearts fluttering.

Although not a regular student of Actors Studio, Brando pioneered its famed Method and set off the acting style copied

by many of the current male crop. An explanation of The Method seems essential in understanding them, and the method of The Method is best explained by Actors Studio director Lee Strasberg: "I stress the difference between the actor who thinks acting is an imitation of life and the actor who feels acting is living. Unless the actor onstage really comes alive, really lives a character, he can't give anything but a superficial interpretation. We deal with the actor's inner life. Our emphasis is laid on thought, sensations, imagination, emotion. . . ."

Sounds like sense? What's wrong with an actor exploring his inner self? Not much—within limits. But some Actors Studio graduates, to quote a quote, act like they just jumped up from the analyst's couch. Women burdened with their own problems were not keen to fall for a hero with neuroses.

The next disciple of The Method to become a movie star was James Dean. In the beginning, before the legends set in and reality was forgotten, Dean performed a la Brando in various scenes of "East of Eden." Many critics and audiences said so. This performance was to be expected. Jimmy had attended the Actors Studio; the film was directed by Elia Kazan. Gadge's gadget is Actors Studio. Before the movies, Dean appeared on Broadway in two plays—"See The Jaguar," and "The Immoralist." The last-named won Jimmy the Donaldson and Perry acting awards. It is significant none of the alert New York drama critics commented that Dean was similar to Brando. The change which took place occurred on a sound stage.

Yet more than enough of Jimmy Dean emerged to overpower both the Brando and The Method influence. Jimmy was sensitive, poetic and an individual. The movie producers were soon looking for "another Jimmy Dean" as they continued their search for "another Marlon Brando." The type was now firmly established. And while romance wasn't exactly in bloom Jimmy made it possible to grow later.

The content of Dean's movies brought the type more clearly in focus. The leather jacket brigade were given a label—Rebel. They were supplied with a cause. They were strongly told they were not responsible for juvenile delinquency. According to the movies, their parents were to blame. Seeing is believing! A new mob of boys appeared on the screen—and a new one in the audience. The new group would have walked out on Andy Hardy. Times had changed—and so had its hero.

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rees today? Take Elvis. Elvis Presley, the guy standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, became a movie star chiefly because of his records.

Elvis was a movie star the minute he stepped before the camera in "Love Me Tender." He had never done any professional acting; in fact, he had never even taken an acting lesson. I was on the set one afternoon when Director Robert Webb told Elvis: "When you do this scene, don't try to act. Just be yourself. Acting will spoil you."

Don't be fooled. Elvis is a natural actor, and he is always acting. He knows what he's doing every second of every wiggle. Elvis confided to a friend that he had studied Jimmy Dean. He decided to be Dean with a guitar and a song. Elvis knew he couldn't carbon copy Dean in appearance, but he had learned a basic requisite which appealed to teen-agers. Elvis, in his act, closed his brooding eyes and shook his body—sent himself—when he sang. This projected the feeling that he was poised on the brink of self-destruction. Teen-agers got the message. Elvis got the millions.

Many teen-agers identify themselves with Elvis from music to haircut. He is their latest idol. They rebel against their parents for him. Meanwhile, Elvis is a model son, who obeys his parents. He treats them to a month's vacation in Hollywood. He buys them a new house, all with money anguished parents have given their teen-agers for temporary peace. You ain't nothing but a hound dog, Elvis—but you earned your success.

And in Elvis' wake, other singers rock 'n' rolled to fame. Close on his heels came Pat Boone, followed by Tab Hunter, and more recently, Andy Griffith and Tommy Sands. While singers rate high, there are others: Paul Newman, so like Brando in looks that at first it was a handicap, and eighteen-year-old Sal Mineo, John Saxon, Nick Adams, James MacArthur. From the Actors Studio assembly line came Ben Gazzara and Tony Franciosa. And still of similar cut, from the standpoint of individualism and nonconformity, are Don Murray and Anthony Perkins.

Tony Perkins goes Presley one better in one department. Perkins became a movie star without a hit record, and without having been seen in a movie. A great trick. (I'm discounting "The Actress" in which Perkins had a supporting role four years ago.)

Perkins was discovered, publicized, pushed into stardom by columnists (I was a chief offender) and movie magazines. He was a star before the public saw him in his first movie, "Friendly Persuasion." And in which he oddly enough had only a supporting role. Perkins is proof that a new face can become a marquee name overnight.

Producers believe what they read, too. Perkins' salary bolted from \$25,000 a picture to \$100,000 a picture before "Fear Strikes Out" (in which Tony proves he can act) was released.

Tony, who's compared with Gary Cooper (I wonder whom they compare Cooper with?), does his best acting off-screen. He plays at being a character; walking barefooted down four prominent Sunset Boulevard blocks, from the Chateau Marmon to Schwab's. Pretends he doesn't want publicity, but manages to meet columnists. He drops news items while casually conversing with press agents. He writes friendly persuasion postcards to members of the press, whenever he is out of town. And he's intelligent and quick.

"How does it feel to be a star?" Perkins was asked. Perkins replied: "Perhaps this will answer the question. On the set of 'Friendly Persuasion,' when I was in-

troduced to a person, I caught him looking over my shoulder at Gary Cooper. Now when I'm introduced to a person he looks straight at me."

Tony Perkins is, however, representative of the new group of actors who are intelligent, sensitive, confused; but in reality whose weakness is their strength. Admirers feel it's their duty to take care of the Perkins type. The new movie heroes may not be as rugged as the old favorites, but most of them are smarter. They fight their battles in the mind, not by slugging it out in dirty T-shirts. (Witness Jimmy MacArthur in "The Young Stranger.")

Tab Hunter is Tony Perkins' friend. Tab belongs to the fraternity who have been odd-named by agent Henry Willson. Tab had been idle for over a year, after playing in the hit "Battle Cry." Nothing much happened after that. Then Tab recorded "Young Love" for Dot. A month after the record was released, it sold a million pressings. Tab was awarded the Gold Record, the Oscar of the recording business. A prize many veteran singers have yet to win. Tab's recording jolted his studio. They began to realize his potential. A new kind of hero was emerging and Tab was one of them.

The trend is much in evidence. The rebel has been cleaned up—literally. He no longer mumbles along in a sloppy T-shirt. More often, he's looking positively dapper. Ben Gazzara, in "The Strange One," carried on his evil doings in a spotless uniform. In the homespun "Friendly Persuasion," Tony Perkins' plaid shirts were not only freshly laundered, but proper fitting. James MacArthur, John Kerr and Tony Curtis struggle in button-down collars.

And while former heroes seemed to find discovery on an analyst's couch, new film-throbs are found on campuses. The change? Not quite romance material, but at least they discuss their neuroses in complete sentences.

Paul Newman went to Yale Drama School; Jack Lemmon to Harvard. Pat Boone aims for Phi Beta Kappa along with his Columbia degree and John Kerr is a Harvard graduate, which James MacArthur will be (he entered Harvard last fall, makes films only between school sessions). Sal Mineo, also intent upon finishing college, juggles classes between films; goes to U.C.L.A. and Long Island's Adelphi College.

Their education shows. Paul Newman's an excellent chef who takes special pride in his "Newman Celery Salad," maintains "I like my comfort," but dresses impeccably in neat slacks, loose-fitting jackets and soft moccasins. He "reads good books, fiction and non-fiction far into the night." John Kerr, an Ivy Leaguer who looks "on campus" when off, reads classics "but wouldn't work a crossword puzzle," writes jingles, leans towards gourmet's tastes in food. Pat Boone, who can rock 'n' roll with the best, lugs, along with a heavy schedule, a suitcase of textbooks when on tour. Don Murray never seeks publicity, dresses and lives quietly, is as interested in social work as in acting.

Those who expect Ben Gazzara and Tony Franciosa to be mumbling, scratching characters are in for a shock. They are neither—scratchers nor mumblers. And their attitudes toward their careers? They are exciting. They regard good acting as a calling. Gazzara relaxes with canvas and a cookbook. Tony Franciosa, latest representative of the Actors Studio to make it big, with "a good biography."

So granted things change, maybe improve—for the teen-agers. But leave me go with one thought—for a woman over twenty-five, other than a Yul Brynner or a Rock Hudson—who, in the new crop, is strong enough today to lift a woman into romance? Got you stumped, huh? THE END

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